

Debbie: "I WISH EDDIE AND LIZ HAPPINESS"

★ PHOTOPLAY

AUGUST 25¢



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YOU



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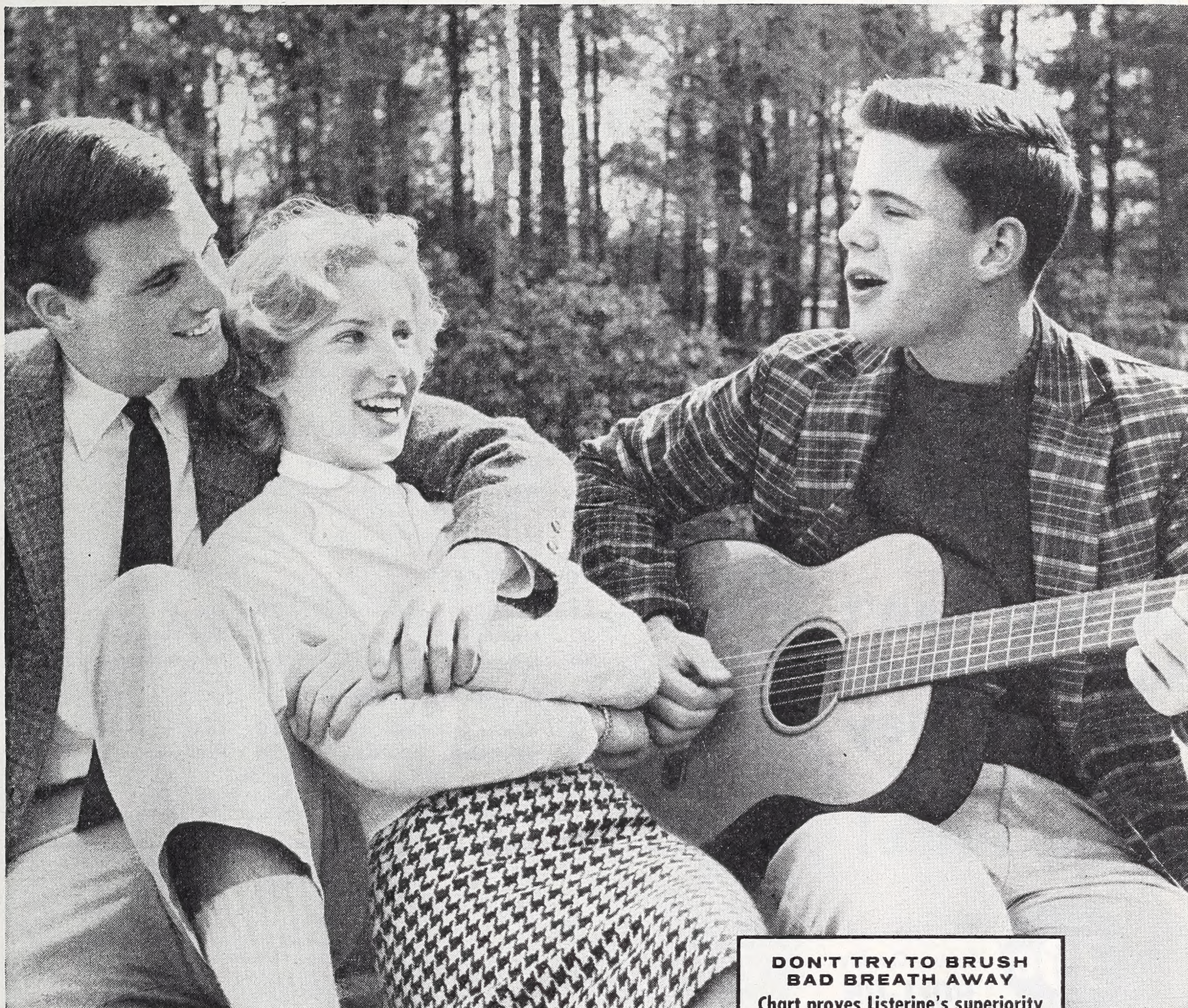
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Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better than Tooth Paste!

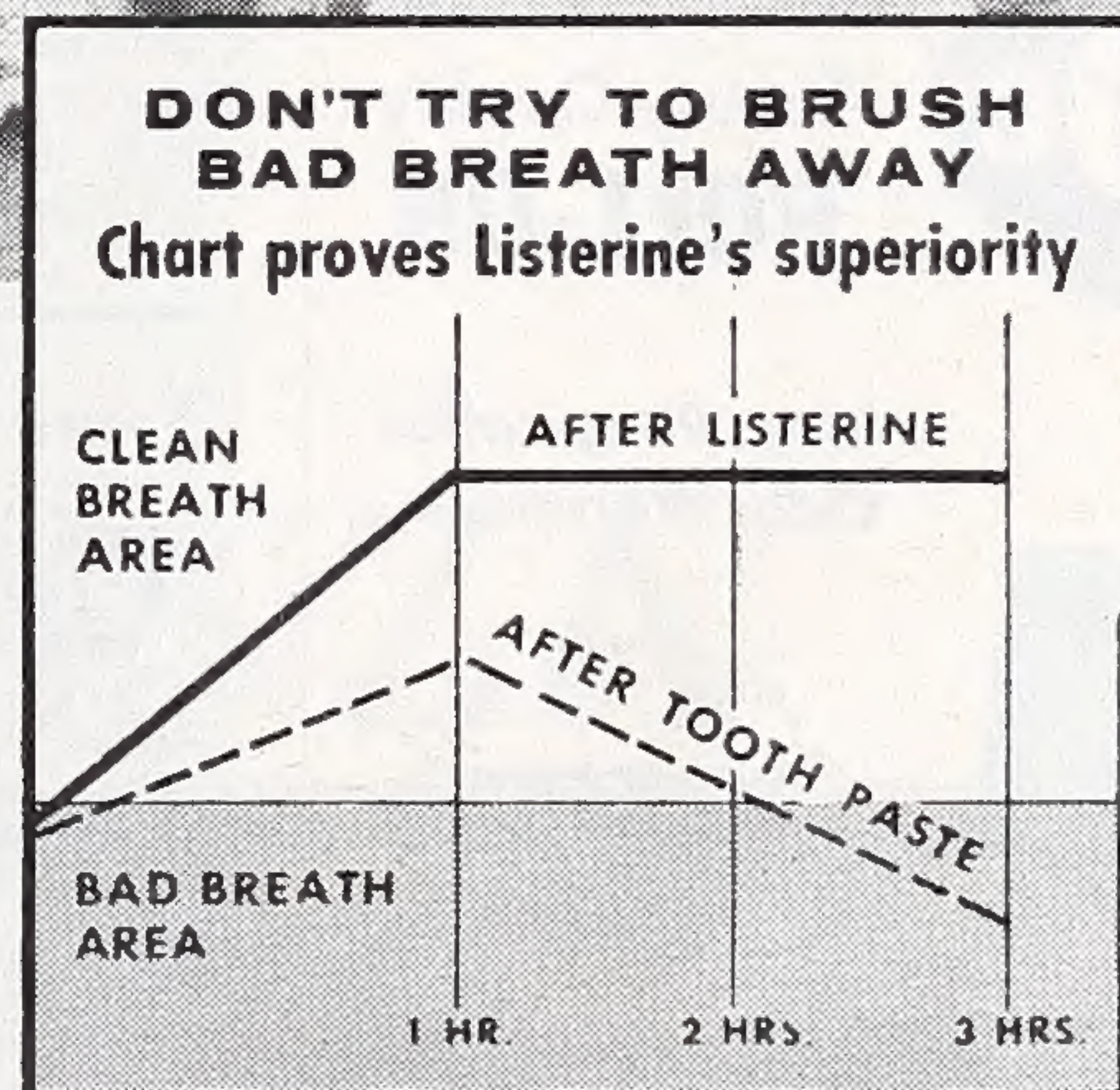


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Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth.

No tooth paste is antiseptic, so no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . on contact, by millions:

Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as the Listerine Way.



Reach for Listerine

. . . Your No. 1 protection against bad breath

WHY PAY MORE?



The Dainty
STICK
Loved by
Millions

With Plastic
Push-Up
Holder

Large Size

You Just Can't Buy a Better, Safer, All-Day Deodorant at Any Price!



The Perfected
Luxury-Quality
ROLL-ON

**Stops Perspiration
Odor Worries**



LANDER

CHLOROPHYLL
DEODORANTS

AUGUST, 1959

VOL. 56, NO. 2

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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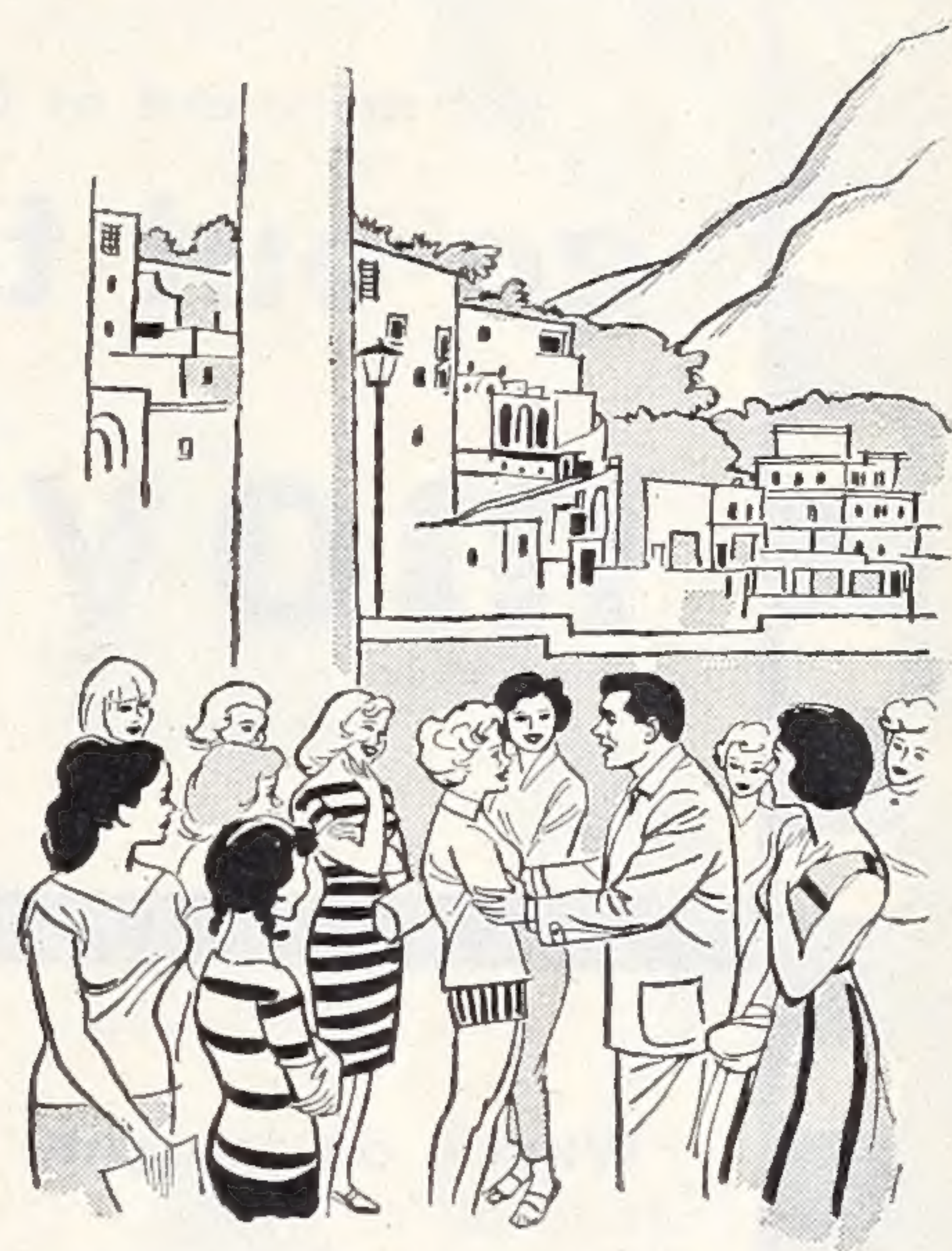
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sings as he never sang
before... and he brings
you a bright new star
you'll love!



NEW romance
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"Come Prima" to the
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also starring **ZSA ZSA GABOR** • in Technirama® and Technicolor®
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✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓ GOOD
 ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓ FAIR

get more out of life—
**go out to a
 movie**

What's on tonight?

**You've got to go out
 to see the best! Look for
 these new pictures
 at your favorite theater**



The Nun's Story

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Once a young girl has made the decision to become a nun—what then? In this remarkable film, you'll see the discipline she must follow, the profound spiritual struggles she faces. Audrey Hepburn (top left) stars as a young Belgian girl who becomes a nursing sister in the African Congo, and once you've seen her stunning performance, you won't have to be told that the picture's based on a true story. Every moment has the steady, beautiful outlines of truth, something not to be watched but to be lived through, to be shared with the young novitiate who's haunted with doubts as to whether she really has the strength to face a nun's life. Peter Finch, dedicated to medicine but not to religion, comes closest to understanding the terrible tensions underlying her fight to keep her vows. Their scenes together, among the most powerful in the film, are the most delicate. Director Fred Zinnemann turns his camera from Belgium to the sweltering Congo. It's all visually and emotionally breathtaking! **FAMILY**

This Earth Is Mine

U-I; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Rich and juicy as the grapes that start all the commotion is this family drama of prohibition-blighted California. It's a concoction that serves up every ingredient a moviegoer could ask for, plus a few he might not have bargained for! Rock Hudson and Jean Simmons (below left) are as attractive a pair of co-stars as ever were stretched across the boundless reaches of CinemaScope. Jean's a shy English lass who comes to settle with her prosperous ex-immigrant relatives. She finds an emotional thunderstorm brewing over their vast vineyards, mostly in the person of Rock, who, as a go-getter out for trouble, once again proves himself today's top romantic hero. Folks hint he's not the rightful heir, but—shhh!—his real parentage is a dark family secret. Isn't it only sensible, reasons Rock, to do business with bootleggers while the price of grapes is right? But Claude Rains, the clan's stony patriarch, is bound to exercise his veto power, and Dorothy McGuire has schemes of her own. In a refreshing departure from her customary model-wife-and-mother roles, Dorothy sets to work to make you hate her—and succeeds! Provocative newcomer Cindy Robbins has big eyes for Rock, and we bet you'll like the ardent Italian-American (Ken Scott) who marries her in a hurry. All in all, a lavishly produced entertainment special. **ADULT**

Middle of the Night

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓✓ Our Oscar-money's on Fredric March for this tender, funny, heart-breaking and altogether wonderful portrayal of a lonely widower smitten by a girl young enough to be his daughter. And as the receptionist in his New York garment company, Kim Novak, the May to his December, does her best work to date. In their startling—but entirely believable—love, Kim and Fredric think they've solved their many problems, until their families start ganging up on them. Although more time could have been given to Lee Philips, as Kim's young ex-husband, so we'd have a better understanding of why they parted, all the roles are splendidly acted.

(continued)

HALF HIS CREW LOST...
HIS SHIP IN FLAMES AND SINKING—
BUT WHEN THE ENEMY DEMANDED SURRENDER...
HIS REPLY RANG OUT—

"I have not yet begun to fight!"

SAMUEL
BRONSTON
PRESENTS

★★ *John Paul Jones* ★★

For the first time a star-spangled motion picture captures the real-life excitement of America's JOHN PAUL JONES! This was a man who lived up to the hilt...one of the most incredible adventurers the world has known! Range with Jones from Jamaica's burning shores to Russia's frozen steppes; from George Washington's Virginia to Louis XVI's Versailles to daring raids along Europe's coasts—as he inspires a mighty Navy into being! You will see it all—Jones sailing a noose around the Old World and

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pulling it tight to free the New... Jones winning the respect of the world's leaders for his new nation... Jones storming the defenses of the world's women, from dancing girls to Catherine the Great—as this fighting leader and fiery lover conquers in battle and in boudoir! Your whole family should see—and we weigh every word—one of the most important films ever produced... a motion picture worthy, if any can be, of that red-blooded era when a proud banner was raised and a proud nation was born!

Robert
STACK
as John Paul Jones



Marisa
PAVAN
as Aimee de Tellison



Charles
COBURN
as Benjamin Franklin

Erin
O'BRIEN
as Dorothea Danders



Guest Stars
Macdonald
CAREY
as Patrick Henry

Jean Pierre
AUMONT
as King Louis XVI



David
FARRAR
as John Wilkes

Peter
CUSHING
as Captain Pearson



Susana
CANALES
as Marie Antoinette

And a
Special Appearance
by


**Bette
DAVIS**
as
Catherine the Great



Now on Warner Bros. Records...
the original music from the sound
track of "John Paul Jones" available
at your favorite record dealer.



Produced by SAMUEL BRONSTON

Directed by JOHN FARROW • Screenplay by JOHN FARROW and JESSE LASKY, Jr. • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER • Distributed by WARNER BROS. 

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more
Radiant
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MOVIES *continued*

Once again, "Marty" collaborators Paddy Chayefsky (script) and Delbert Mann (direction) have chiseled a warm and natural movie cameo out of what might have been, in less perceptive hands, a slightly sordid romance (below left: Kim and Fredric).

ADULT

A Hole in the Head

U.A.,
DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Imagine what happens when all-around champ Frank Sinatra, who could keep you entertained all by himself, has a solid-gold cast in his corner! As an easy-money boy, Frank will neither settle down nor grow up; he'd rather slouch along for kicks on the trail of a fast buck. His idea of fun is a kookie-looking boarder in his bankrupt Florida hotel (Carolyn Jones, below right), who one minute blithely bangs her bongos on the balcony, and the next, droops into darkest despair. Representing respectability are Edward G. Robinson and Thelma Ritter, a priceless pair as Frank's nosy brother- and sister-in-law, who'd like to mate him with a pretty (and proper) widow, sympathetically played by Eleanor Parker, or, failing that, adopt his small son by a former marriage (carrot-topped Eddie Hodges of TV and Broadway), who gives Sinatra a run for his money in their delightful duet, "High Hopes." It adds up to this month's heartiest laughs, punctuated now and then by a catch in the throat.

FAMILY

Darby O'Gill and the Little People

BUENA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Ever met a leprechaun? Catch one of these tiny sprites, Irish legend says, and he must grant you three wishes or forfeit his liberty. Better take care, though, for leprechauns are tricky enough to turn into banshees at will. In this hilarious Disney-

produced comedy, their king is captured by Albert Sharpe, a lovable old ne'er-do-well who wants a pot o' gold to insure his daughter's happiness. She's Janet Munro, as sweet and charmingly natural a teen-aged colleen as e'er you've seen. Both she and her dad have the idea husky young Sean Connery is their enemy . . . but we know better. And by the time their rollicking adventures come to a climax, the fairytale atmosphere becomes downright eerie. Add Disney's banshee to your all-time honor-roll of movie monsters.

FAMILY

Don't Give Up the Ship

WALLIS,
PARAMOUNT

✓✓✓ Suffice it to say that Jerry Lewis has actually managed to become a Naval officer, and from there on, nobody but his enraged superiors would be surprised if he somehow managed to mislay a whole ship somewhere or other. Most of this zany movie is devoted to misguided efforts by Navy brass, who snatch Jerry from his honeymoon, to keep him tracking down a missing destroyer escort instead of a wow of a Wave (Dina Merrill), while bride Diana Spencer pouts and puts up with it all. Loads of laughs for Lewis fans, loyal despite his recent Oscar fiasco.

FAMILY

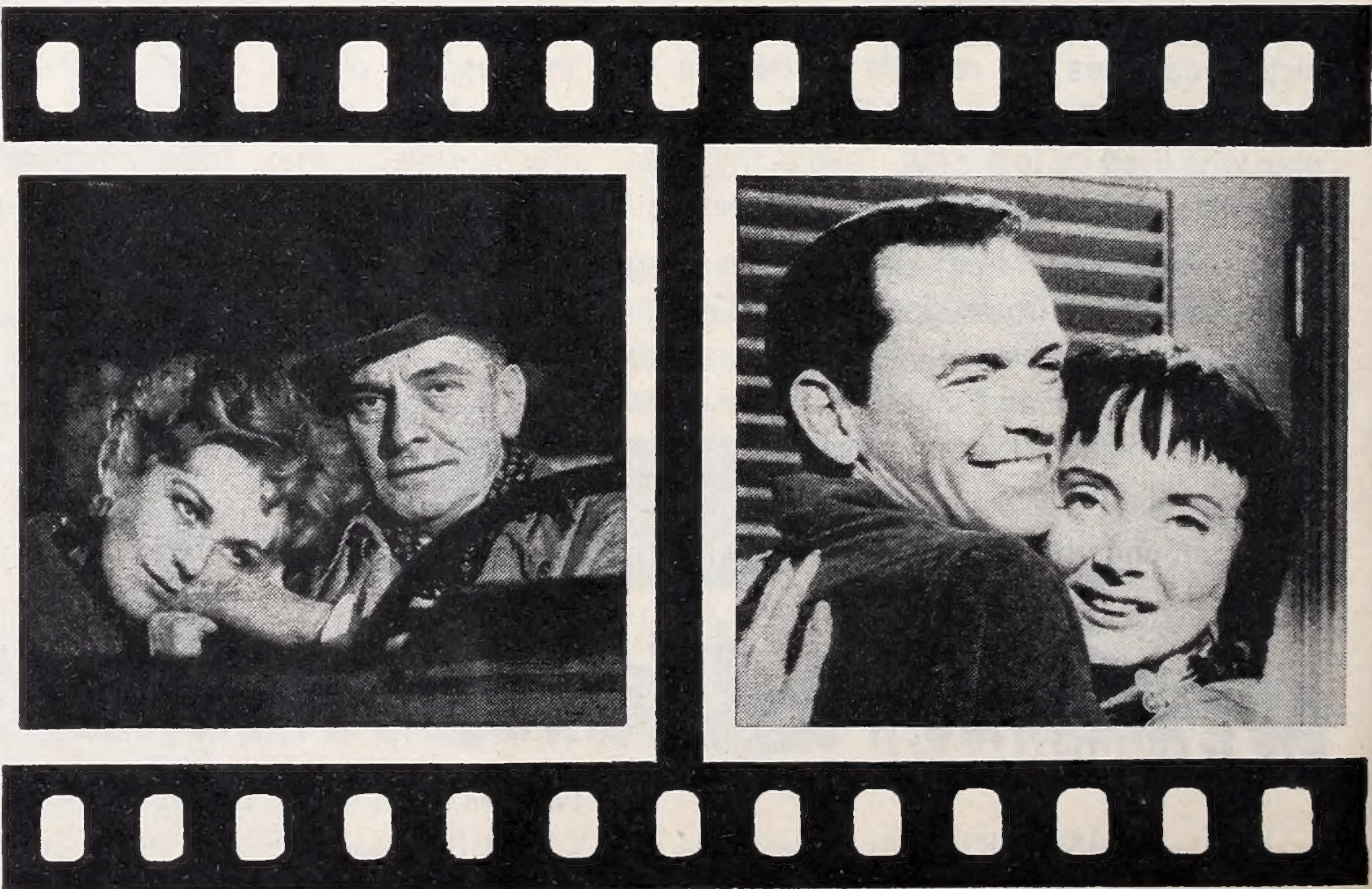
The Mysterians

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE,
EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Those creatures from far-off space have landed in the Far East! So says this exciting Japanese science-fiction thriller. And Tokyo moviemakers prove they're experts at film magic when their slick technical tricks send a monster robot stalking across ancient villages to plant a huge flying-saucer base at the foot of Mount Fujiyama. Then, while a young scientist fights for his sweetheart's life, the nations of the earth, forgetting the cold war, team up in a stirring climax to save our planet. Well, we can dream, can't we?

FAMILY

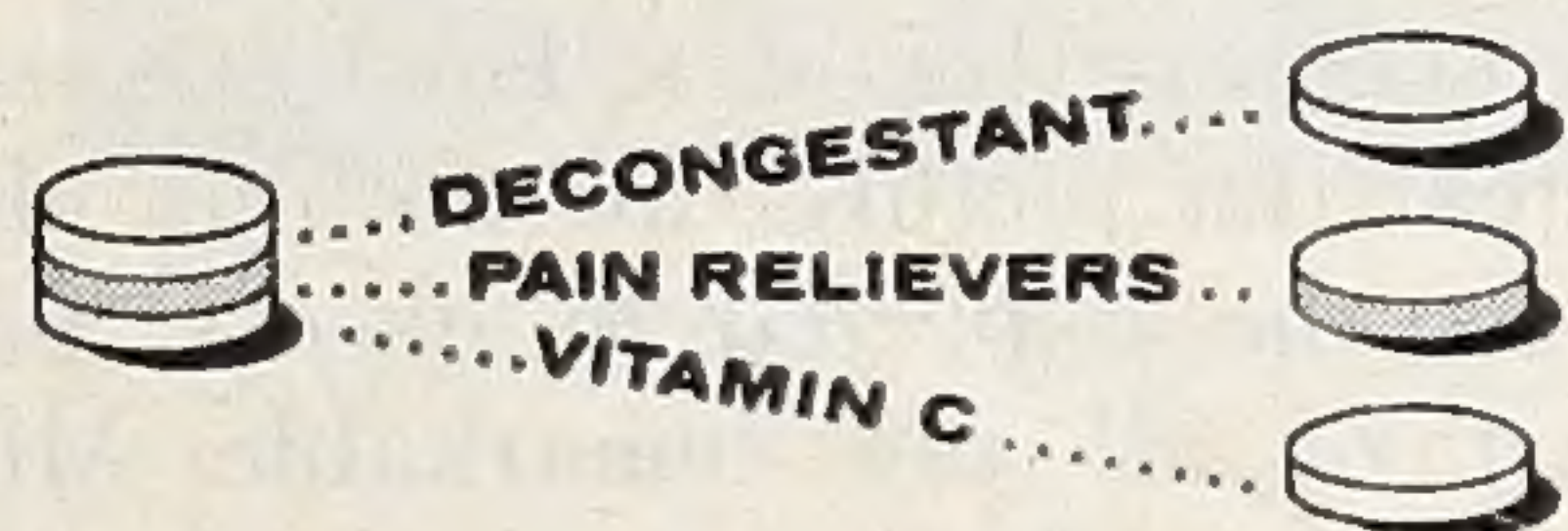
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Here's new relief from miseries of **HAY FEVER** and other pollen allergies



Revolutionary 3-layer tablet acts directly on **CRITICAL AREAS** of **POLLEN IRRITATION**



DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proven ingredients into *one fast-acting uncoated tablet*.

Working through the bloodstream, Dristan:
1. **DECONGESTS** swollen nasal passages.
2. **RELIEVES** watery itchy eyes . . . checks sniffles, sneezing . . . restores free breathing.
3. **PROTECTS** against further pollen irritation.

This season, you don't *have* to suffer the maddening miseries of hay fever and other pollen allergies.

DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets...remarkable medical achievement...bring quick, long-lasting relief. Working through the bloodstream, DRISTAN's decongestant and anti-allergic ac-

tions reach *all* delicate pollen-irritated membranes. Shrink swollen tissues...drain clogged passages. Breathing becomes free, deep and natural. Moreover, DRISTAN sets up a special protective barrier to curb further pollen irritation. *This* is DRISTAN's kind of relief... swift, prolonged, effective.

Millions already depend on DRISTAN for relief of hay fever miseries. Why don't you? This season, be ready for the pollen invasion. Get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. And... *important*... accept no substitutes!

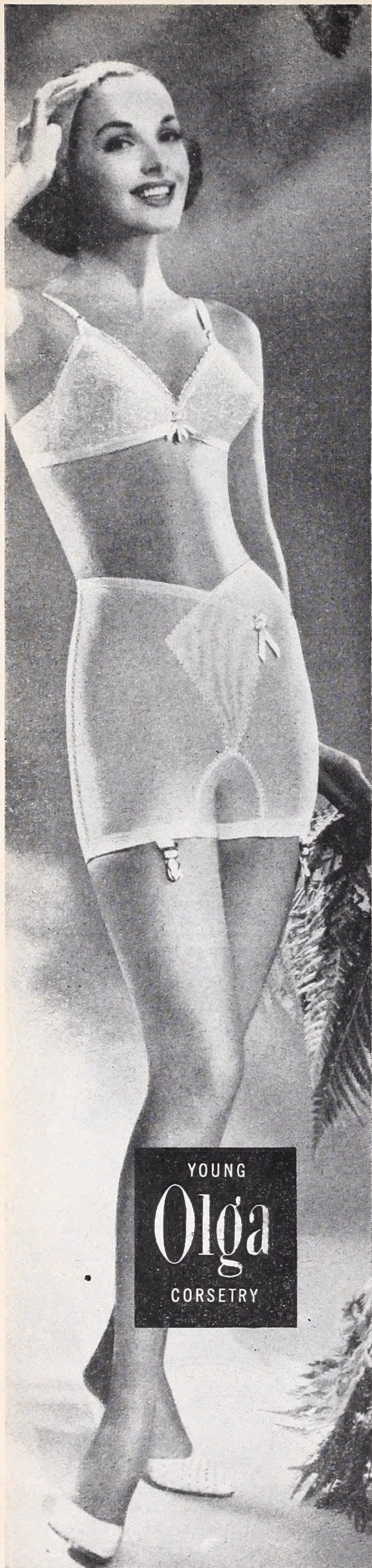


BEFORE: With hay fever and other pollen irritations, sensitive nose and head membranes become irritated. Tissues swell, passages clog, breathing becomes difficult.



AFTER: Swollen membranes decongested, drained by DRISTAN. Swelling is reduced, free breathing restored. And a protective barrier guards against further pollen irritation.

There's Nothing Like **DRISTAN**[®] Decongestant Tablets



YOUNG
Olga
CORSETRY

MOVIES *continued*

Last Train from Gun Hill

WALLIS,
PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ This big brawling western features a head-on clash between mighty Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. Marshal Kirk sets out on a trail of revenge for the murder of his Indian wife (Ziva Rodann, with him below left) that leads him to a town ruled by old pal Quinn, whose weakling son (Earl Holliman) turns out to be the spark that sends the lead flying. As a cool young cynic involved with both antagonists, Carolyn Jones once again demonstrates her versatility in a humdrum picture saved by first-class acting.

ADULT

Hercules

WARNERS, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ Already a sensation in Europe, Steve Reeves (below right), the huskiest hunk of he-male this side of Stillman's Gym, is a natural as Hercules, top muscle-man of ancient Greece. Here we have him facing dingy doings in the kingdom of Jolco, where, in the process of trying to restore the throne to its rightful heir, he's periodically distracted by a succession of curvy Italian actresses in roles ranging from young princesses to Amazon warriors. Matter of fact, Steve's aren't the only biceps displayed in this muscle-bound adventure spectacle.

FAMILY

Gideon of Scotland Yard

COLUMBIA

✓✓ Crime is busting out all over London, according to this eventful account of one day in the life of a police inspector. All in the course of an average tour of duty, virile Jack Hawkins contends with a crooked colleague, a sex maniac, a dope ring, a payroll robbery and a trio of society bank-thieves. In the midst of all this hanky-panky, however, there's a nice feeling of authenti-

city about the dry dialogue. At least to American ears, it seems so veddy English of cops and robbers to saunter around each other with such a delicate, parliamentary air. One almost is persuaded—but not quite—to believe that this could really be a typical Scotland Yard day, everybody does what he has to do in such a real, matter-of-fact way. And what does it matter, after all, if it is or isn't, for the entire proceedings hold you in their own way. The cast, including Anna Lee as Jack's wife and Dianne Foster as a seductive moll, hardly has a chance to rise above all the mayhem.

FAMILY

The Young Philadelphians

WARNERS

✓✓ Paul Newman is a disappointment in the promising role of an opportunist who mistakenly assumes that his family name entitles him to a place in conservative Philadelphia society. Despite an interesting plot, several appealing performances by Barbara Rush, as his high-born true love, Brian Keith, as his real father, and Alexis Smith, as a restless blueblood, and a climactic murder trial, the long saga never soars. Perhaps the picture-makers were trying to revive the old joke about the city—you know, the one about going to Philadelphia for the weekend and finding it closed.

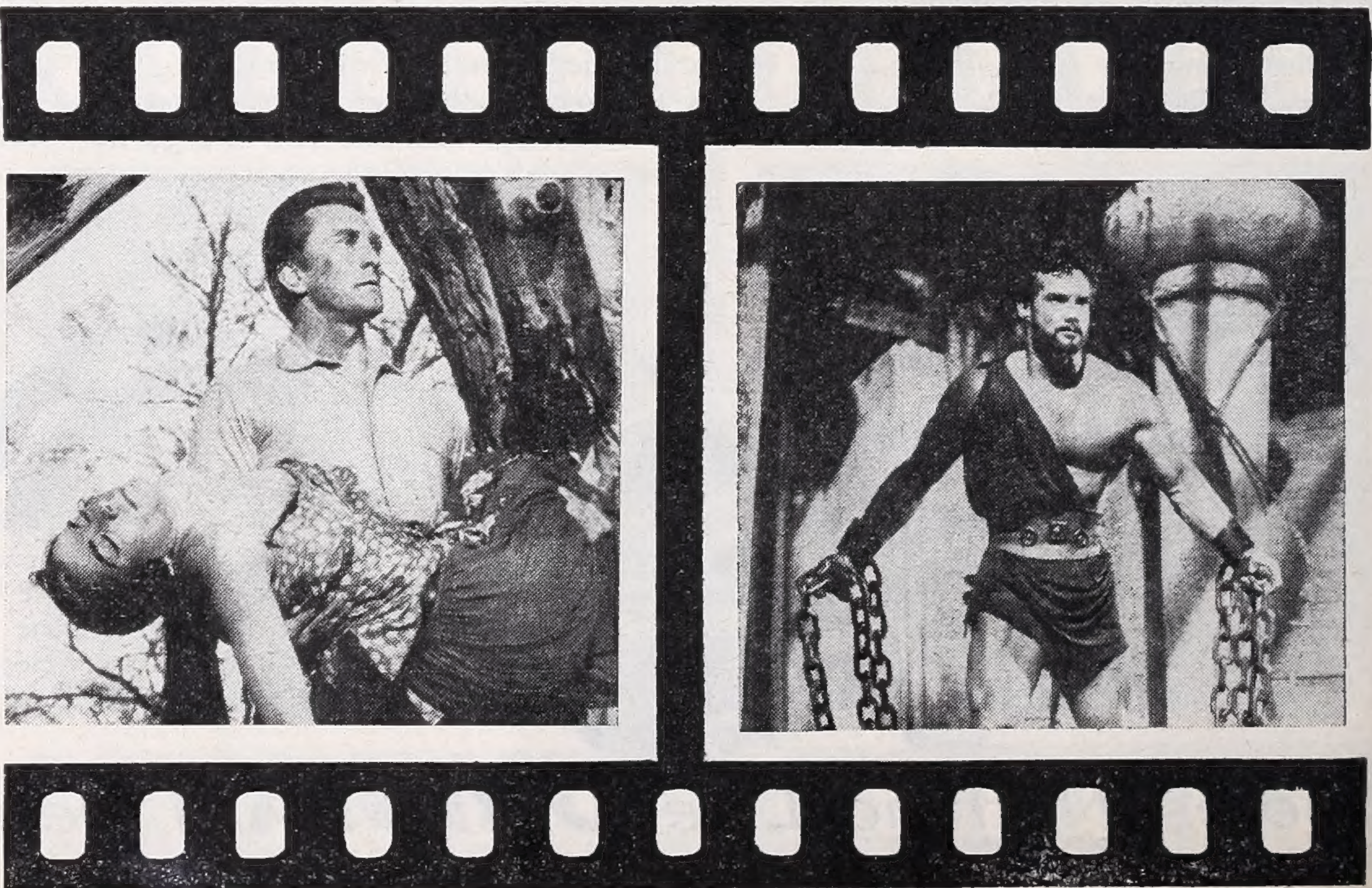
ADULT

Woman Obsessed

20TH; CINEMASCOPE,
DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓ An Oscar-winner deserves more than this! For all her fire, Susan Hayward is pretty well extinguished here as a farm widow whose second marriage is haunted by the brooding of her new husband (Stephen Boyd) and the jealousy of her own young son (Dennis Holmes). The Canadian Rockies steal the picture, for nothing else about it can be expected to obsess anybody, least of all the remarkable Miss Hayward.

FAMILY



ANDY GRIFFITH, STAR OF THE NEW BROADWAY MUSICAL "DESTRY RIDES AGAIN"



"You can always tell a Halo girl...you can tell by the shine of her hair"

Give your hair
that extra shine, too
with today's Halo...
the modern shampoo
with extra-shining
action



- ♥ Halo shines as it cleans—with the purest, mildest cleansing ingredient possible!
- ♥ Halo leaves *extra shine* as it rinses—with the fastest, most thorough rinsing action ever!

With today's Halo it's so easy for your hair to have that *extra shine*. So satin-bright, satin-smooth, too—so manageable. Try it today in its modern beauty bottle.

*Halo glorifies as it cleans
...with extra-shining action.*

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\$1 Lasts
for months!
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Waterproofs

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lashes new gentler, easier way

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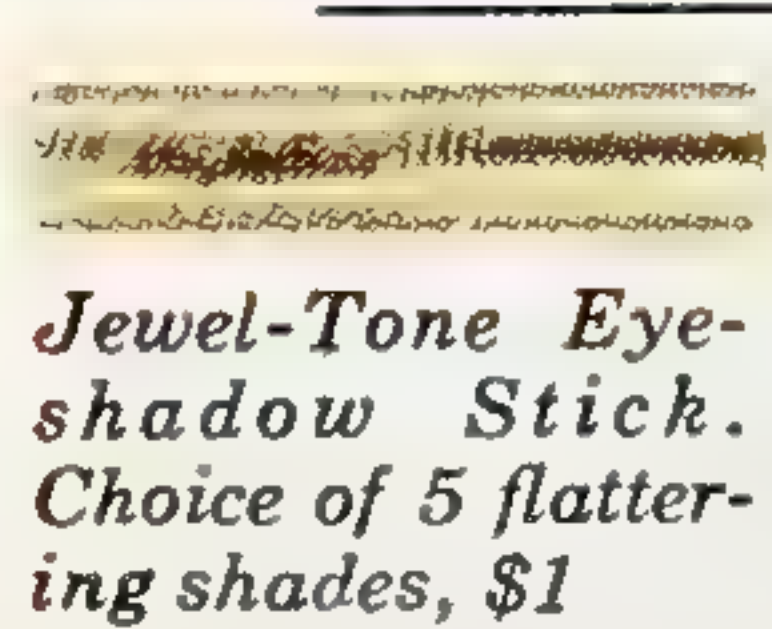
Easiest way ever to lovely lashes!

Never has lash-loveliness been so easy, so pleasant, so perfect! New SPIRAL BRUSH supplies exactly the right amount of MAGIC mascara—waterproofs, separates, darkens and curls each lash individually—as only the new SPIRAL BRUSH can do. Takes just seconds. No more stuck-together lashes. No more smears, blobs, spots! Never any sting or smart . . . for new MAGIC mascara is so smooth, so safe, so pure . . . lashes look their longest and loveliest always, never stiff or brittle. Makes you look as if you were *born* with long, luxuriant lashes! Four beauty-giving shades: Velvet Black, Sable Brown, Midnight Blue, Jade Green.

Maybelline... devoted exclusively to the art of eye beauty!



Self-Sharpener Eyebrow-Eyeliner Pencil, \$1



Jewel-Tone Eye-shadow Stick.
Choice of 5 flattering shades, \$1



Precision Tweezers, 29¢



Professional Eyelash Curler, \$1



Mr. Whitcomb

The Monthly Record

Weather:
Fourth of July is
love-rocket time!
Ready? Aim! Fire!

By GEORGE

Vol. 1, No. 6

July, 1959

4 Non c

ELVIS CALLS US LONG KISS-TANCE

Sing a Song of Gophers

Calling all Gophers! (A gal's a gopher if she goes for guys.)

Remember the Gopher Club I wrote about a few months back? Well, it looks like I'll have some sensational news for you pretty soon (keep your fingers crossed).

Meanwhile, on-the-ball Ginnie Kent from South San Gabriel, California, sent me some mighty niftyville lyrics I want to share with everyone.

THE GOPHER GAL

Some women go for silks and laces
While others gopher friends.

But I'm the kind of a woman
Who just gophers men.
Some women run for streetcars,
Others for a taxicab.
But I'm the kind of a woman
Who just runs for men!

I remember when I was three
And the boy next door was four.
How he would patiently wait
By the garden gate
For the girl who lived next door.

It was then and there I made my
mind up
I'd get all that was comin' to me.
So the next time you're in town
And would like to get around—
Just call the Gopher Gal!
That's me!



"Gang, this waitin' game'll be the death of me," says Private El. "so till I'm back, buss all the baby-dolls for me, will ya, huh?"

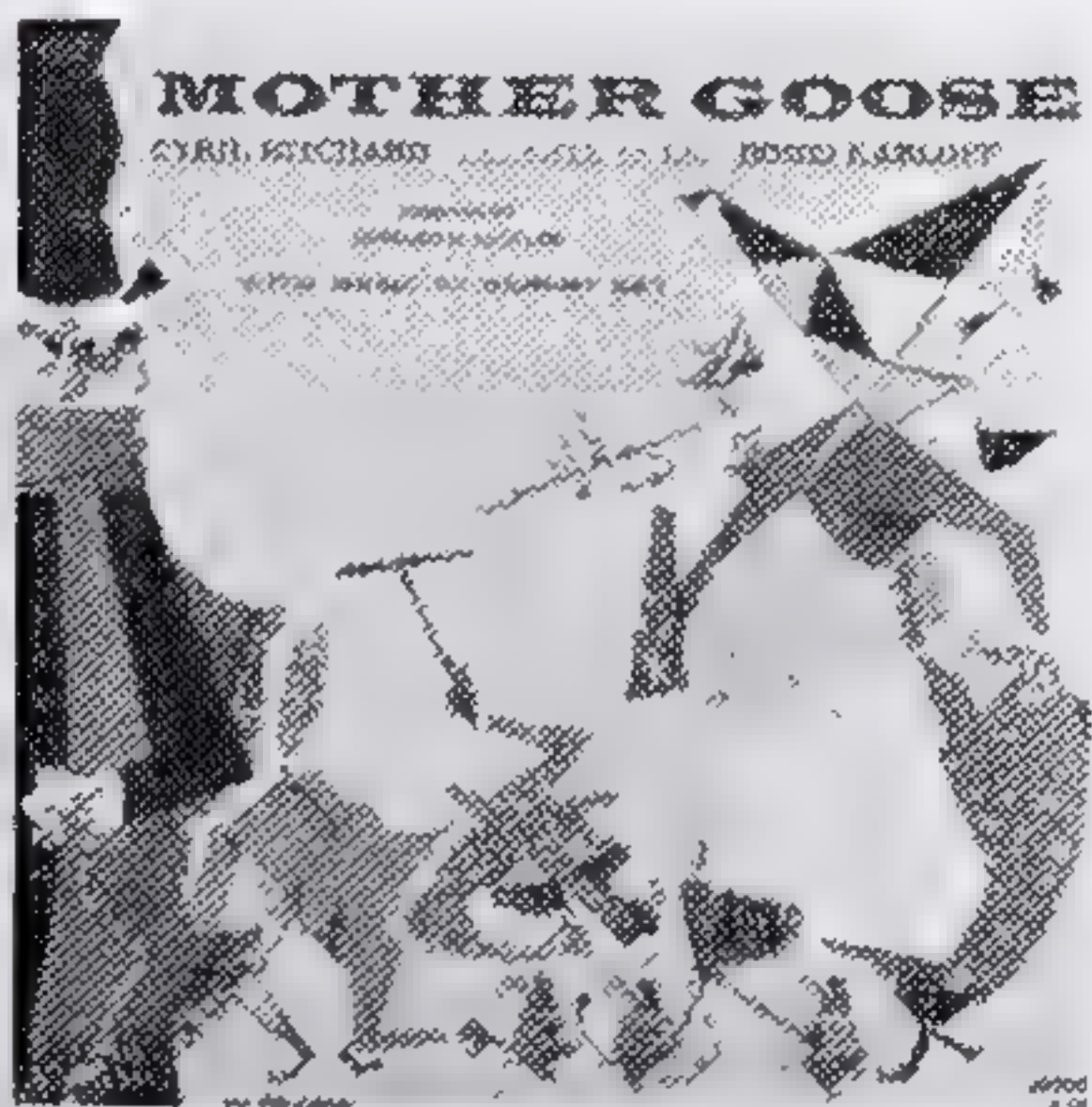
turntable vox pox

ALBUM OF THE MONTH:

✓✓✓✓ LOOK TO YOUR HEART. Frank Sinatra. Singers come and singers go, but the Voice is here for always. Capitol's latest collection: twelve of Frank's warmest love songs bound to send your heart-thermometer up a few degrees. You'll love "If I Had Three Wishes" and "Same Old Saturday Night."



✓✓✓✓ MOTHER GOOSE. With Boris Karloff, Celeste Holm and Cyril Ritchard. This is one children's record even grownups will cherish. And if you deal in the babysitting trade, this Caedmon lp should be basic equipment for pacifying the little ones. Everything's here from rollicking songs to lusty ballads. (Continued)



The editor's telephone rang at the Photoplay offices last month, and the telephone operator could barely talk. She was flabbergasted.

No wonder! El was on the telephone, and he sounded great. He said "Hi" to everyone from our editor to the dream doll who sits outside the lid of our cave.

His voice sounded just the same, even across an entire ocean. "Would you please tell everyone I'm not doing that closed-circuit TV show the kids are writing to me about?"

El was speaking about his welcome-back show next March. "Colonel Parker and I," he continued, "both decided to do my first show on ABC-TV. It'll be a big one, and there'll be plenty

of rock music and a whole lotta shakin' going on. It's my way of saying thanks to the fans for everything they've done for me while I've been in the Army."

And how about the frauleins?

"They're real nice, but I miss pork chops 'n' corn bread—and drive-in movie dates."

What about his career?

"Well," he said, "I'm gonna make a movie for Hal Wallis when I'm out, and a couple of others for Twentieth. And I've been doing lots of listening over here, so maybe I'll come back with some yodeling tunes for an album. Wonder what the fans would think of that!"

"I sure miss every one of them," he told us before we said good-bye. "Tell them I send lots of love and kisses!"

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INTRODUCING JOHNNY PACE



Looking for a guy who'll help around the house? Johnny's practiced with brooms!

When Johnny Pace was a kid in short pants, his mom handed him the broom everytime he wanted to sing. "I pretended it was a mike," Johnny admits, "and I used to say, 'Hey Ma, look at me! I'm Frankie Sinatra!'"

Johnny's new album of ballads and love songs, "Johnny Pace," has just been released by Riverside Records, but he still looks at the end of a broomstick with a fond eye as he recalls the hundreds of hours of practice-warbling he and his mom's brooms shared.

When we visited Johnny in his hometown of Paterson, New Jersey, where he lives with his mom, dad and grandmother Mary, he told us, "The first time I sang in front of an audience was at my uncle's wedding. I was about five years old. I sang 'Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen' and everybody clapped and clapped. I'll never forget it. From then on, I knew I wanted to be a singer.

"But I started singing in night clubs only last year. Chet Baker heard me at the Midway Lounge in downtown Pittsburgh and came up to me and asked me if I'd like to make a record, and I thought he was kidding. But he wasn't. He brought me to his record company, and they listened to my audition and put a pen in my hand and, before I knew it, I was signing on the dotted line!"

Johnny's a baritone, brown-haired and brown-eyed, a neat dresser (he likes continental clothes) and slim enough to be a jockey. Already he's made a number of appearances on Jack Paar's TV show.

His avocation? Hunting. "I just go for the fun of the outdoors. I never shoot anything. But after a day of it, I eat everything in the house—and, boy, do I sleep good!"

turntable vox pox

PORGY AND BESS. Diahann Carroll and the Andre Previn Trio. Diahann's one of the smoothest singers in today's supper-club circuit. She can sing a ballad with a dreamy romantic air (like "Summertime") or give out with a rhythm number that's got a jazzy beat (like "There's Somebody Knockin'"). United Artists.

MUSIC FOR FRUSTRATED CONDUCTORS. (Baton included.) Every guy thinks he can lead a band, so try this album out on your boyfriend. If he's timid, there's a list of ABC's by expert Deems Taylor. Besides, there's plenty of good music to listen to: "Sabre Dance" and "Mexican Hat Dance" and excerpts from "Carmen" in this RCA album.

HOLD THAT TIGER. Fabian. The Tiger's fans will dig every one of these thirteen

tunes. They'll go for "Tiger Rag" and "Love Me, Love My Tiger." Chancellor.

ODETTA AT THE GATE OF HORN. Odetta, born in Alabama, sings folk ballads to her own guitar accompaniment, and her full, rich voice does justice to them all. One of her best: "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands." Tradition.

THE EXCITING CONNIE FRANCIS. This pretty-eyed dollbaby, a top vocalist at twenty, can do no wrong, in our opinion. Her renditions of "Hallelujah, I Love Him So" and "Blame It on My Youth" are out-of-this worldsville smashes in her latest M-G-M album.

ANNETTE. Her first collection, including her big hits, "Tall Paul," "Jo-Jo The Dog-Faced Boy," "Lonely Guitar" and "Wild Willie!" A Buena Vista album.



THE GIRL ANDY MARRIES

"Everybody's been asking me—'When are you getting married, Andy, *when?*'" Andy Williams confided between breaks during the recording session of his great new album, "Two Time Winners."

Andy continued, "I'm twenty-eight, and I guess it is time I settled down in life. It isn't because I haven't found girls I like that I've stayed a bachelor. Somehow things just haven't always gone right."

What does he like in a girl?

"First of all, I'm all for a gal who isn't 100% satisfied with herself, a girl who likes to learn and who's willing to teach me a few things. You know—she keeps her eyes and ears open and picks up interesting information wherever she goes. I don't always get a chance to do all the reading and thinking I'd like, since my work schedule's so crowded. But when I go out on a date I enjoy having a girl tell me about a good movie or book.

"I'll tell you a secret. I go for a gal who's a little daring, someone who isn't afraid to try out something new, like black stockings or white lipstick. But I do feel funny if she goes to extremes and ends up looking spooky."

Andy added he wants a wife with a

sense of humor, one who'll not only laugh at other folks' jokes but take a joke on herself.

The gal Andy marries, by the way, won't have to cook breakfast. Andy announces he'll take over breakfast duties for always. Why? Well, he's a crackerjack when it comes to cooking eggs!

Andy would like to hear from all you gals who qualify. Says he's kind of lonely.



Andy's looking for a Mrs. . . . questions?



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TAMPAX *Incorporated
Palmer, Mass.*

BACHELOR CORNER: *man talk*

Don't be surprised if Tab Hunter picks you up in a tux for a formal date with his blue Ford pick-up truck. He prefers it to rented studio limousines. . . . Best new dance band of the year: Clark Gordon and his band of California! What a gang of smoothies! Did you catch them on the Dick Clark show? . . . Rock Hudson is taking singing lessons! Why? He'll star in the big Broadway musical of "Saratoga Trunk" this fall. Maybe Rock'll wax a single for his fans soon. . . . Biggest moment in Frankie Avalon's life: meeting Frank Sinatra in Honolulu. "I flipped when Frank said he was following my career," Frankie told me. About his Australian tour, Frankie commented, "They're two years behind in their musical preference. They kept requesting old tunes like 'Hound Dog' and 'Blue Suede Shoes' and 'Good Golly, Miss Molly,' but, just the same, they're hip to good jive, and in no time at all every place we visited

was jumpin'—and I don't mean with kangaroos!" . . . The Hollywood library, only a block from Hollywood and Vine, reports Clark Gable, Barry Coe and Tommy Sands are its most regular customers. . . . Prettiest new songthrush: teenager Barbara Evans, who flies high with her first rock-'n'-roller, "Souvenirs." . . . Mark Damon is double-dating with Elvis in Germany, where Mark's filming a TV pilot, "Little America." . . . Falling-in-love Dept: Molly Bee and Dwayne Hickman. . . . Ponytail siren Tuesday Weld spends at least two hours "making up" before she steps out on a date. She says it takes that long to look natural!

BOOK NOOK

If you want to follow a fabulous career in the making, read Fred Astaire's life story, "Steps in Time." Fred recalls everything from the first kiddie show he and his sister, Adele, danced in in Keyport, New Jersey, to his hob-nobbing with kings and queens after the kiddie-show tap-dancing paid off . . . "Don't Get Personal With a Chicken" features more nuggets of children's writings from the files of H. Allen Smith. Sample:

*"I hate to see the sun go down
And squeeze itself into the ground
Since some warm night it might get stuck
And in the morning not get up."*

Author? Grace Kelly—at an early age!

Good book for hammock reading: "Measure My Love," by Helga Sandburg, about a girl who marries and finds new depths of bravery within herself. . . . Showbiz isn't all sweetness and light—confesses June Havoc in her biography, "Early Havoc." Says June: "The road to stardom is rocky!" . . . If you're planning to babysit for any six-year-olds, beg or borrow "The Moon Jumpers." The story's a dream; illustrations—dreamier.



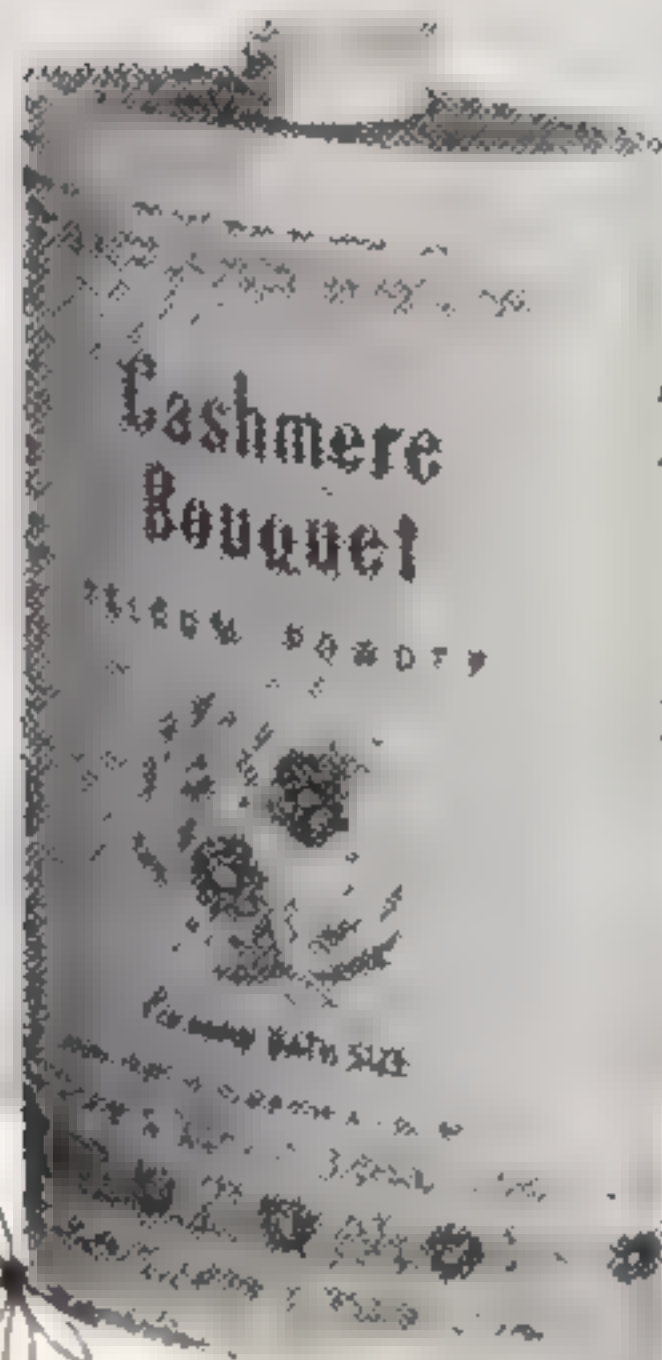
Barbara Evans didn't expect her hit!

THE MONTHLY RECORD CHECKLIST

LONELY BOY. *Paul Anka* (ABC-Paramount) Spanky
YES-SIR-EE. *Dodie Stevens* (Crystalette) Bouncy
ALONG CAME JONES. *The Coasters* (Atlantic) Wild
ONLY YOU. *Frank Pourcel* (Capitol) Fiddly-sweet
KISSIN' ON THE RED LIGHT. *The Morgan Bros* (M-G-M) Uh-huh
FIRST TIME. *Johnny October* (First) Ummm
SOMEONE. *Johnny Mathis* (Columbia) Clicko
BOBBY SOX TO STOCKINGS. *Frankie Avalon* (Chancellor) The greatest!
THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS. *Johnny Horton* (Columbia) Smash
WALKIN' TO MOTHER'S. *Ray Anthony* (Capitol) Okay
WATERLOO. *Stonewall Jackson* (Columbia) Tricky



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veil of
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silken every inch of you
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more lovingly than
costly cologne

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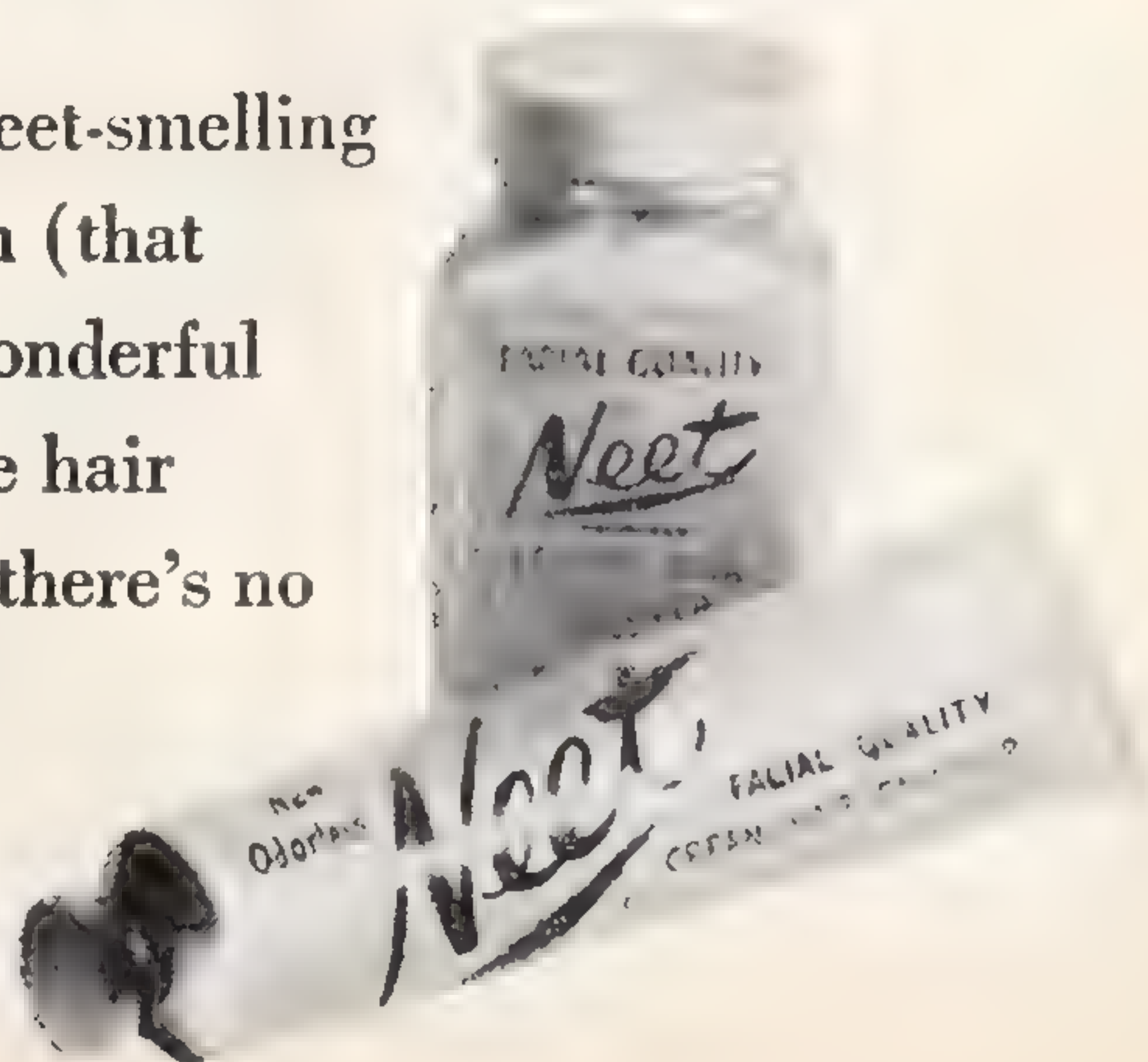
*Cashmere Bouquet...
The Fragrance Men Love*



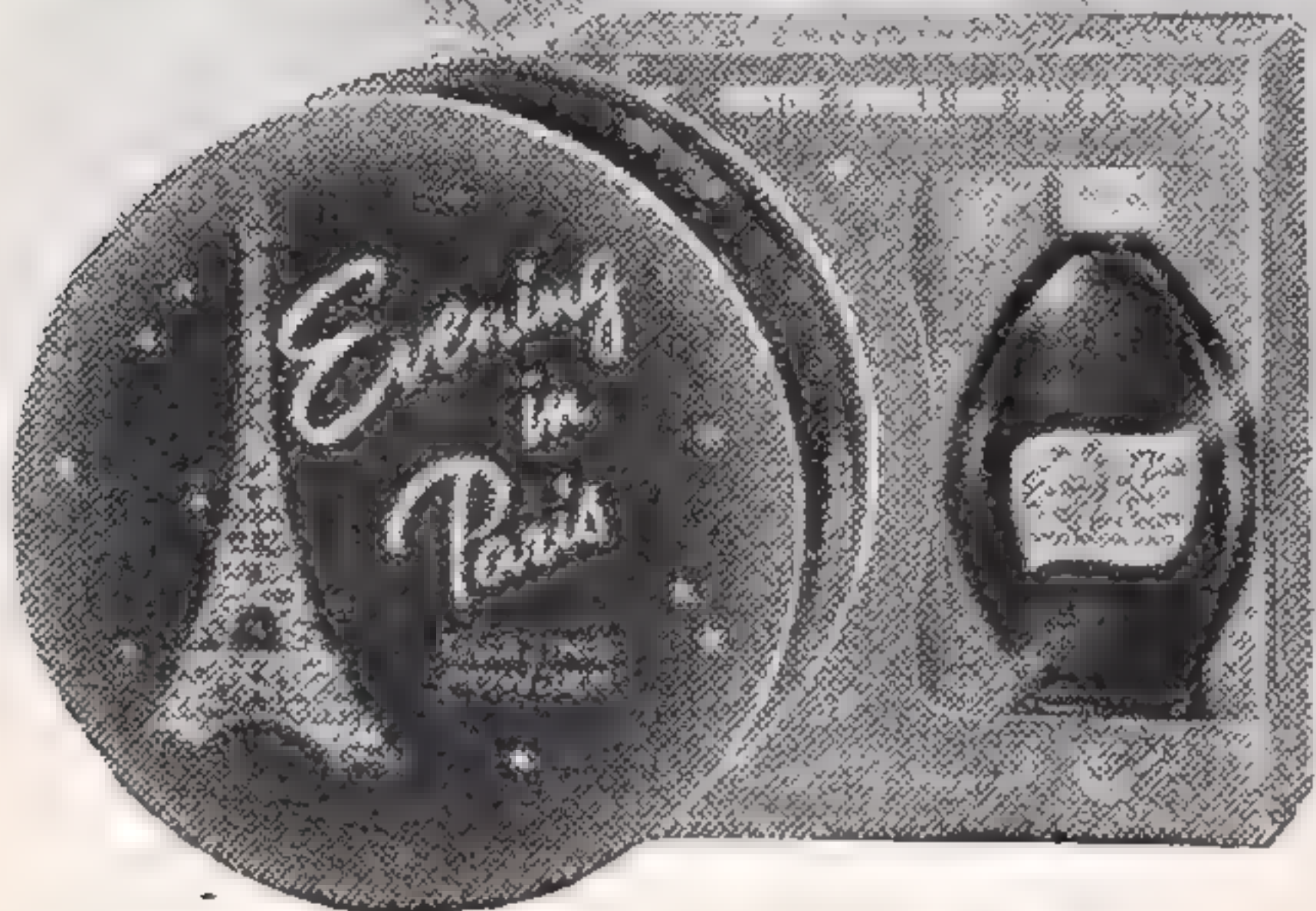
shave, lady?...don't do it!

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lends enchantment



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NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for months indicated. For fuller reviews this month see contents page.

✓✓✓✓ ASK ANY GIRL—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Shirley MacLaine's at her brightest and sweetest in this demurely sexy frolic, as David Niven teaches her how to get a husband in New York. (A) July

✓✓✓✓ DIARY OF ANNE FRANK, THE—20th, CinemaScope: A film to be remembered! As a tragic teenager, hiding with her Jewish family in Nazi-held Amsterdam, Millie Perkins still knows the magic of first love, the subtleties and humor of living. (F) June

✓✓ FLOODS OF FEAR—Rank, U-I: Exciting suspense story finds Anne Heywood marooned by the rampaging Mississippi—along with two escaped convicts! But don't give up—one con is Howard Keel. (F) July

✓✓ HEY BOY! HEY GIRL!—Columbia: Winning story, with lots of chuckles and music, starring Keely Smith as a girl who loves a bandleader—and he's quite a man! (F) June

✓✓✓✓ IT HAPPENED TO JANE—Columbia, Eastman Color: Friendly movie, bubbling over with fun, shows Doris Day as we love her best. A spunky Maine gal, she has a

hilarious feud with Ernie Kovacs and a shy romance with Jack Lemmon. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ PORK CHOP HILL—U.A.: Strong, realistic war film shows you what Korea vets won't talk about. Lieutenant Gregory Peck leads doubting men in an attack necessary even while peace talks go on. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ RABBIT TRAP, THE—U.A.: A sensitive, beautifully-made picture gives Ernest Borgnine a role as lovable as *Marty*. Good husband and father, he gets tired of boss David Brian's bullying. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ SAY ONE FOR ME—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: A winner! It can't miss, with songs, laughs. Bing Crosby as a show-people's priest, Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner as his problems. (A) July

✓✓✓✓ SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL—U.A.: Fine adventure movie, shot in Ireland, gets American Don Murray mixed up with rebels led by James Cagney. (F) July

✓✓✓ WILD AND THE INNOCENT, THE—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Fun-filled ramble into a tough frontier town with Audie Murphy and Sandra Dee, naive backwoods kids. Gilbert Roland's the sheriff. (F) June

✓✓✓ WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL, THE—M-G-M, CinemaScope: Fascinating idea, raising explosive questions. World War III leaves only Harry Belafonte, Inger Stevens and Mel Ferrer alive in New York. Each is curiously destitute among all the riches of a dead city. (A) June

✓✓✓ YOUNG LAND, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Finally released, this forceful western proves worth waiting for. Pat Wayne's every inch the lawman. (F) August '58

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

DARBY O'GILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE—Buena Vista. Directed by Robert Stevenson: Darby O'Gill, Albert Sharpe; Katie, Janet Munro; Michael McBride, Sean Connery; King Brian, Jimmy O'Dea; Pony Sugrue, Kieron Moore; Sheelah, Estelle Winwood; Lord Fitzpatrick, Walter Fitzgerald; Father Murphy, Dennis O'Dea.

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP—Wallis, Paramount. Directed by Norman Taurog: John Paul Steckler VII, Jerry Lewis; Ensign Rita Benson, Dina Merrill; Prudence Steckler, Diana Spencer; Stan Wychinski, Mickey Shaughnessy; Admiral Philo Tecumseh Bludde, Robert Middleton; Congressman Mandeville, Gale Gordon.

GIDEON OF SCOTLAND YARD—Columbia. Directed by John Ford: Gideon, Jack Hawkins; Sally, Anna Massey; Kate, Anna Lee; Joanna Delafeld, Dianne Foster; Paul Delafeld, Ronald Howard; Arthur Sayer, Laurence Naismith; "Birdy" Sparrow, Cyril Cusack; Simon Farnaby-Green, Andrew Ray; Mason, James Hayter.

HERCULES—Warners. Directed by Pietro Franceschi: Hercules, Steve Reeves; Iole, Sylvia Koscina; Jason, Fabrizio Mioni; Pelias, Ivo Garrani; Burysteus, Arturo Dominici; Antea, Gianna Maria Canale.

HOLE IN THE HEAD, A—U.A. Directed by Frank Capra: Tony Manetta, Frank Sinatra; Mario Manetta, Edward G. Robinson; Mrs. Rogers, Eleanor Parker; Shirl, Carolyn Jones; Sophie Manetta, Thelma Ritter; Ally Manetta, Eddie Hodges; Jerry Marks, Keenan Wynn; Dorine, Joi Lansing; Mendy, George DeWitt; Julius Manetta, Jimmy Komack; Fred, Dub Taylor; Miss Wexler, Connie Sawyer; Mr. Diamond, Benny Rubin; Sally, Ruby Dandridge; Hood, B. S. Pully; Alice, Joyce Nizzari; Master of Ceremonies, Pupi Campo.

LAST TRAIN FROM GUN HILL—Wallis, Paramount. Directed by John Sturges: Matt Morgan, Kirk Douglas; Craig Belden, Anthony Quinn; Linda, Carolyn Jones; Rick Belden, Earl

Holliman; Beero, Brad Dexter; Lee, Brian Hutton; Catherine Morgan, Ziva Rodann; Catherine's Father, Charles Stevens; Skag, Bing Russell.

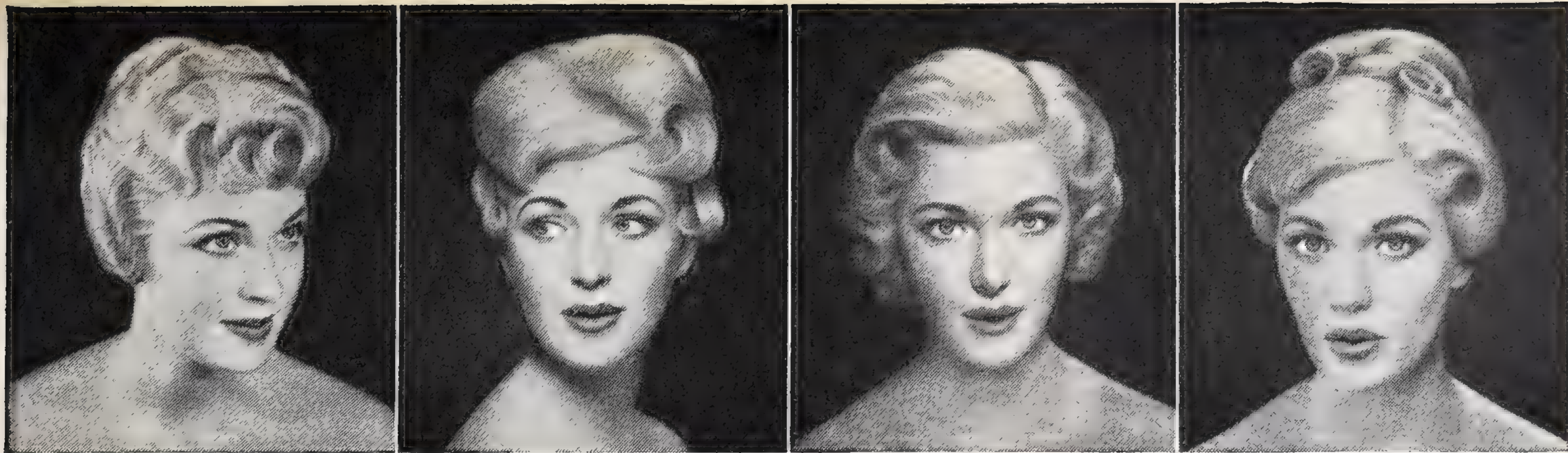
MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT—Columbia. Directed by Delbert Mann: Jerry Kingsley, Fredric March; Betty Preisser, Kim Novak; Mrs. Mueller, Glenda Farrell; Lockman, Albert Dekker; Jack, Martin Balsam; Marilyn, Lee Grant; George, Lee Phillips; Evelyn Kingsley, Edith Meiser; Lillian, Joan Copeland; Rosalind, Betty Walker; Gould, Rudy Bond; Mrs. Carroll, Effie Afton; Alice Mueller, Jan Norris; Caroline, Anna Berger; Paul Kingsley, David Ford; Elizabeth Kingsley, Audrey Peters.

NUN'S STORY, THE—Warners. Directed by Fred Zinnemann: Sister Luke, Audrey Hepburn; Dr. Fortunati, Peter Finch; Mother Emmanuel, Edith Evans; Mother Mathilde, Peggy Ashcroft; Dr. Van Der Mal, Dean Jagger; Sister Margherita, Mildred Dunnock; Mother Christopher, Beatrice Straight; Sister William, Patricia Collinge; Sister Eleanor, Rosalie Crutchley; Mother Marcella, Ruth White; Mother Katherine, Barbara O'Neil; Sister Pauline, Margaret Phillips; Simone, Patricia Bosworth; Archangel, Colleen Dewhurst; Chaplain, Stephen Murray; Dr. Goovaerts, Lionel Jeffries; Father Vermeuhlen, Niall MacGinnis.

THIS EARTH IS MINE—U-I. Directed by Henry King: John Rambeau, Rock Hudson; Elizabeth Rambeau, Jean Simmons; Martha Fairon, Dorothy McGuire; Philippe Rambeau, Claude Rains; Francis Fairon, Kent Smith; Charlotte Rambeau, Anna Lee; Luigi, Ken Scott; Buz, Cindy Robbins; Mrs. Griffanti, Augusta Merighi; Andre Swann, Francis Bethencourt; Monica, Stacy Graham; Chu, Peter Chong.

WOMAN OBSESSED—20th. Directed by Henry Hathaway: Mary Sharron, Susan Hayward; Fred Carter, Stephen Boyd; Mayme, Barbara Nichols; Robbie, Dennis Holmes; Dr. Gibbs, Theodore Bikel; Sgt. Le Noyne, Ken Scott.

YOUNG PHILADELPHIANS, THE—Warners. Directed by Vincent Sherman: Tony Lawrence, Paul Newman; Joan Dickinson, Barbara Rush; Carol Wharton, Alexis Smith; Mike Flanagan, Brian Keith; Kate Judson, Diane Brewster; Mrs. J. A. Allen, Billie Burke; Gil Dickinson, John Williams; Chet Gwynn, Robert Vaughn; John M. Wharton, Otto Kruger; Louis Donetti, Paul Picerni; Morton Stearnes, Robert Douglas.



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SUMMER DATING

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The second issue of TEENS TODAY is even greater than the first issue. Here in frank language boys reveal what they think about summer dating and beach behavior. And the girls talk back and tell why some boys don't rate with them.

Hurry to your newsdealer and get this great issue before all copies are gobbled up. WARNING: Make certain you get TEENS TODAY and don't accept a substitute.

IN THIS ISSUE

BOYS AGREE I GO TO A RESORT TOWN AND LOOK FOR GIRLS
I TAKE A JOB—AND LOOK FOR GIRLS
I HANG AROUND HOME—AND LOOK FOR GIRLS
BEACH BEHAVIOR
GIRLS ARE SNOBS
GIRLS ARE KOOKS
BOYS AGREE: THIS IS A PERFECT DATE

GIRLS AGREE BOYS ARE KOOKS
I'M SICK OF BEING TREATED LIKE DIRT
I'M SICK OF BEING TREATED LIKE AN OLD SHOE
I'M SICK OF BOYS WHO THINK THEY'RE IT
MOST BOYS DON'T KNOW HOW TO KISS
KENNY'S BATHING SUIT
YOUR PLACE IN THE SUN
GIRLS AGREE: THIS IS A PERFECT DATE

TEENS TODAY

Large reveal their secret opinions on:
SUMMER DATING
AT A RESORT
OR A JOB
AT HOME
BEACH BEHAVIOR
PILLOWS
NECKING
LATE PARTIES

girls talk back:
BOYS DON'T KNOW
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BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



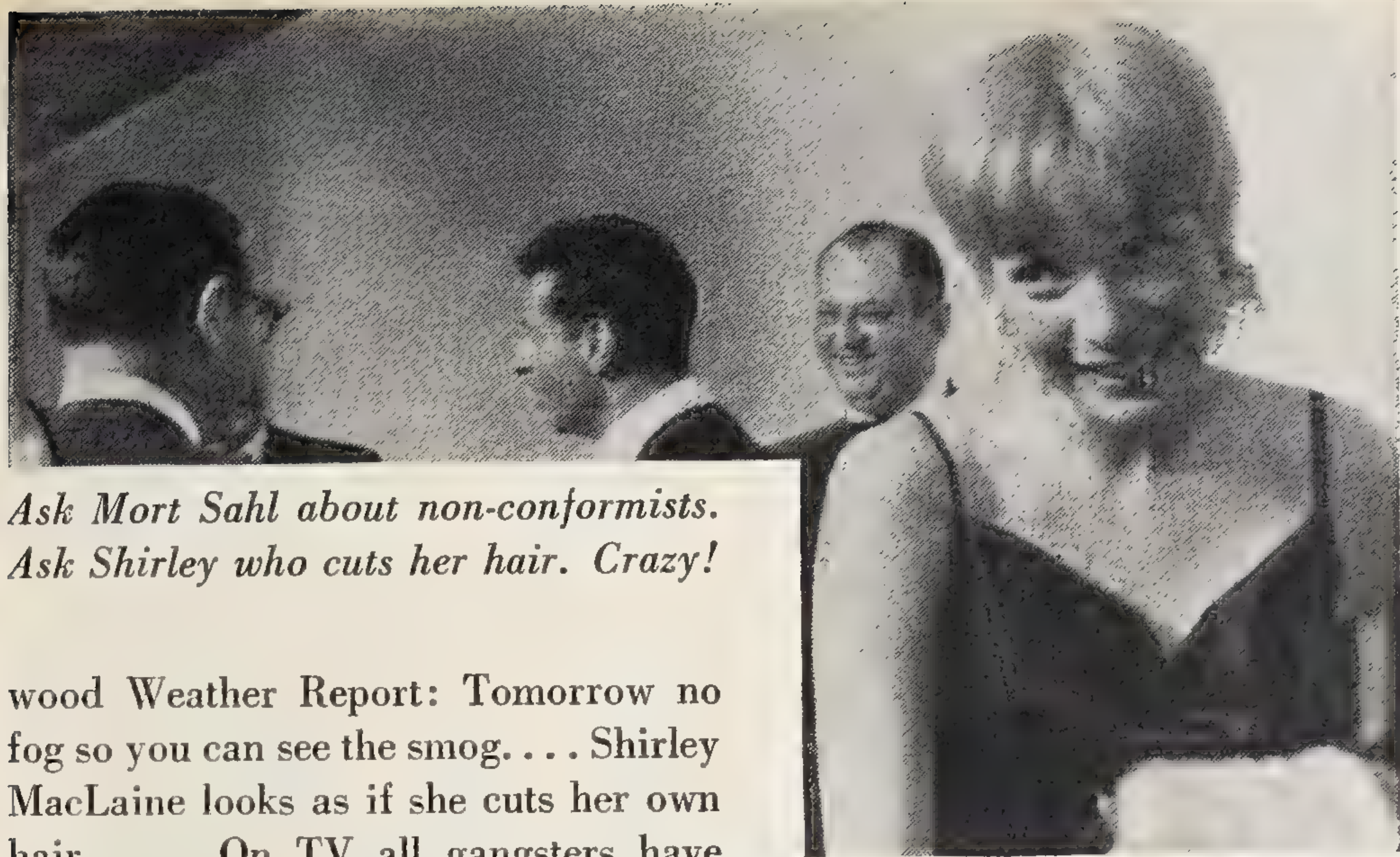
I kissed Liz, but I forgot to notice if her eyes were closed.

I know a Brando friend who describes Marlon as "the most difficult nice guy in the world." . . . Louis Prima played the violin before he started swinging with the trumpet. . . . Keely Smith started as President of the Prima Fan Club in Norfolk, Va., before Louis invited her to sing with him. . . . Kim Novak likes luxury in the bedroom. . . . I'll bet if Betty Grable hadn't been a movie star someone would be discovering her for pictures today. . . . I know a real Private Eye. His name is Norman Placey and his address is 77277 Sunset Strip. . . . Efrem Zimbalist Jr. is the matinee idol of night-time TV. . . . Out of the mouth of Tina Louise: "I'd rather be

seduced mentally than physically." . . . Jill St. John wears crazy sport shirts and on her they're form-fitting. Jill has a figure whose message is easy to decode. . . . I've been informed, Clyde, that square was first used by jazz musicians to describe anyone who didn't understand their type of music and all that jazz. But if a bopster tries to apply the word to Jimmie Rodgers' lovely country ballads, he'll have to fight Jimmie's wife Colleen first. . . . Holly-



If you want to know about squares, don't ask Colleen and Jimmie Rodgers.



*Ask Mort Sahl about non-conformists.
Ask Shirley who cuts her hair. Crazy!*

wood Weather Report: Tomorrow no fog so you can see the smog. . . . Shirley MacLaine looks as if she cuts her own hair. . . . On TV all gangsters have blond girlfriends who look tough and cry easy. . . . My friend Mike Curtiz called a popular performer "a bathtub actor with a swimming pool complex."

Perry Mason is so busy that Raymond Burr often sleeps in his studio dressing room, not having time to go home to Malibu. . . . I'd say Yul Brynner is now imitating himself. . . . Get a load of June Christy singing "Lament." It's Edna St. Vincent Millay's poem "The Penitent" put to music. . . . Tab Hunter likes mood music. . . . Out of the mouth of Maureen Stapleton: "I can't stand to have life go on. That's why I like to stay up and watch the Late Movies on TV. With them, it's always 1935!" . . . Brigitte Bardot claims she never wears a flower on an evening gown because it would wilt!

I was there when Sir Laurence Olivier was thrown by his white horse. Calmly Sir Laurence picked himself up, saying, "It must be a Method horse." . . . Liz Taylor uses her eyelashes as provocatively as a fan dancer uses a fan. But when I kissed her at her wedding, I was too excited myself to notice if she kisses with her eyes open or closed. (See my story on page 25.) . . . On TV Westerns the heroes have gals who are understanding and wait for them until they run the bad man out of town. . . . I've never seen a tree as lovely as a good poem. . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor has a wonderful women's instinct. Zee Zee can discover anything except the obvious. . . . If you haven't seen "Room at the Top," hurry to do so as soon as you finish reading this column. . . . Out of the mouth of Robert Mitchum: "The worst thing for an actor is to get rich. It's ruined far more actors than drink." . . . Cara Williams is always in orbit. . . . If you want to see David (Richard Diamond) Janssen, you can find him in the third row at La Scala trying to guess movie stars' names from initials tossed at him by music man Pete Rugulo. . . . The non-conformists now constitute the largest group of conformists in the country. If you doubt it, ask Mort Sahl. . . . And That's Hollywood For You.



Dig that definition of Brando!

Jean's WRETCHED



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It's downright foolish to suffer in silence every month. Let Midol's 3-way action bring you complete relief from functional menstrual distress. Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

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a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept. B-89, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Jean's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



READERS INC.

DEAR READERS: I've honestly tried—but it seems I'm falling behind in answering your letters personally, so I thought you really wouldn't mind if I take this spot in Readers Inc. and we correspond here.

—EVELYN PAIN, Editor

DEAR EVELYN:

I'm fifteen years old and nothing like this has ever happened to me before. I'm so embarrassed I can't even tell my girlfriend. Larry and I had gone out together six times—just to movies, for a Coke and to talk—before the night he took me to my school dance. After the first intermission when we started dancing again, he told me he loved me and proposed—right there in the middle of the dance floor. I wanted to

run away and hide from him but I told him he shouldn't have said that to me. I had a horrible time at the dance after that and made him take me home early. Was it my fault that he proposed? I only let him kiss me goodnight after our fourth date. Why do boys do things like this? My mother answers the phone when he calls now and tells him I'm not home but she wants to know why I won't talk to him. Should I go out with him again and pretend it didn't happen? Or shouldn't I ever see him again?

CATHY W.
Sacramento, Calif.

DEAR CATHY:

You shouldn't be embarrassed. One of the nicest things that can happen to us—

It All Adds Up To Gable

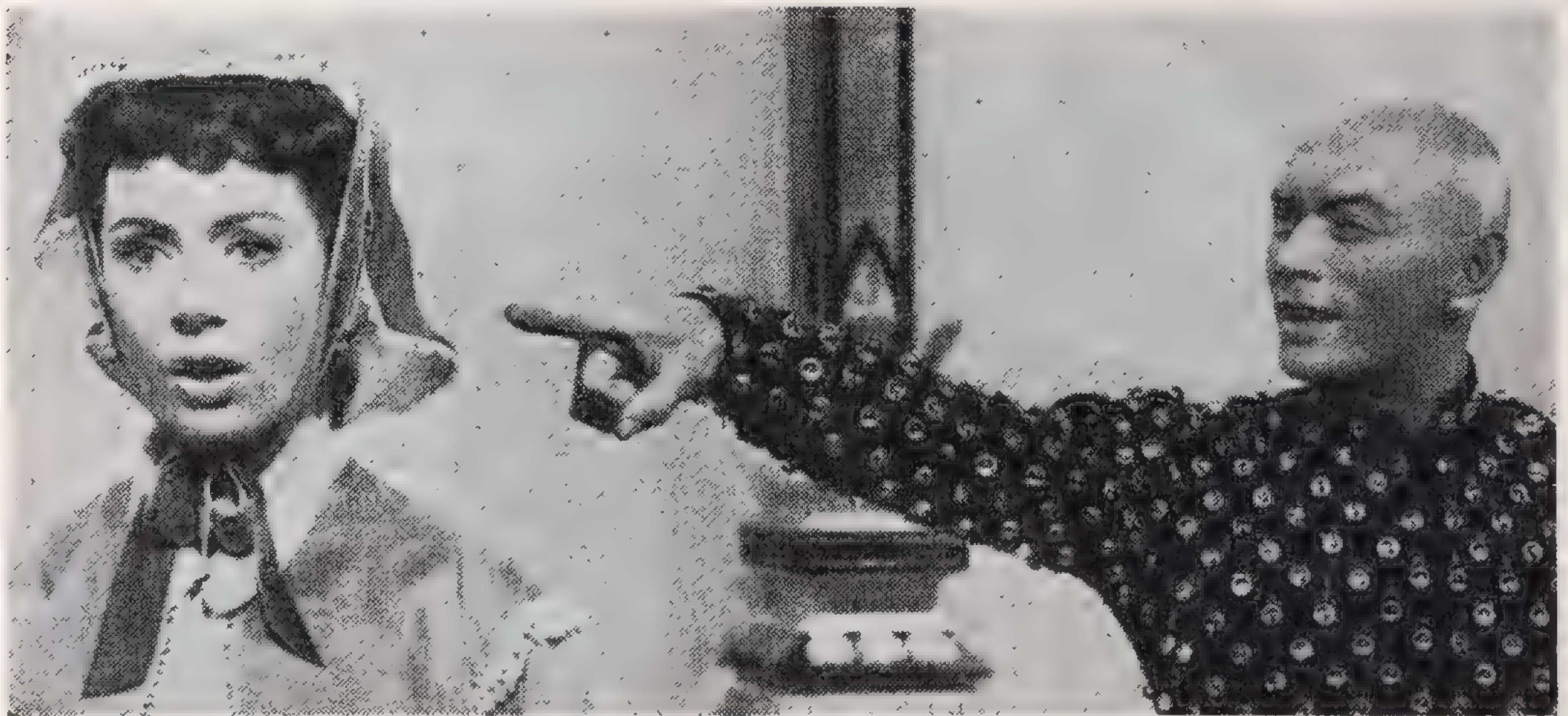
C=Cary Grant with his charm
L=Lanza (Mario) with his voice
A=Allen (Steve) with his sense of humor
R=Robert Young with his air of happiness
K=Kent Taylor with his looks

G=Gary Cooper with his manner
A=Alfred Hitchcock with his air of mystery
B=Bob Horton with his smile
L=Lionel Barrymore with his dignity
E=Efrem Zimbalist Jr. with his appeal
All together they equal Clark Gable.

MEREDITH MARSH
Drexel Hill, Pa.

Finest Team

The finest team there is today is Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr. "The King



Worthy heirs to Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy? One reader says so.



Peggy's photo of actor Jay Cossey (top) reminds her of Kirk and Burt. Anyone for Bob Mitchum?

girl or boy—is to have someone say, "I love you." While talking one day with Kim Novak, I asked her what was the greatest compliment she had ever received. She immediately said: "Every time someone says 'I like you—not just as an actress, but as a person.'" You see, Cathy, being liked by someone means that you have a certain very special quality. So be proud when it happens to you. What you should be concerned about now is Larry's feelings. Boys are sensitive, too. Imagine how you would feel if after you told a boy you cared for him he wouldn't talk to you. Don't you think you should see Larry again and, if he repeats that question, tell him how flattered you are that he cares so much for you but that you're still many years away from thinking of marriage—that it's such a serious step for both of you, you want to be sure you are making the right decision when you finally answer "yes." And to overcome any embarrassment between you, why don't you smile at him and say half-jokingly, "Will you ask me again in five years?" He'll appreciate your being so considerate of his feelings. This is a question, I hope, that will come up again during the next few years, so why not now learn how to answer it graciously. There's no reason why you can't still go out together if Larry accepts your answer and is willing to just "date." However, if he continues to discuss marriage, I think it would be best for him not to see you for a while. You're right in feeling too young to marry. Let me know how everything turns out, won't you?—E.P.

and I" and "The Journey" just couldn't be beat. Hope and pray they stay together. Bald or not, Yul is fascinating. Always wondered if they'd ever find as good a team as Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, whom I worshipped as a child—and at last they have!

MRS. AINSLIE, a Yul Brynner—
Deborah Kerr Fan

Good Judge of Acting

A couple of years ago when I was in junior high school, I met an actor named Jay Cossey at the Red Barn summer stock theater in Westboro, Mass. He was everybody's favorite and all my friends predicted big things for him. When he went to New York City in the fall, I saw him in a TV role but after that I've heard no more.

I think I'm a pretty good judge of acting but I cannot understand why Jay hasn't gone straight to the top.


Here is a picture of him that he gave me on my thirteenth birthday. I don't like to part with it, but I think it might do him some good if you printed it in your magazine. Maybe everyone will see the talent he has in his face. I think he is a combo of Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster.

PEGGY O'MALLEY
Worcester, Mass.

We think he's a little bit of Bob Mitchum too. Don't you?—Ed.

continued

Write to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters. To start fan clubs or write favorite stars, contact their studios—Ed.

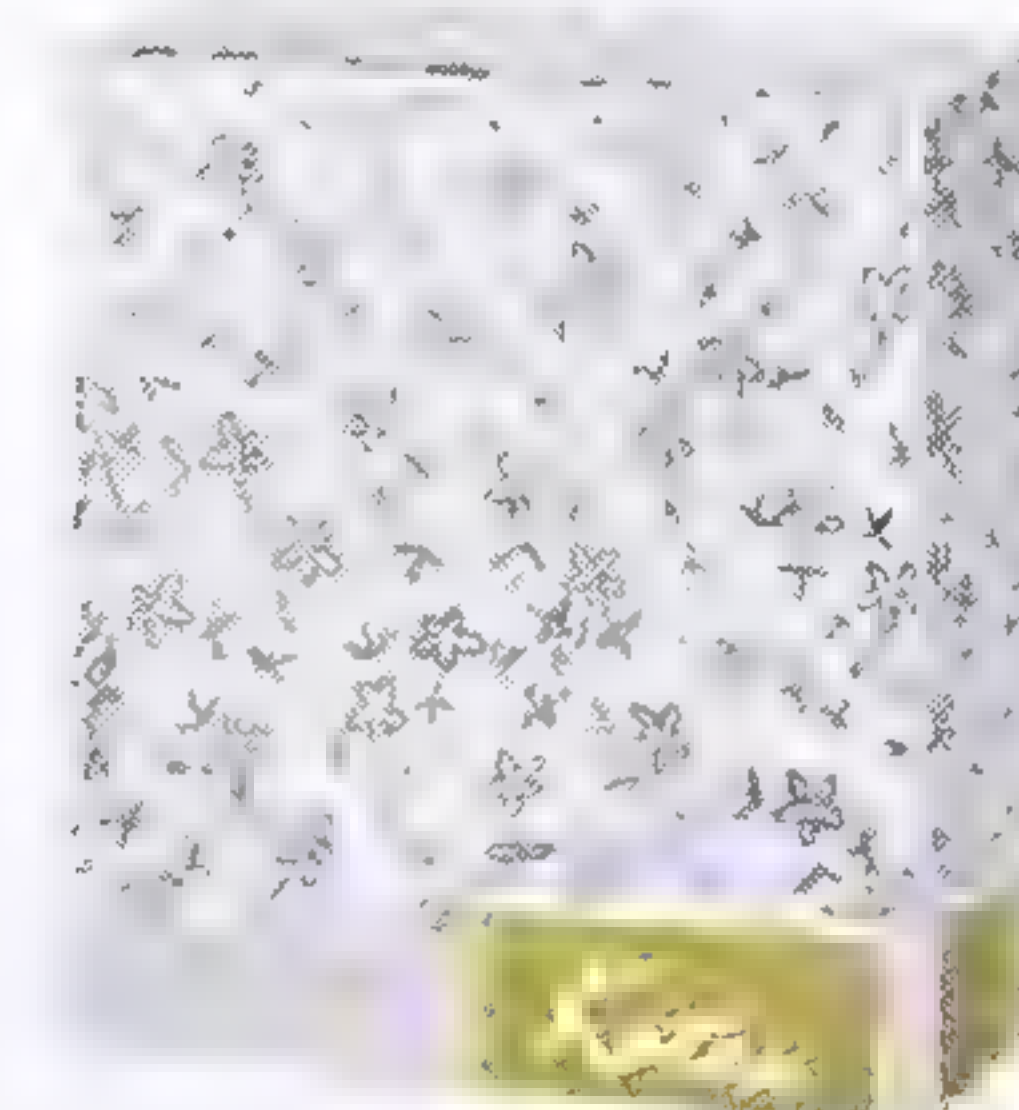


THE NEW LOOK OF CONFIDENCE

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Have you discovered this new kind of protection?

Your modern life demands the newest, most modern protection . . . the kind you find in today's Kotex napkins. These new napkins with the Kimlon center protect better, protect longer . . . feel softer, too. That's because the Kimlon center greatly increases absorbency. Why not find out about new Kotex soon and see how really confident you can be.



New Kotex napkins—choice of most women



continued

Dear Tab Hunter

I have written to tell you about my "Young Love" but "Don't Let it Get Around." I tried "Ninety-Nine Ways" to see him in "Apple Blossom Time" but he's a "Damn Yankee." I was walking past "Gunman's Walk" when "They Came to Codura" to see "That Kind of Woman." I asked him to "Meet Me in St. Louis" but he had to see "Hans Brinker" about some "Silver Skates." He decided to "Return to Treasure Island" and then went on a "Sea Chase" to the "Island of Desire." He left his "Gun Belt" in the "Burning Hills" to buy a "Portrait of a Murderer." "The Girl He Left Behind" is me. But he is "My Only Love."

B. CHAMPAGNE
Covington, La.

Soldier Boy

I like fellows—those who sing.
I like them all—and even Bing.
I like them short, I like them tall,
But I like *Elvis* best of all.

I like that Fabian, he's all right,
But I dream of Elvis day and night.
I love his songs and records, too,
I love him, all right, through and through.

He's tops with all his fans home here,
And I'm sure he knows we love him dear.
No more he wears his clothes so keen,
For now he's dressed in Army green.

MARY ELLEN KRONYAK
Carlstadt, N.J.

Thank You for the Photos

I want to thank Pat Boone, Tommy Sands, Jimmie Rodgers, Rick Nelson, Paul Anka, Tony Perkins, George Nader, Tony Martin, Geoffrey Horne, Esther Williams and Taina Elg for your photos which I have received from you.

PIRJO TIENHAARA
Helsinki, Finland

To Joan Evans:

I don't think you remember me, Joan, because we met for only a short period of time in Truth or Consequences, N.M.

You were one of our Fiesta Guest Stars in the tenth Annual Ralph Edwards Truth or Consequences Fiesta. I have always seen you in movies or magazines and have liked you very much. This was the first time I ever saw you in person. Boy, I never thought you could be so wonderful and nice. I wish you could join us for our next Fiesta. I hope you read this letter.

LINDA MARIE TAFOYA
Cuchillo, New Mexico

confidentially...

How can a young man break into the movies? I am nineteen years old and was born in Anniston, Alabama. I was an orphan at the age of eight.

I am 6'2" tall, weigh 180 pounds, and have brown eyes and hair, and a fair complexion. I finished high school at McAdory High and was in the band for about ten weeks. I was also the Baritone solo in the school chorale, and took piano lessons for five years.

My hobbies are cars, records and swimming. (I also like girls.)

GERALD HUGH (JERRY) WATERS
1305 Potter Ave.
Bessemer, Ala.



... I am starting a survey on Ricky Nelson. Have any of you ever met him? If so, please send me your true opinion.

LUCILLE HINRICKS
1544 Puente Ave.
West Covina, Calif.

... My name is Maria Alexandra, I live in Portugal and I am sixteen years old. Is there a boy or girl who would like to be my correspondent? I'd like that so!

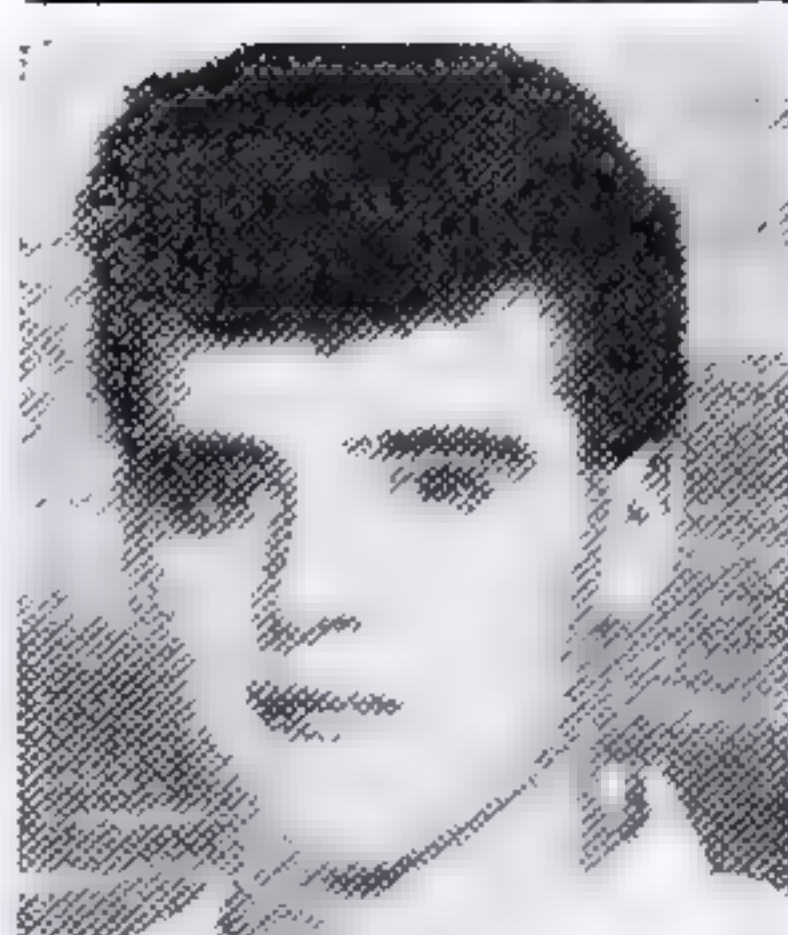
MARIA ALEXANDRA GAMA
Rua Dr. Lacerda e Almeida
10-Lave/Esq.
Lisbon, Portugal

... I have a good voice and I'm determined to sing. I took lessons from Dr. Dordon, who taught Perry Como when he was a child. So if anyone needs a good male singer, please look me up. I'll sing for anything!

BOB DUMAS
809 Charles St.
Mobile, Ala.

... I have started a new fan club for Louis Prima and Keely Smith. There are no dues and each new member will receive a membership card and surprises. Please write:

KATHRYN DICKERSON, PRESIDENT
Midwestern Louis Prima &
Keely Smith Fan Club
Box 115
Hebron, Ill.



... As a lonely British soldier serving with the forces in Malaya, I don't get very much mail, and would like to share my interests with an American female between nineteen and twenty-two years old.

I am twenty, and my interests are records, swimming, fishing, cycling and all types of dancing—and I'm not a bad dancer.

If my request is published, you will make me very happy, even if no one answers. But I'm hoping someone does.

BRIAN PENN
23501727 Pte Penn B.
2 Inf WKSP Reme
c/o G.P.O. Taiping
Perak State, N. Malaya

Dear Everyone, Everywhere:

I would very much like to have pen pals from anywhere, and I promise faithfully to answer every letter I receive.

I'm fourteen years old and dig r'n'r the

most. Besides writing letters, I like to swim. Please write.

CAROL FOOTE
R.R. #2, Duncan
British Columbia

... I would like to become a singer and perhaps an actress, and although I've written to several stars, nobody has given me any help.

Rock'n'roll is what I want to sing, so if you know people who are looking for talent, ask them to give me a chance.

ROBERTA SMALL
1209 East 9th St.
Eddystone, Pa.

... I am much interested in collecting filmstar photos and their names. Perhaps some of your readers who are interested in this hobby will correspond with me.

I am a single man of 30 years, a graduate, and a born Indian from Kerala State. I also like to collect stamps.

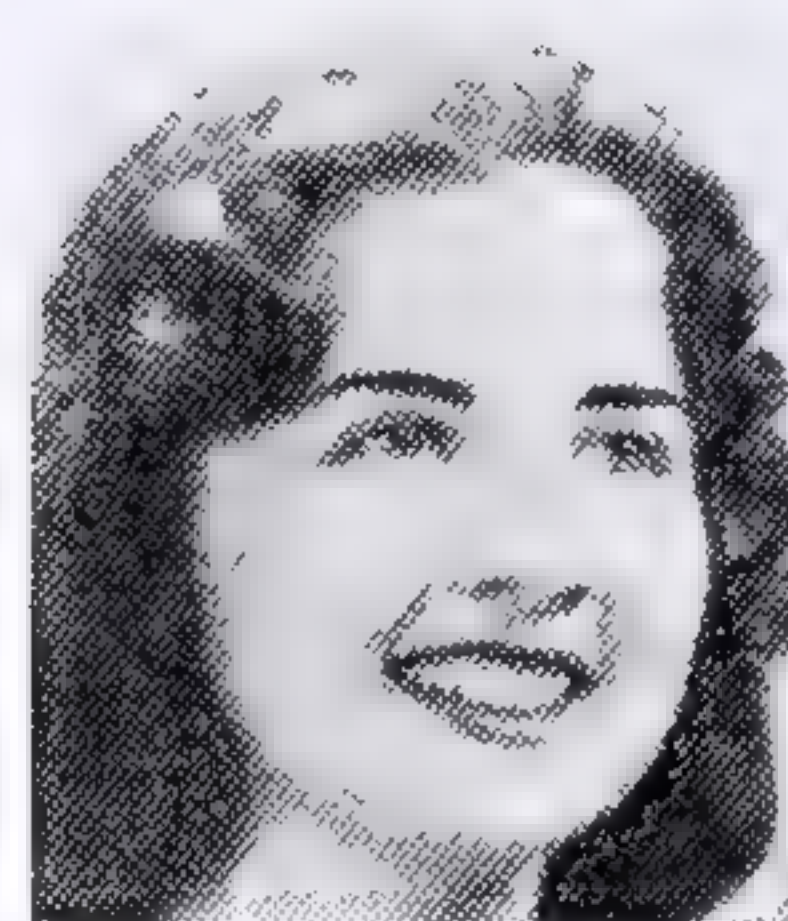
GEORGE C. WATTAKUNNEL, B.A.
Palai, P.O.
Kerala State, India

... I am a girl of nineteen, 5'11½", and weigh 100 pounds. I am studying Ballet.

My teacher says I have lots of talent and I should go far, but all I need is a chance. And, believe me, I sure work hard.

So if there is anyone looking for a new discovery, I'm available.

MARY JEAN TAAY
164 N. 68 St.
Milwaukee 13, Wis.



... I think I have a picture of a young lady who, in my opinion, could sell many magazines if she were on the cover.

Her name is Pat Di Shetler. She's a senior in high school and will be eighteen in July. She sings and is a majorette. Don't you think she's pretty?

MRS. LEO DI SHETHE
Toledo, Ohio

... I am sixteen and would like to hear from a pen pal in Memphis, Tenn. or in Hollywood who would exchange movie stars' and singers' pictures with me. For a long time now I've been cutting pictures from Photoplay and many other magazines. How about you?

MISS BETTY LOU LANIER
Box 58
Cherokee Falls, S.C.

... I have just started a Jimmie Rodgers Fan Club and we're in need of members.

Dues are 50¢ a year, and you receive an 8x10" picture of Jimmie with your membership card. So come on all you Jimmie Rodgers fans—Join!

MURIEL ANNE GESSNER
R.D. 1, Box 214
Absecon, N.J.

... I am starting a Van Cliburn fan club and all people of all ages are invited to join. Even though Van is neither a movie star nor a singer, I'm sure there must be millions of young people like me who admire him. For information, please write to me.

FRANCINE NOVAK
5551 W. Congress
Chicago 44, Ill.

Favorite Foreign Star

My name is Delbert Jackson and I am seventeen years old.

I am writing to you for some information on France Nuyen. After I saw her in "Love and War," and also in "South Pacific," she became my favorite foreign movie star.

Words can't express how much I enjoyed "South Pacific" and the three dollars that I was so reluctant to spend, were really an underpayment!

DELBERT JACKSON
Detroit, Mich.

France Nuyen is a nineteen-year-old Eurasian beauty born in Marseilles. She came to New York in 1957 with her mother to continue her modeling career, but all the schools turned her down because, they said, she was too small. But Candy Jones, once a famous model, took an interest in France, got her a screen test, and before long she landed the part as Liat in "South Pacific." She loves to read and writes poetry in her spare time.—Ed.

Write?

Please tell me where I could write for a picture of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh? I've looked everywhere.

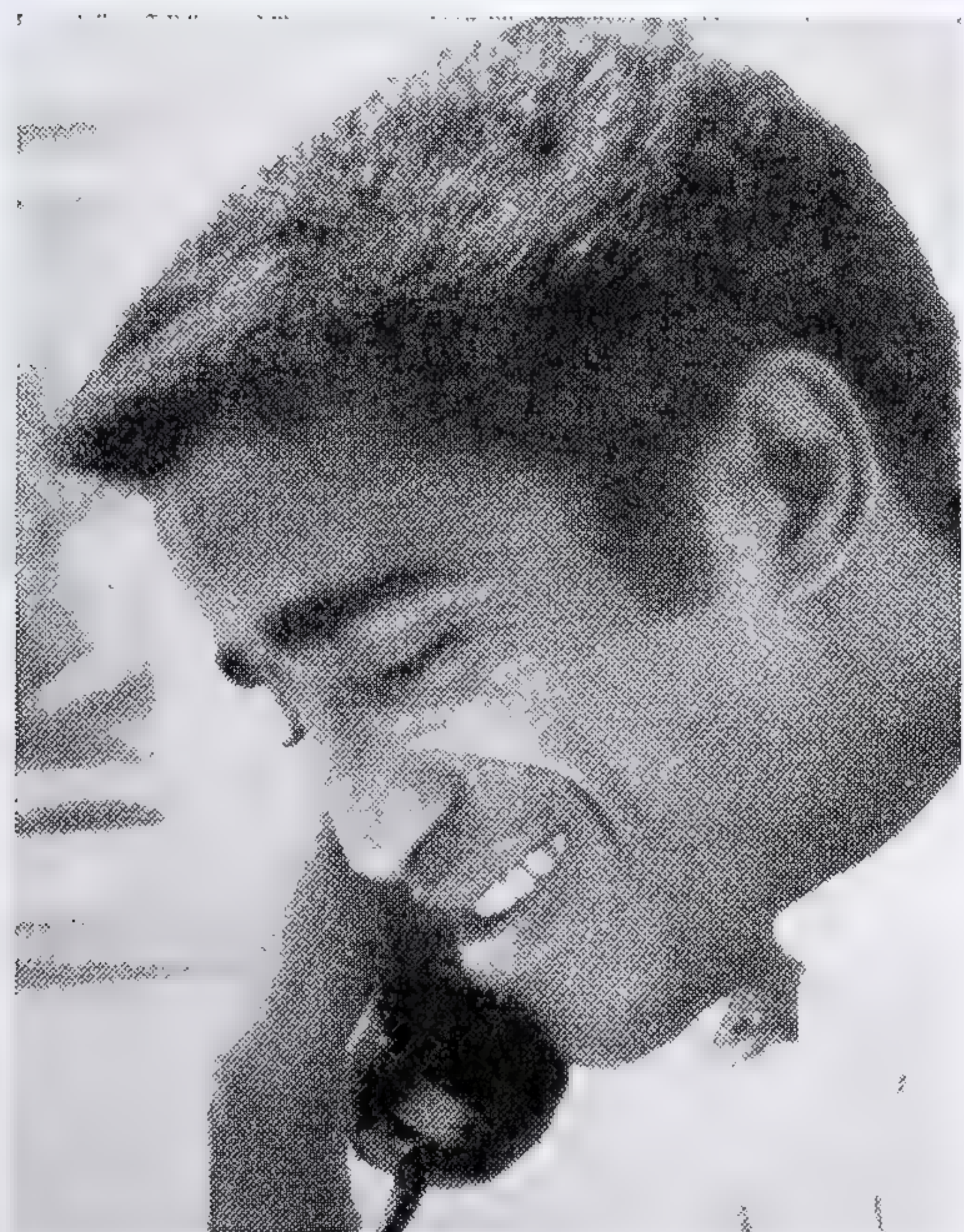
TOBI FELDSTEIN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

We suggest you write to P.O. Box 1535, Beverly Hills, California.—Ed.

"Mr. Wonderful"

I wish to sing the praises of one of the nicest guys in show business, Sammy Davis Jr. I have been a fan of Sammy's for about three years and every letter I have ever written him has been answered. He is never too busy to help out a worthy cause. For instance, when Sammy was on Broadway, appearing in "Mr. Wonderful," our church (St. Augustine) gave a benefit dance to help raise funds for college scholarships for our younger group. We asked Sammy if he would appear at the dance and say a few words. Not only did he appear, but he sang a few songs as well! All this after his appearance in "Mr. Wonderful." Needless to say, the dance was a success and everybody just adored him. He is just the greatest.

LENA SHIVERS
New York, N.Y.



Need help? Call on "Mr. Wonderful."

"I tan faster with COPPERTONE"

says MYRNA HANSEN

featured in —
"ASK ANY GIRL"
A EUTERPE PROD. MGM RELEASE

Get a faster, deeper tan with GUARANTEED sunburn protection

There's no tan like a Coppertone tan! Lovely Myrna Hansen agrees . . . she says, "I wouldn't go in the sun without Coppertone!"

Sunbalanced Screening does it! With Coppertone you get a faster, smoother tan, with maximum sunburn protection, than with any other leading product! That's because its special screening agent, homomenthyl salicylate, lets in the ultraviolet rays that activate coloring matter deep inside skin, shuts out fiery, burning rays.

Conditions Skin, too! Coppertone is rich in lanolin and other moisturizing ingredients that protect you longer,

even after swimming. Thus it prevents ugly drying and peeling.

America's Favorite! Originated in Florida, Coppertone now far outsells all other suntan products. Available in Lotion, Oil, Cream, Spray, and new Shade for children and those with sensitive skin. Also Noscote.



DON'T BE A PALEFACE
Use Coppertone whenever you're in the sun—swimming, boating, picnicking, or in your own backyard.

Coppertone, another quality product of Plough, Inc., is available in Canada, too. Save—buy large size.



Is it
true...
blondes
have more
fun?

It's a head start for a happier vacation! Just be a blonde and see . . . a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With amazingly gentle new Instant Whip Lady Clairol, it's so easy! Takes only minutes! Feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier! So if your hair is dull, darkened blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, that's a beautiful advantage!



Your hairdresser will tell you
a blonde's best friend is

NEW INSTANT WHIP* **Lady Clairol**[®] Creme Hair Lightener

*T. M. ©1959 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada

**“please, give Eddie and
me another chance...”**



Photoplay goes to the wedding

with SIDNEY SKOLSKY

It is 12:31 a.m. At the Tropicana Hotel in Las Vegas.

The act on the stage is finishing, the audience is applauding, Liz Taylor quietly takes her seat, ringside.

Liz is wearing a rainbow-colored dress covered with sequins. Her eyes sparkle, too. She slips into a chair next to Eddie's mother, Mrs. Kate Stupp, who is sitting next to Eddie's father, Joseph Fisher. Kate and Joe are divorced; both are now remarried; they are friendly, although they don't talk much to each

other. Mike Todd Jr. is sitting directly across the table from Liz. Mike Jr. is dark and handsome and his face, usually expressionless, is that of a serious and intense person. Liz and Mike Jr. are very friendly and are said to understand each other. Mike Jr., one of Eddie's best friends, flew in from Spain to be best man at the wedding. Earlier that morning Eddie and Mike Jr. played 18 holes of golf on the famous course at the Desert Inn. It was a (Continued on page 84)



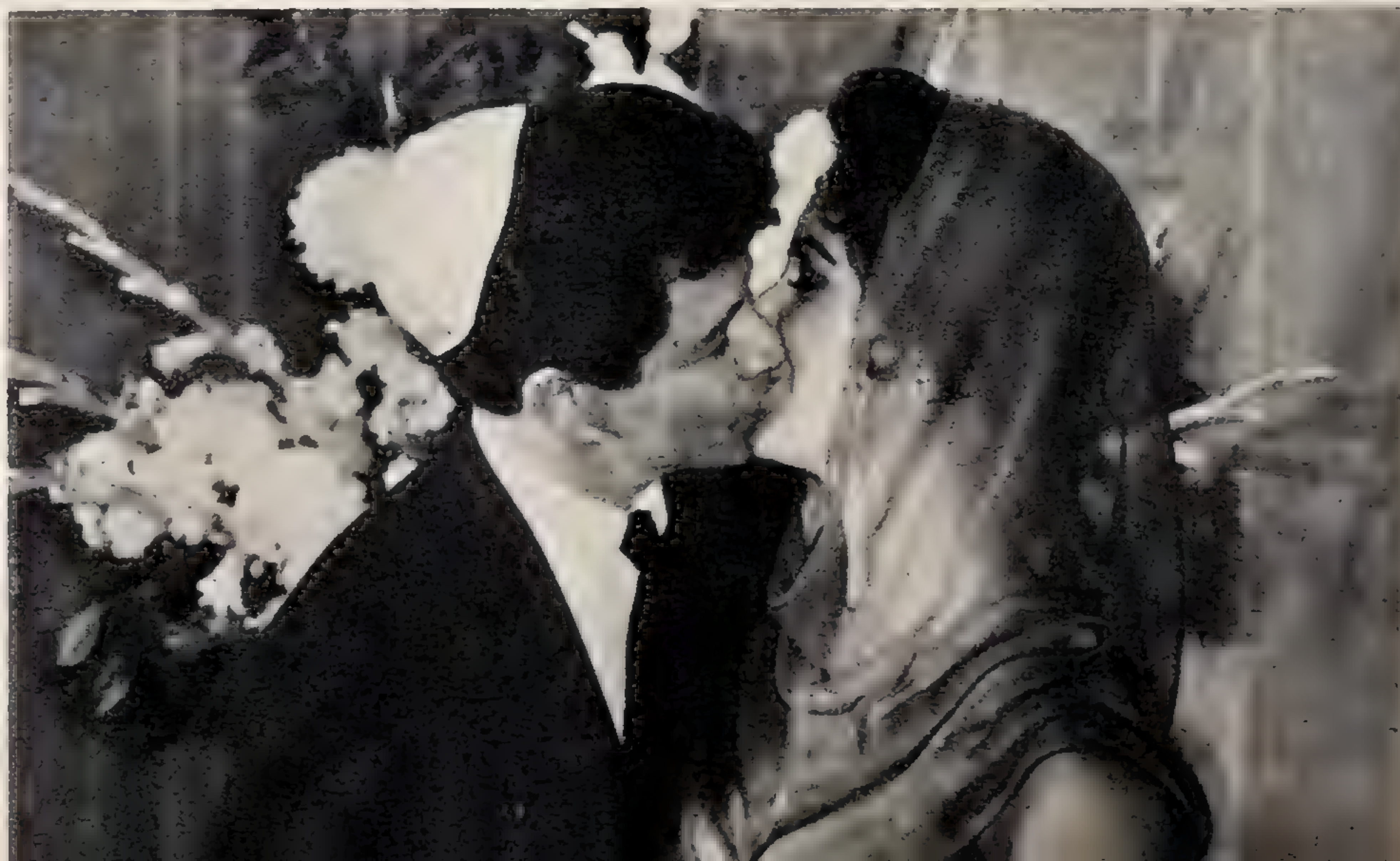
I watched from a window in the Temple Beth Sholom as the crowd pressed toward the limousine bringing Liz—late—to her wedding.



"This wedding," Eddie promised, "is going to go off the way Liz wants it."



I kissed the bride. "You look beautiful," I said. "I feel beautiful," Liz smiled.



Their kiss was brief and warm, not clinging. "There's nothing blue about this wedding," Liz told me later. "I broke with tradition."



In this exclusive at-home interview, Debbie tells Photoplay:

**“I wish Elizabeth and Eddie
all the happiness...”**



"I've got my children...all I need to be happy"

Debbie had invited us to come over on Sunday, and it seemed a particularly warm and lazy morning that day we went to Debbie's house. "Just to talk about a lot of things," we had said over the telephone.

"Fine," she answered in her bright voice. "Could you come over at about eleven? Carrie will be in the garden . . . Todd will be asleep . . . so if you come at eleven, that would be just fine. . ." she said again, almost without taking a breath.

She gave us the number of the house, adding, "You've never been here before, it's quite different from the enormous one in Beverly Hills. It's a very nice comfortable house and you'll probably see Carrie's toys on the front lawn! You can't miss it," she added with a lilt to her laugh.

We weren't as confident as Debbie about finding her home. We noted each house as we drove down the charming street in Holmby Hills, those of Early American or English architecture, each perfect and dignified, sturdily solid as though they had had many years of gracious living. The atmosphere was serene and hushed as it would be on a Sunday morning at eleven o'clock.

We recognized Debbie's house almost immediately,

without hardly glancing at the number. It was an attractive English home of buff-colored brick, situated back from the sidewalk with a wide expanse of lawn. Trees shaded one side of the house, while brilliant flowers were planted all up and down each side of the brick walk. It was certainly a charming house. And, just as Debbie had said, Carrie's doll carriage was casually propped up against a tree.

We rang the doorbell, and when the maid opened the door, Debbie called from upstairs.

"Hi . . . I'll be down in a minute. My mother's in the garden with Carrie. . ."

We couldn't resist the opportunity of giving the interior a quick glance on our way to the garden. It was a restful interior, done in pale beiges and rose . . . the chintz drapes at the wide English windows . . . the large pieces of fine old mahogany furniture . . . the huge fireplace over which stood a row of pewter mugs. There were books and scripts on the tables . . . bowls of white flowers and a profusion of green plantings.

It was a warm and attractive room, where it seemed that Carrie must have been playing, for many of her toys were scattered across the floor. The entire atmosphere was of friendly charm and comfort. (*continued*)

by RUTH ROWLAND



"I wish Elizabeth and Eddie all the happiness..."

continued

The garden was linked to the living room by an inside garden, which was filled with all kinds of plants of various shades of green. Arranged with these were exotic plantings of rare tubus begonias and fragile orchids . . . the hot-house variety of plants that need the most delicate care and live in cool shaded places. The whole arrange-

ment was simply beautiful. It was like coming upon some exotic island in the middle of a very sensible and sturdily built English house.

The garden was not very large. The kidney-shaped pool had a fence built around it for the children's protection . . . some comfortable garden furniture was



clustered on the grass and a sand play-box took up one corner. Toys were everywhere. There were miniature chairs, animals, and there was obviously no question that this was somewhere children could feel quite free to romp and play to their hearts' content.

Carrie's grandmother, the young-looking Mrs. Ray

Reynolds, in her yellow flowered-silk slack-suit, was carrying on a very animated conversation with Carrie, who was busy toting dishes of sand both to her grandmother and to a young lady we didn't know (who, we later learned, was from one of Debbie's charity organizations). Mrs. Reynolds smiled warmly and (*Continued on page 86*)



"I'm not going to let anyone hurt me anymore," said Debbie. "I've got so much to be grateful for—my two children—my family. Every day I spend with Carrie and Todd is such a wonderfully happy day. We're usually together a great deal of the time, but now that my career is keeping me so busy, I won't be able to stay with them as much as I would have liked."



WILL SHE DIE BECAUSE OF ME?

The notes on the pages spread out on the music stand before me were just a blur. I sat hunched up there on that stool looking out at the rows of empty seats, and straight through rehearsal all I could think of was her. Where was she, I kept thinking, why

hadn't she called me? I knew the police were doing everything they could, but I felt I ought to be out there, too, looking up and down every street in the city to find her. Even when everybody kept trying to tell me it wasn't my fault, it *(Continued on page 72)*

by TOMMY SANDS as told to GEORGE CHRISTY



what was **MARILYN MONROE** doing at 685 Third Avenue?

That's me—circled in red. And I'm the only guy in all the world who knows the answer to that question. Why? Well, you'll see. It's a crazy story.

You know how sometimes, all of a sudden, you feel that something's going to happen—something important? Well, one lazy Saturday this spring, I was walking along New York's fashionable 57th Street, *(continued)*



by Evan Michaels

Marilyn seemed to say: "Look what fun I'm having!" Everyone gaped—but me. . . .



taking in the fresh air, having just seen "Gigi" at the plush Sutton Theater for the third time. I guess you can guess I'm a movie fan. I love sitting in a dark theater and munching on a bar of candy and letting the world of the silver screen take over all my problems for a couple of hours.

But that Saturday, after I'd seen "Gigi," I was wandering along 57th Street, looking at the tall apartment buildings and at the cluttered antique shops, when smack-bang-boom, there she was.

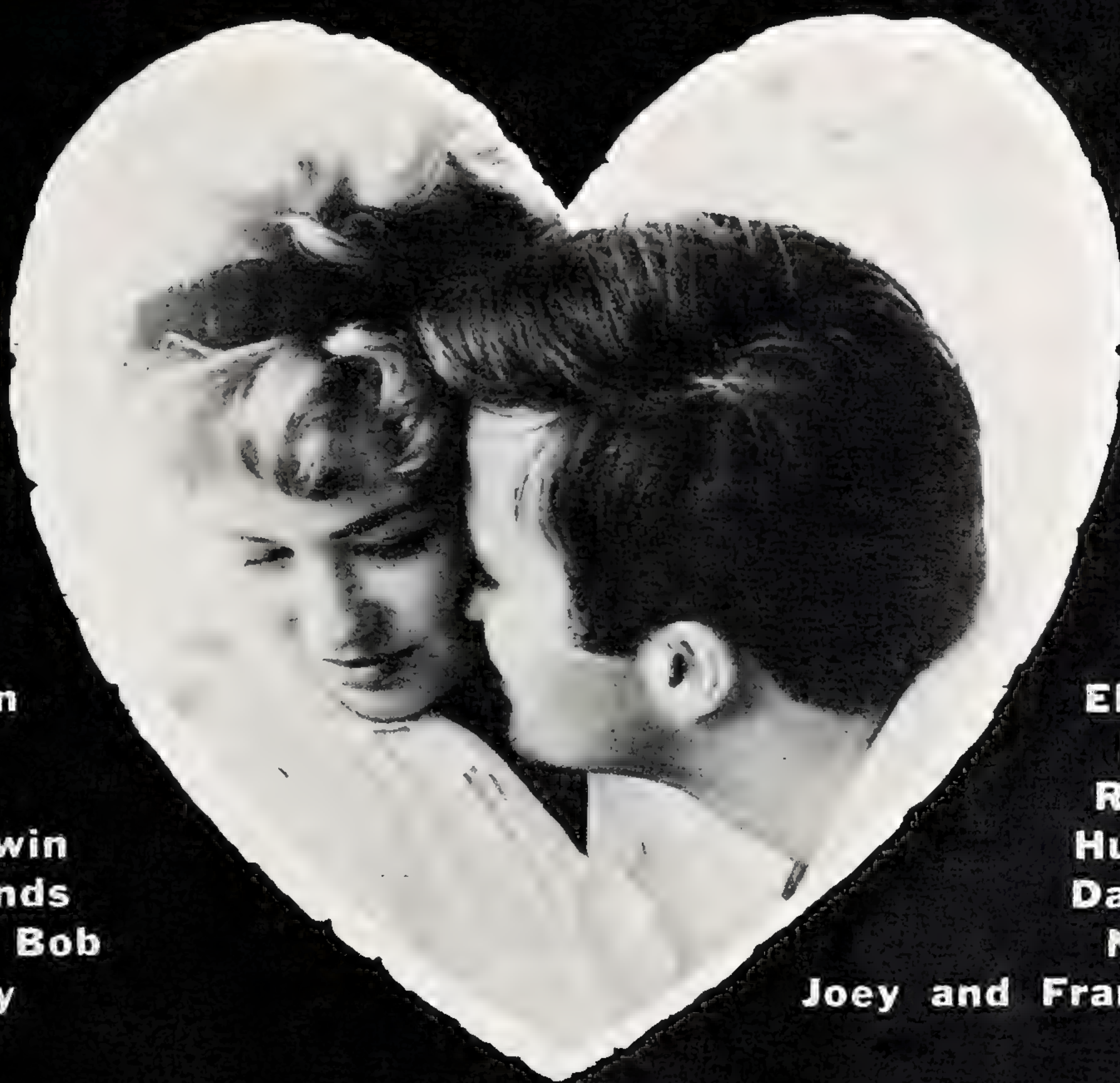
Marilyn.

I couldn't believe it at first, because she looked more like a fan than a star. She wore a loose camel's hair polo-coat, brown leather pumps and a pink scarf over her famous (Continued on page 88)






20 fellows open their hearts to you...



Rick Nelson
Fabian
Dick Clark
Peter Baldwin
The Diamonds
Travis and Bob
Duane Eddy

Elvis Presley
Edd Byrnes
Roger Smith
Hugh O'Brian
Dale Hawkins
Neil Sedaka
Joey and Frankie Jordan


a girl should



HE (thinking):
So big deal!
She doesn't even
look glad
I came!

Peter Baldwin

meet a guy halfway and



SHE (thinking) :
He's so superior
sitting there.
What can
I say to
him?

Connie Stevens

● ● ● **m**ake him feel

A few weeks ago, we had waved a “see-you-soon” to our own special corner in the Photo-play offices and were scooting along above the clouds heading for a personal appearance. Naturally enough, the conversational ball was being batted over all the topics. When it finally stopped rolling it was dead center on a subject that comes up every time you get a group of fellows around—the subject? *Girls*.

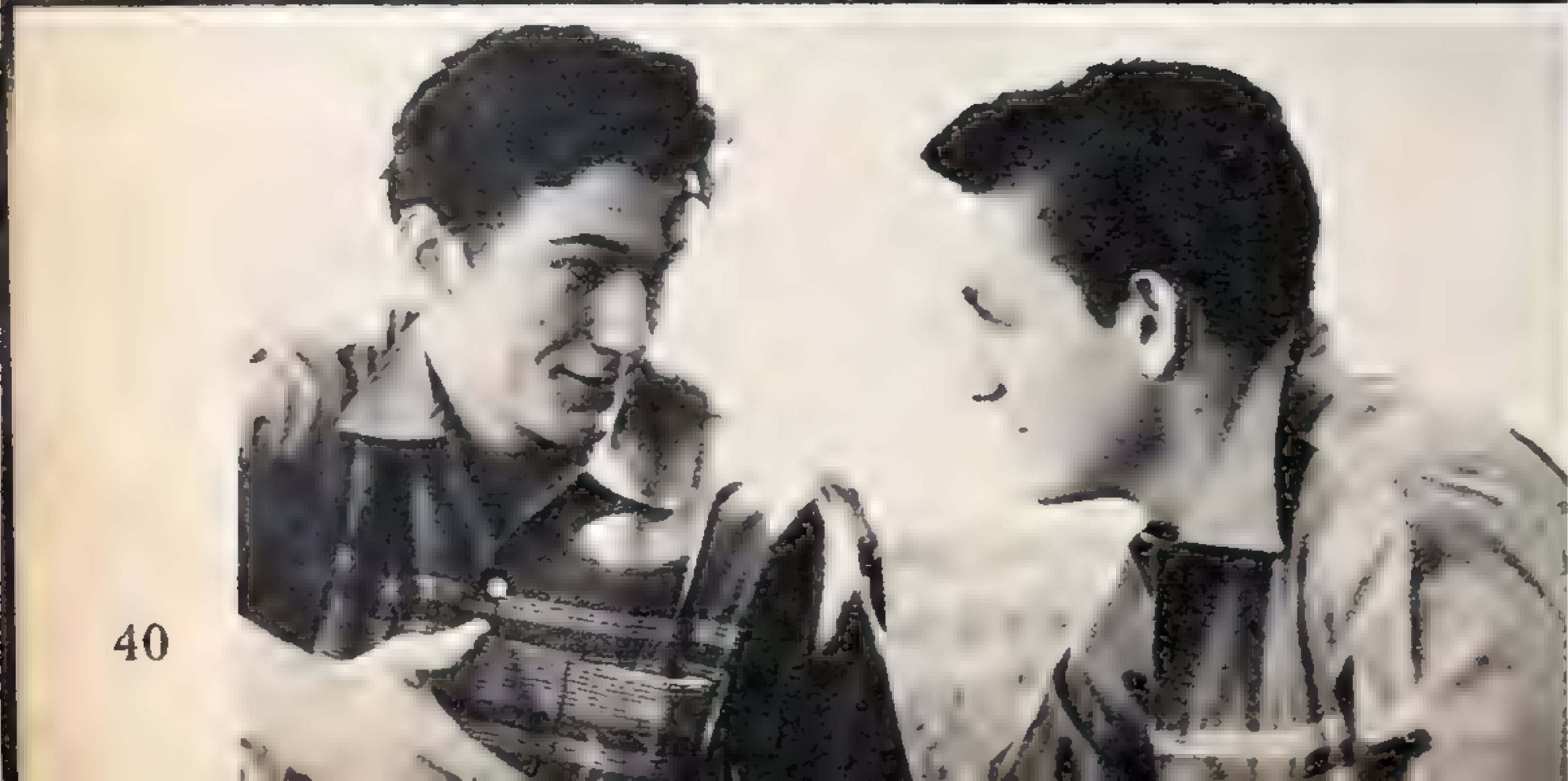
That is, girls in general and girls in particular.

A particular young lady was giving fits to one of our popular young recording artists, and to spare them both we'll just leave out the names and initials. This p.y.l. was a friend of long-standing, but the boy—no matter what—couldn't get it across to her that he thought

she was something extra-extra special. “I can't quite reach her,” was the way he put it. All through high school they had danced together whenever the school was having a social, and he had hoped that these pleasant moments would grow into special dates, maybe an engagement ring, and then some wedding music. But no. She was always just a little bit distant after the dance ended, or the party broke up, or they had reached her front door after the walk home from school.

Now that he has waxed some fast-moving discs, and put several into albums, he has a mutual friend make sure that she “just happens” to get a copy each time. He always gets a short note wherever he is appearing telling him how much she enjoyed his work . . . and

Left to right: The Diamonds; Travis and Bob; Rick Nelson, Sandra Dee; Dick Clark, the Diamonds;



by DICK CLARK

like something special

then silence. "Shattering silence," if I can quote him again.

We were all very sympathetic to this tale of woe, and we were all getting ready to give our opinion when the topper came. "You know," our boy told us, "I was all set to forget her as much as I could when her mother told my mother that her daughter thought I was the greatest, and that she dreamed, talked, and pestered everybody about me constantly."

This was a real curve ball but it didn't stop us, and as it developed we all had our own opinions on what was wrong. This young Miss evidently hadn't the vaguest notion of how to make a fellow understand he's not just one of the crowd, but is really something special. Sure she had told her mother, father, brother,

sister, and I guess her classmates, too, that she had flipped over our young disc star, but the really important person didn't even have an inkling that she knew he existed.

"I imagine it's a pretty tough situation for a lot of girls," my fabulous friend Fabian thought out loud, "but there are ways to let *Him* in on your secret."

"You don't have to fall all over a guy to do it, either," Bobby Darin added. "If a girl wants me to know she likes me she can do it just by the way she listens to what I have to say and tries to add something of her own to the conversation," he pointed out.

Fabian recalled, "One of the most popular girls in my neighborhood had all of the fellows doing dance steps (*Continued on page 70*)

Annette Funicello, Rick; Fabian, Duane Eddy, Dale Hawkins; Joey, Frankie Jordan; Neil Sedaka.



Fabian:

Man! this was a perfect date

It started out, I suppose, just like any date. I'd come to New York to do a TV film, but it was cancelled on account of rain. So I called up Marti Jewell (she studies with the same voice teacher as I do) and asked her out.

"I'd love to," she said. No excuses, or pretending to be busy, even though it was past six o'clock and I told her I'd be by at seven. In the elevator, I remember wondering how long she'd keep me "parlorized," but when she opened the door there was a smile on her face and a coat over her arm.

"Hello, Tiger," she grinned as I helped her into it, "how do you feel?" (*continued*)



Things got off to a slow start—it took us ten minutes to find out about the gremlin in the elevator.





We began guessing what people on the bus did for a living. "That young man," she teased me out of the corner of her eye, "must be a professional tiger!"



We missed our bus-stop, had to trudge back six blocks to Loew's.

If it weren't for girls like Marti, a fellow like me could forget what fun it is to go to a movie.



When I found out she was hep to football, I guess I just talked my head off . . . but she didn't look bored at all.



After a while, we turned off the phonograph and just listened to the rain on the roof.

FABIAN *continued*

"I'm glad you wore your hair down." I blurted out. "I like it that way—"

"—And I'm so glad you're glad," she cut in gayly, tying a blue bandana under her chin.

Somehow, in the hall, we got talking about how I'm afraid of ghosts—I really am, you know—and she told me about the gremlins people still believe in where her folks come from in Ireland. So it must have (*Continued on page 71*)

She looked like a little girl, saying "I love to walk right after a rain!" It gave me an idea—so we took the long way home!



Gosh, I like a girl with long hair. She told me it's auburn, but it still looks like strawberry blonde to me.



She told me she'd been admiring my jacket all evening. It happens to be my favorite . . . I'm glad she liked it.

I kissed her—I'd been wanting to all evening. She felt so soft and fragile, what could I do? I kissed her again.



Edd Byrnes-

... **S**omeone to watch over me

Edd Byrnes checked his watch. It was seven-fifteen. He'd been delayed at the studio. Now he had only half an hour to shower, shave and dress. He crossed the living room, flipped the switch on the hi-fi and loaded the turntable with records.

For the next few minutes the music was drowned out by the staccato patter of water bouncing off the tile floor. Then, drying off, Edd attempted a precision-like job of lathering his face, making even strokes with the razor while keeping time to a rock 'n' roll tune. He grinned. Next time he'd better try it to something a little bit slower.

Twenty minutes later, after putting links into the French cuffs of his white shirt, straightening his black tie and slipping on his suit jacket—stopping just to take a fast look in the mirror—he headed out the door. It had been a long while since he'd looked forward to a date with such anticipation. He'd been on a real merry-go-round lately; weeks just seemed to fly by. His routine consisted of work and more work, followed by sack time, with no hours of relaxation in between. Then the other day, on his first free Sunday in months, he'd met (*Continued on page 77*)

by
BEATRICE
MARCH





Hugh O'Brian:

When there is no happy ending...

Hugh O'Brian was strolling idly across the wide green lawn in front of the summer theater at Santa Barbara when he first saw Linda. It was a warm, lazy afternoon in early June. He'd been looking the place over and wondering if he'd ever get a chance at a good part, when he spotted her. She stood talking with some friends a little way off to his right, and *(Continued on page 79)*

by GEORGE CHRISTY





Roger Smith to wife, Victoria

did I
remember today
to tell you
I love you?

It was almost eight o'clock by the time Roger Smith, tired after a long day at the studio, turned the key in the lock of the front door of his home. Walking inside, he took off his jacket and threw it over the arm of a chair. Then, looking over towards the kitchen, he was about to call out to his wife, Vici, when he remembered—she was still away on location. He groaned. *(Continued on page 65)*

by MARCIA BORIE





7 pin-ups answer the questions you have asked Photoplay most frequently:

QUESTION	GUYS' ANSWERS	YOUR SCORE
What do boys expect of a date? What do they really want from a girl anyway?	We like an enthusiastic girl. It's nice to feel she enjoys doing the things you've planned. Beefs: a bored and blase date who doesn't know she has to do her part.	
Should you kiss on the first date? Will he like you for it or think you're "too easy"?	It's a nice way to let him know you like him. Beefs: (1) the girl with a "rule against it," (2) the girl who makes you feel she's just paying her debts with her kisses.	
How does a boy like a girl to look? Sometimes, the way they act, they don't seem to care.	We like the girl who knows, <i>what</i> to wear <i>where</i> . Beefs: the girl who attracts the "wrong kind of glances" in clothes that are too tight or too revealing or too old.	
When, if ever, should a girl telephone a boy? Will he blame her for being "forward"?	Girls can call a boy to ask him to a party or to thank him for something special. Beefs: the girl who ties up a guy on the phone for hours—just to chat about nothing.	
What do boys think of hen sessions at dances? Do they think it shows you're popular?	Negative! Beefs: We think it's a sign of insecurity. There are lots of other times and places for girls to get together . . . the dance floor is but definitely not one.	
What do boys think of girls who drink? Who smoke? Who bleach their hair? Look older?	It depends on their age. Beefs: Hair that's black at the roots, tobacco-stained fingers, or the young girl who thinks she's making a big hit by acting twice her age.	
Does a fellow mind curfews? Does he think you're from Squaresville if you have one?	No guy should object to a curfew when it's in line with the rest of the crowd. Beefs: the girl who doesn't give you any fair warning at the beginning of the evening.	
TOTAL		

*Score 10 if you match the guys' ideals, 0 if you're a "beef" type. If you've 50-70, don't worry. Below 40, better change your ways.

assorted beefs

Rick Nelson

John Saxon

Rock Hudson

James Garner

Tony Curtis

Pat Wayne



ELVIS

**assorted
beefs:**
*summer
pinups '59*



Rick Nelson



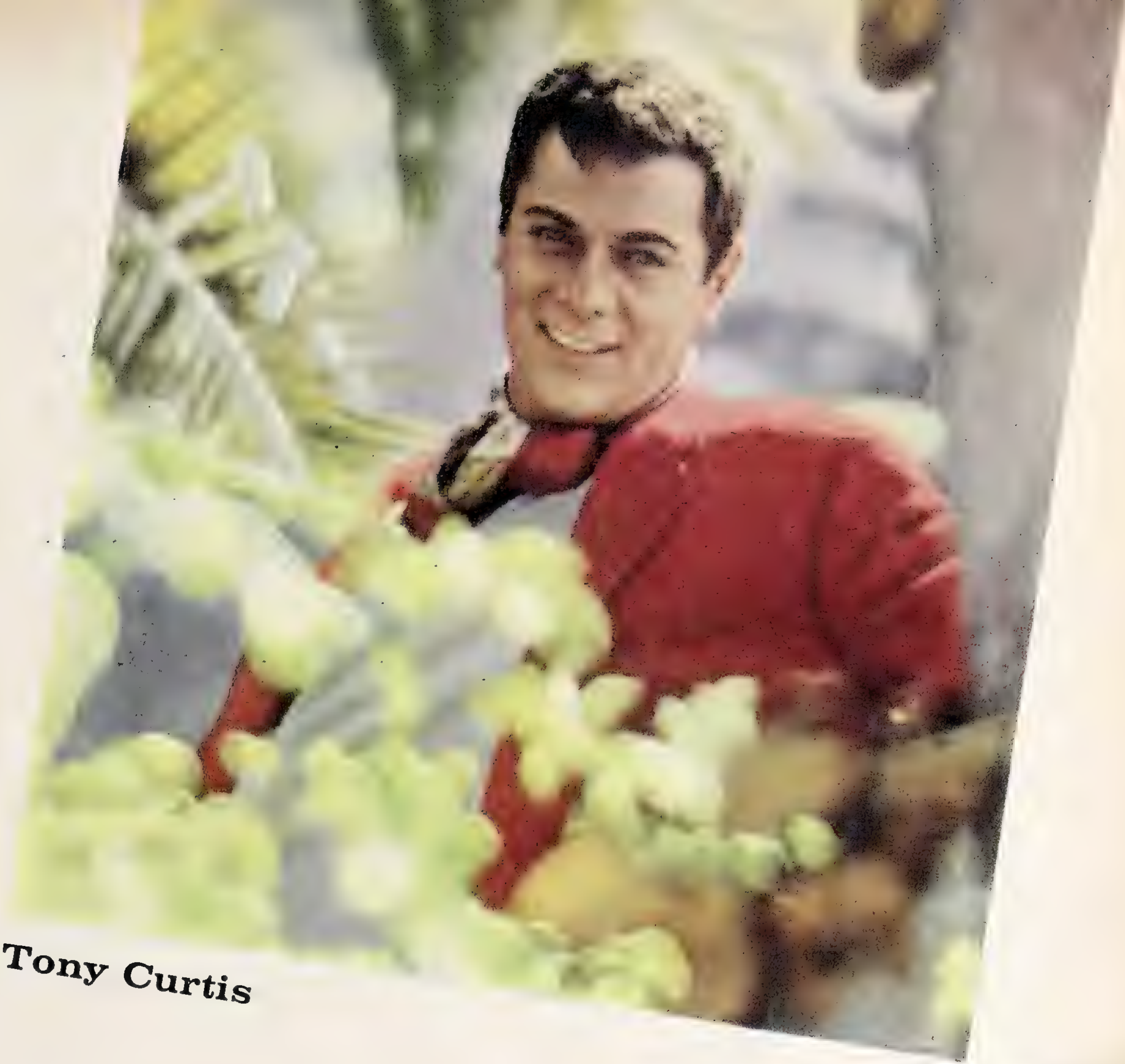
John Saxon



Rock Hudson



James Garner



Tony Curtis



Pat Wayne

Glenn

Ford's

and

Eleanor

Powell's

LAST

INTERVIEW

Eleanor Powell, elegantly dressed in a light beige suit, walked slowly and deliberately down the stairs of her Beverly Hills home and, reaching the hallway, stopped to pick up the morning paper. Glancing over the headlines, she took the paper with her as she walked out to the car.

The date at the top right-hand corner caught her eye, and immediately she realized why. It was Glenn's birthday.

Slowly she drove into town, but did not stop, as she usually did, to pick up groceries on the way. Instead she headed straight for her lawyer . . .

A few hours later all Hollywood was buzzing with the news. Eleanor had announced that she was divorcing Glenn. "I am suing on the grounds of extreme (Continued on page 75)

by HYATT DOWNING



*A happy ending for
Susan Hayward who once begged:*

**LOOK AT ME,
LOVE ME,
ANYONE!**

The little girl held her arms tightly around her father's neck as he lifted her from the bench in the crowded hospital waiting room. Her heart-shaped face was white against its frame of bright-red hair as he carried her into the clinic next door.

"Over there," the young doctor said, nodding toward the white-sheeted examination table in one corner. He spoke curtly, reading from the registration card the nurse, her white uniform wilted from the heat, had brought in. "Edythe Marrener, six. Car accident. Dislocated hip. Internal injuries."

"That was six months ago," Walter Marrener explained.

"We've been caring for her at her home. You see, she ran into the street..."

"I had to catch my parachute before it got run over." The girl's voice was unexpectedly clear.

"Was it a real one?" (*Continued on page 67*)

A PHOTOPLAY LIFE STORY



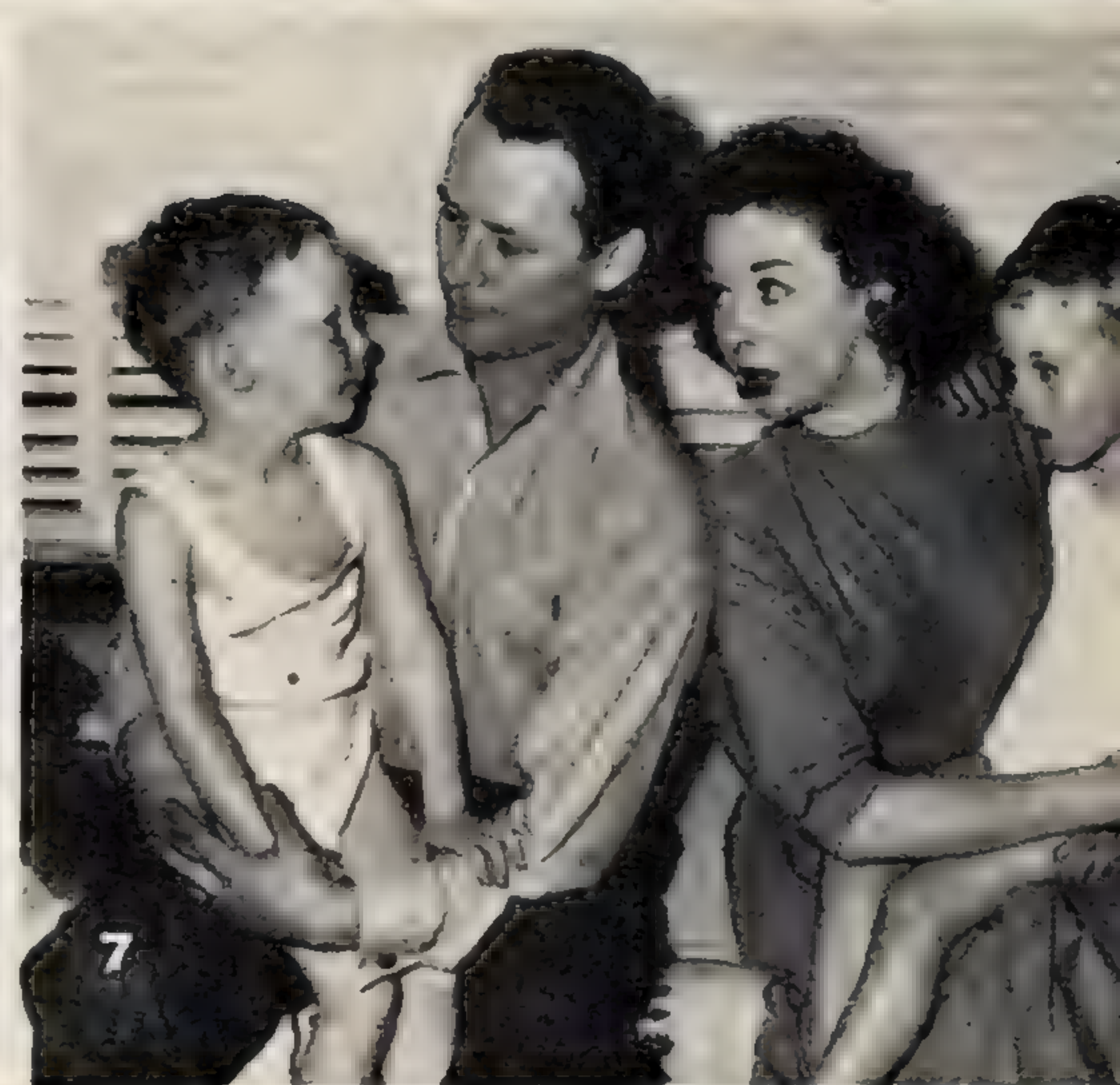
**Susan
and husband**

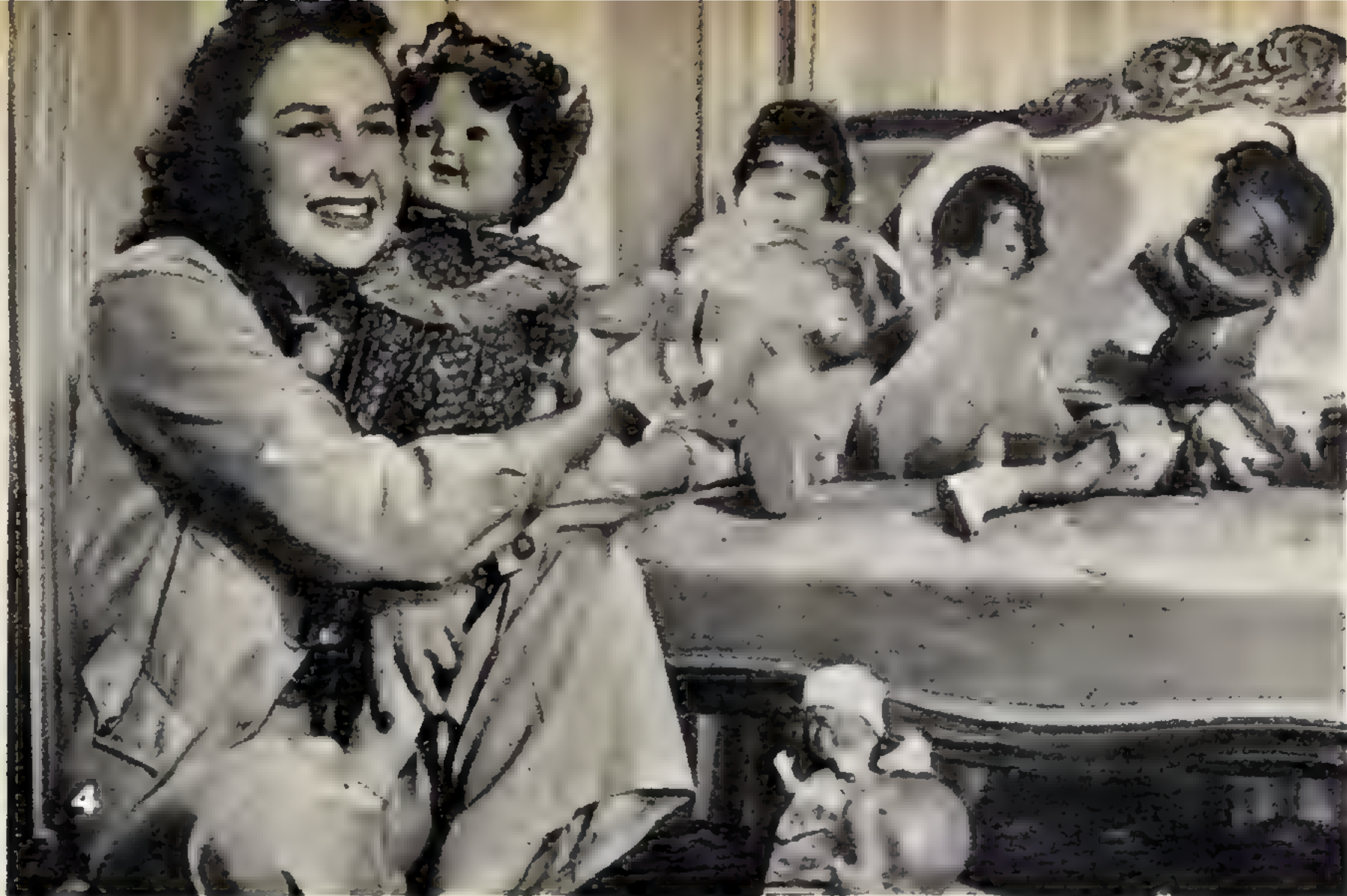
MORE —→

SUSAN HAYWARD:

her life in pictures

1. "Can I have a nickel for a pony ride, huh?" Little treats looked big to Edythe Marrener, Brooklyn-born on June 30, 1918. **2.** She grew up in a family that knew how to be happy on a short budget. **3.** Their Church Avenue apartment was a long way from Park Avenue. **4.** And depression days pushed the teenager into modeling jobs. **5.** These caught Hollywood's eye, but at first she was given only publicity shots—and a new name. **6.** Susan Hayward was luckier in love—she thought, when she married actor Jess Barker, July 23, 1944. **7.** It took twins Gregory and Timothy, born 1945, to hold the stormy marriage together. **8.** After a long, sensational divorce suit, Susan won her decree August 17, 1954. **9.** Custody fights kept up, searing her nerves until she took a near-fatal overdose of sleeping pills on April 26, 1955. Rapid recovery found her ready to face life with new courage. **10.** In the meantime, Oscar began flirting with her when she was nominated for her 1947 hit in "Smash-Up—The Story of a Woman." **11.** Her role opposite Dana Andrews in 1949's "My Foolish Heart" brought a second Academy nomination. **12.** The third saluted her acting and singing as Jane Frohman in 1952's "With a Song in My Heart." **13.** Missing the Award for her Lillian Roth role in 1955's "I'll Cry Tomorrow" (with Eddie Albert) was a real heart-breaker. **14.** Fifth nomination—third real-life part, as Barbara Graham in "I Want To Live"—and this was it! **15.** Yet true happiness in Susan's life had already begun, with her marriage to lawyer Eaton Chalkley, February 8, 1957. **16.** Between films, she's a happy housewife. **17.** An estate in Carrollton, Georgia, lies at the end of the road from Brooklyn.







Dear Evelyn
and rest of the gang
at Photoplay—
Marriage is swell!
Love,
Nick and Carol



Hi! I told you Photoplay would be the first to know when it happened—and you are. We eloped—Carol and I. Do you remember Carol? Carol Nugent. I don't know whether you met her when you were out here. She's in the movies, too. I can hardly believe it myself—but we got married just *twenty-nine* days after we first met! In Las Vegas. And, folks, married life is just great. How'd it happen? Well, it's a long story, but here goes... (*continued*)

by NICK ADAMS

MARRIAGE IS SWELL *continued*

I guess it all started that Saturday in April when I decided (at first) to stay in (Carol, by the way, is leaning over my shoulder as I'm writing, and says she wants to fill in parts of the story herself). Anyway, that day I had a lot of work to do and, besides, it felt good to stay home once in a while. Somebody—I can't remember who—had invited me to a big party in town, but I didn't feel like going out.

Then, about eight that evening, just

as I'd settled down to study a TV script, with my new Frank Sinatra record crooning lazily at me from my new hi-fi, the doorbell rang. It was two actor buddies of mine—John Ashley and Bob Conrad, both obviously dressed up for a night on the town.

"Say—aren't you coming to the party?" John wanted to know.

"Nah—I'm too busy right now."

"You can't say that—out of the question!" And with that, Bob took a

dark navy suit out of my closet, and, before I could protest, they'd both convinced me to go to the party. Fifteen minutes later, I found myself sitting in the front seat of John's car.

When we walked in, there weren't many people around. Then gradually, as it always happens at parties, the room started to get noisier and fuller, mostly with people I didn't know. About an hour after we'd arrived, I decided I (*Continued on page 81*)

Lady Ellen HOLLYWOOD

COLOUR KLIPPIES

pin curl clips

keep you
pretty as a pin-up
at poolside

Don't fret if your hair gets wet! Have fun! You can set your hair in a twinkling with Colour Klippies pin curl clips. Lady Ellen Colour Klippies glide onto curls easily and quickly...add a glamorous dash of color to your curls, match or contrast with swim suit or play togs. 6 Colour Klippies only 29¢ at your variety, drug, food, department store or beauty shop.

Write today for 16-page illustrated booklet: "How to Set A Pin Curl!" Included FREE is a Klippies Code that tells you how boy friends react to certain colors. Send 10¢ to LADY ELLEN, Dept. PH87, Los Angeles 51, California.

Sky Blue Pink Crystal
Shell Black Amber

WM. ADRIAN MODELS - HOLLYWOOD

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DID I REMEMBER?

Continued from page 50

Another evening by himself. It seemed longer than two weeks since Vici had gone.

He walked through to the kitchen and opened the icebox, thinking how quiet the house seemed without her. Pulling out a long package, he glanced at the label: "TV Chicken Dinner," it read, picturing a gaily colored platter of food. He placed the package on one side of the stove, pausing just for a second to glance around at the silent, empty rooms.

Then he began pacing restlessly around. Somehow he just couldn't relax. He turned on the television set, clicked through a few stations, but soon turned it off again, impatiently. Then he walked over toward the staircase and, leaping up two steps at a time, he turned right at the top and peeked into the children's room. A tiny baby and a two-year-old girl lay sleeping in pink and blue organza-covered cribs. He leaned over and kissed them both lightly and affectionately on their foreheads. Then he turned and went downstairs again.

Suddenly his face lit up, as though a thought had occurred to him. He went over to the telephone and, picking up the receiver, began to dial a number. "Hello . . . Vici? . . . hello, darling?" he said a few moments later.

"Oh . . . Roger," she answered. And he could tell she was smiling.

"How've you been, honey?" he asked.

"As fine as when you called earlier," she laughed. "I just got in, as a matter of fact. Thank heaven we've almost finished shooting that scene. Now I'm sure I'll make it home by the weekend." She paused. "How are the children?"

"Fast asleep."

"Did Tracy eat her dinner?"

"I'm sure she did because Mary had no complaints tonight . . . but Vici," he hesitated for a moment, "that's . . . that's not why I called." There was an awkward silence. Then he added, "Did I . . . did I remember today to tell you that I love you?"

There was silence at the other end of the wire. Then a small voice whispered, "Yes . . . yes, darling. I love you, too."

"Goodnight, Vici," he said softly.

"Goodnight."

Roger slipped the receiver back onto the telephone and smiled. In the beginning, it hadn't been like this. He hadn't felt the same. He'd loved Vici, sure—but not, somehow, the way he did now. When he used to tell her he loved her, the words never seemed to have quite the meaning he felt in them today. Love grows, he thought, it changes. . . .

Three years ago, when they were first married, he'd been far too jealous of her, feeling unsure of her love for him and so wanting to fight every man that even looked at her. There'd been that day in early summer when they'd been driving through a side-street out of the city and had stopped for a traffic light. Some boys standing on the corner outside a drug store had begun to whistle at Vici.

"Hey—cutey!" one of them had shouted. "How's about getting out of that car?"

"Yeah—we wanna meet you."

Sitting at the wheel, he remembered getting madder and madder. As he turned to look across at Vici, he noticed she was sitting quite still, ignoring the remark.

"I'll show them," he'd said finally. "Just you watch." And he grabbed the doorknob roughly, about to get out.

"Stop! Roger—no," she told him. "Please—" Then she added, "Anyway, the

light's green—let's go . . . darling—please?"

He looked back at the boys, then at Vici. Finally he shrugged his shoulders, turned back to the wheel and eased off the brake.

Their biggest quarrel had been a jealous one—all over a cigarette lighter one of her former boyfriends had given her. It was a beautiful lighter, engraved "To Vici with Love," with the fellow's name under the inscription. He'd been convinced the boy had purposely given her a gift like that so that every time she smoked a cigarette she'd be reminded of him. And all her reasoning couldn't change his view.

"But darling," she said, "this lighter doesn't mean anything to me anymore. I love you, remember! But it's a lovely thing and I can't see any sense in throwing it away just because you didn't give it to me."

But every time she lit a cigarette with it, it burned him up!

Then, just before they were married, they drove to Arizona to spend two days with his folks. On Sunday afternoon the subject of the lighter happened to come up, and Vici, who'd been tense all weekend, suddenly began to cry. And then, minutes later, she ran out of the house. He followed her. The house is on top of a hill and, just as he got past the front door, he noticed that she was standing at the edge of the cliff, one arm raised high in the air. She was tossing the lighter over the side.

"Honey, why did you do that?" he screamed out.

"Because I'm sick of us arguing over something that means nothing to me, and yet bothers you so much. I'd rather have you be happy than have the lighter."

Then she added, "But Roger, it *was* really an awfully nice lighter."

Suddenly the corners of her mouth broke into a smile and that seemed to break the tension. They began laughing—and then they kissed.

The next day they were due to return to Hollywood. But before they left, he told her he wanted to stop downtown and say hi to an old high-school buddy. Instead, while she waited back at the house, he found a jewelry store, searched the showcase until he had come up with an exact duplicate of the lighter, then waited while it was engraved with the same words (except the signature) as before. He didn't have it wrapped, but simply put it in his shirt-pocket and planned a big surprise presentation. But it backfired.

As soon as they got on the road, he asked boyishly, "Would you like a cigarette?"

"No," she answered, unsuspectingly. Then he puffed out his chest until she couldn't help noticing the outline of a lighter in his pocket. She didn't say a word. Actually, though, while he didn't know it at the time, she thought he'd spent the morning searching for the original lighter at the foot of the hill, and she was so sick of the whole subject she was determined to hold out for the entire eight-hour drive without smoking.

Finally, however, he became impatient. He took it out of his pocket and dropped it in her lap. She looked at it quickly and, since it was a duplicate, she assumed it was the old one and started to cry.

"Honey, look again," he said softly.

Then, when she saw *his* name engraved on it, tears really started to roll down her face, and for the next hour she sniffled into a tissue and snuggled up to him like a kitten.

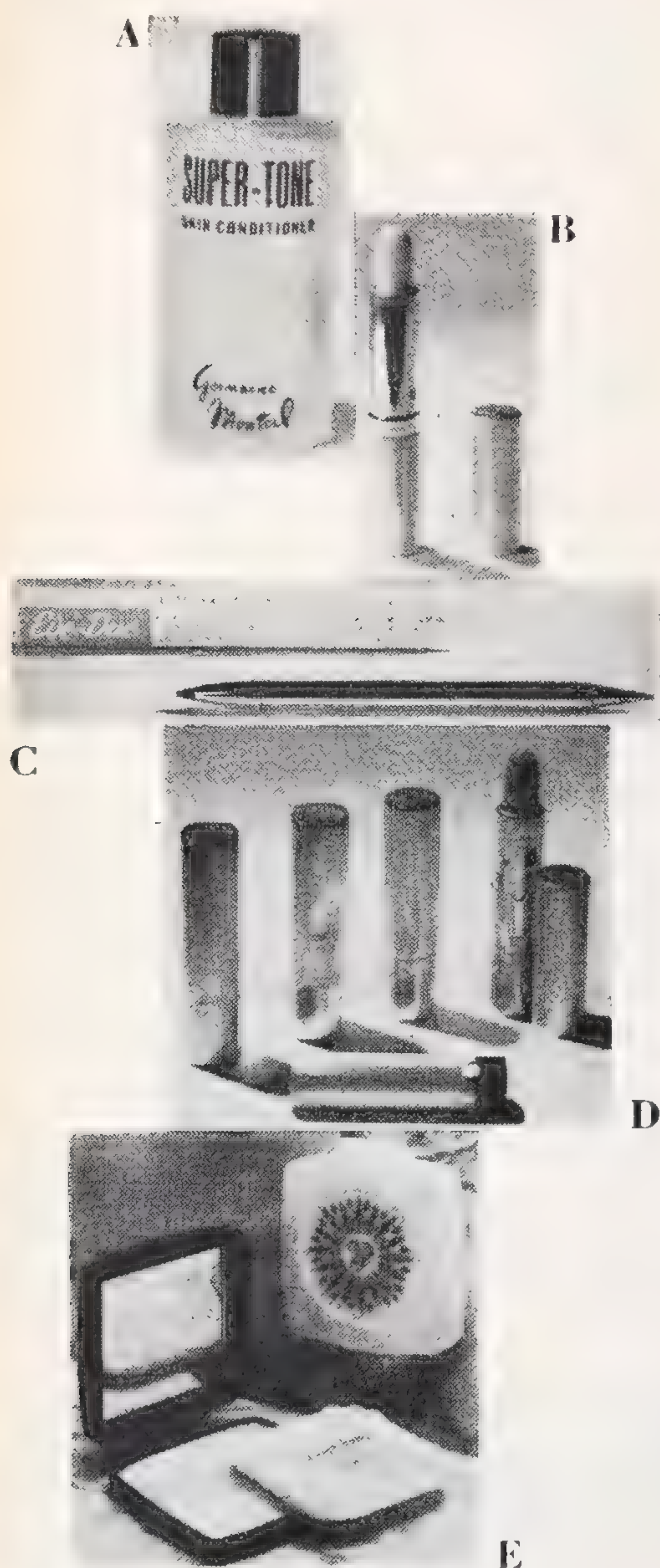
After they'd been married a while, Roger remembered, he lost that overly jealous streak. He knew Vici loved him. He was secure—there was no need to have a fit every time a man so much as glanced at her. Instead, he started to feel proud when she got stares and compliments.

But Vici's own lack of jealousy and possessiveness used to bug him in the



It took him a long time to feel secure in the knowledge of her love, and even as love grows and deepens, life with Vici is still full of surprises for Roger Smith.

becoming attractions



A. For a glow instead of a "shine": Super-Tone Skin Conditioner by Germaine Monteil, clear cleanser formulated to brighten all skin types. 4 oz., \$3.00.*

B. Eyes right: Fabulous frosting by Max Factor, new Pastel Mist eye shadow—white and whitened shades of lilac, blue and green to mix or wear alone. \$1.25.*

C. Two for the show: Eye-Duo by Dorothy Gray, slim golden pencil with eyebrow stick at one end, thin eye liner at other. \$1.50.* Five-stick refill, 75¢.*

D. Hazel Bishop's new Formula 77 lip-stick, extra creamy for extra-sensitive lips, comes in choice of four cases, each, \$1.35*; refill (see foreground), \$1.00.*

E. Two's company: Pond's tiny Night and Day Date Cases won't crowd your handbag while you carry both day and evening shades of Angel Face. Each, 89¢.*

*plus tax

beginning, when he wasn't sure of her love. Frankly, he knew he couldn't make his wife jealous, even when he wanted to. She never questioned him. But now, now he understood how much she really loved him, he realized how good it felt for a married man to know that, say, if he called his wife to tell her he had to work late, or go to a business meeting, she wouldn't third-degree him about it. You can't put chains around love, he thought, you can't put love in a package marked "Fragile," you just have to have trust and faith, because when real love exists between two people nothing or no one can shake it.

Before he was married, Roger remembered how he used to wonder why a man could go through such frightening experiences in a war, learn to defend himself and not give in or give up and yet, why the same man could be reduced to quivering jelly if a certain girl shed a tear or gave him a rough time. Now he felt he knew why: You have to live with a woman to understand one.

And he began to think about an article he had read recently on the subject of women that said one of the most important challenges most men face over a lifetime is to learn to get along with women. Start, it advised, by realizing that, since a woman's mind is completely different from a man's, it is almost impossible to second-guess a woman—in fact, it's usually futile even to try. Many things she does probably seem to you silly, stupid, rash, impractical. And this is what causes most of the arguments between the sexes, battles that could be avoided if only a man wouldn't try to use his own rational attitude in analyzing a woman's behavior.

Roger smiled to himself, remembering something that had happened a short while back that had made him realize the truth of the piece. . . .

It was early evening and he'd just come home when she bounded up to him wearing something on her head that looked like an eggbeater. It was brilliant orange.

"Do you like my new hat, darling?" she cried, beaming.

He glanced at it, and, saying the first thing that came into his head, murmured, "Gee, honey, not particularly."

That did it. She turned away, lowering her head, and when he put his hand under her chin to turn her head back toward him, he could see that she was almost in tears.

"But honey, you've got dozens of hats I like," he began, trying hard to understand why such a small comment should have made her so upset. "Is it such a tragedy that I just don't happen to like this one? Besides," he added as an afterthought, "you know you look good in whatever you put on."

But even this didn't help. She wouldn't say another word. Instead, she took off the hat and walked sullenly away. "Honey," he called, chasing after her as she went into the bedroom to put it back in a large round box that sat on a chair, "what difference does it make whether I like it. It's you who has to wear it, and if you like it, then that's all that matters."

She'd put one hand to her face and was wiping her eyes . . . she was really crying. He didn't know what else to say.

Then in a small voice she said, "But Roger, I only bought it because I wanted you to like it."

All through dinner they were silent. He tried to talk about other things, but she would just smile weakly and say, "yes" or "no" at appropriate times. Then, just after they finished, and she was clearing the table, he went up to her and put his arms around her. "Honey," he said softly. "Don't worry about the hat. I didn't really get a good look at it the first time. But I

just went to look at it again in the box, and, honestly, it's really one of the most beautiful hats I've ever seen."

The effect was magical. Her face lit up and she smiled a wonderful smile. "Oh, darling, I'm so pleased," she said. "Would you like me to try it on again?"

Yet the big problems she took in her stride . . .

Like that day when he came home from the studio feeling particularly depressed because so much seemed to be going wrong. "Vici, I'm quitting," he said decidedly, shutting the door firmly behind him as he came into the house. And without another word he headed straight for the bedroom. Kicking off his shoes, he lunged onto the bed and began staring at the ceiling.

Why doesn't she come up and try to talk me out of it, he thought. Maybe she wants me to quit—maybe she's as sick of this kind of life as I am . . . or am I? If only someone could tell me. . . .

It must have been about fifteen minutes later when Vici called out, "Dinner!" Then she added, "You do want dinner, don't you?"

"Yes . . . I'm coming," he murmured, swinging reluctantly off the bed.

She didn't question or try to speak to him during the meal, even overlooking terse remarks he was making about the food. "We'll go back to Arizona and I'll work for my father," he said finally, over coffee.

"Would you really be happy manufacturing clothes?" she asked quietly. Without waiting for an answer, she got up and put a hand on his arm. "Come on," she said, "let's go into the living room and talk it over."

And as they both relaxed in armchairs and began to talk, Roger began to see how much he would be giving up if he left Hollywood; how much he would miss acting; and how actors, like other people, had to go through bad as well as good times. And thinking back on that evening, he realized how valuable Vici's understanding had been to him. No one else, he thought, could have done the same. Surely, this was a wonderful part of their good marriage.

Today, Roger says, "If a woman could try to understand how a guy feels about marriage, it would help lots of times. To a guy marriage can become a chore—or it can be made an exciting experience. And I think women should try to realize, too, how differently a man looks at marriage; it is her whole life, yet for him, it is only a part—though a large one, I admit—of what he needs to be happy and satisfied in his work."

"Life with Vici is exciting and full of surprises. I'm resigned to the fact that tomorrow she may buy another hat that looks like an eggbeater, but which—this time—I'll admire profusely. I'm convinced, also, that it won't be too long before we sell our modern home and move into her latest 'passion,' a two-story colonial, which I'm sure she'll be ready to move out of after two months. I'm fully aware, too, of the fact that she's as changeable as the weather—about everything except her feeling for me. And since that's the basic thing to keep constant, her little whims are pretty unimportant. So I'm content to spend the rest of my life applying a 'formula' to calm her female brainstorms. The thing that matters most is that, because of her love, I'm confident and prepared to face whatever tomorrow may bring!"

THE END

ROGER SMITH CO-STARS IN WARNERS' "77 SUNSET STRIP," ON ABC-TV, 9:30-10:30 P.M. EDT, FRIDAYS, WHILE VICTORIA CAN BE SEEN IN THE COLUMBIA MOVIE, "RIM OF THE CANYON."

SUSAN HAYWARD

Continued from page 58

"No," the girl told him, "just a paper one." The doctor's face relaxed into a smile as he put down the registration card and turned to face her. "All right, now, young lady," he said, "let's see you stand up—"

Automatically, Edythe's father hoisted her to her feet and held her for a moment. "—Alone," the doctor added. Cautiously, her father let go, and Edythe's tiny hands gripped the wall tensely, her legs trembling under her. But she was standing, looking gravely up at the doctor. "Now walk," he commanded gently.

Mr. Marrener stepped back two paces and bent toward her, his arms outstretched. The moment she let go of the wall, her legs crumpled beneath her as if they had no bones. Mr. Marrener took the sobbing child in his arms. "There, there, sweetheart," he crooned, his own eyes filling with tears as he rocked her.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Marrener." The young doctor's voice was soft, but nothing could ease his verdict: "I'm afraid you're going to have to face it; the X-rays show your daughter is going to be permanently crippled."

That afternoon, in the same third-floor-front room where she'd been born, Edythe lay on her bed, pretending to sleep as her family murmured in the kitchen. "Edie's tired from the trip to the hospital," Ellen Marrener told her older children, Florence and Walt. "You can play with her later."

On the street below, Edythe could recognize each of the shouting voices. "In clear! In clear!" they chorused. On this July afternoon they were playing, but in September they'd be starting school at P.S.

181—the grocer's curly-headed son, the cop's little towhead, both Edythe's "boy-friends," who paid her regular visits—all the kids.

"Edie! You mustn't!" Her sister's cry brought Walter Marrener hurrying, too late to keep Edythe from wriggling over the edge of the bed and touching her feet to the floor.

Propped against the bed, she was trying to stand up straight when her father reached out for her. "No, no! Don't pick me up," she cried. "Help me, Daddy—help me walk." With his hands firm under her arms, she turned from the bed. Her face crinkling with effort, she moved one foot forward, then the other. And then her knees buckled. But this time she didn't weep. All she said was "Tired . . ."

Swooping her up to his chest, Walter Marrener said, "Sleep now. We'll try again tomorrow."

A few days later, he appeared in her doorway with his hands behind his back. "Present for you, Edythe," he said, a glint in his eye. "A brand-new kind!"

She had been inching along one end of the bed, holding onto the footboard while she set one foot slowly ahead of the other. Her father swung his hands around and held the present toward her. It was a pair of children's crutches, but the way her face lit up, you'd have thought it was a pair of angel's wings. "You hold them like this," he said, fitting them gently under his arms.

"I know, I know!" she said breathlessly. "Now, let go of me, Daddy!" He stepped back and clasped his wife's hand as she, too, came into the room. They saw their daughter lean against the footboard to adjust the crutches, shift her full weight onto them and, finally, onto her own two feet. Then, slowly, she began to walk toward her parents, looking down at her

feet first in concentration, then in wonder and delight. And she lifted her head with a child's sweet, crowing laugh of pure happiness.

When all the kids started at P. S. 181, Edythe Marrener was with them. Each day her mother pulled her to school and home again in a little red express-wagon, and she hobbled through the hallways on crutches till the end of Grade 2-A. No one ever heard her whine, but then, few heard her laugh, either. For even after her crutches were discarded and she walked straight and proud, Edythe still felt different, somehow cut off from her classmates. . . .

In the auditorium at Girls Commercial High School (now known as Prospect Park High), Edythe Marrener sat a little apart from the other members of the dramatic club. They sometimes shifted in their seats, exchanged whispered remarks. But she was utterly intent on the stage, where a slender blond girl was reading from a script.

"Speak out, Mary," interrupted Dorothy Yawger, sponsor of the club. "You'll never reach the last row of the balcony that way."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Yawger." Strengthening her voice, the girl went through the last lines of the love scene and came down from the stage.

"Anyone else trying out for *Helene*?" Mrs. Yawger asked. "You, Edythe?"

"No, Mrs. Yawger. I thought I'd rather try for *Agatha*. You know—the old woman who comes on in the second act."

"I see . . ." With a searching look at the beautiful but puzzling Marrener girl, the teacher again consulted her notes. "Well, I think Mary's our leading lady. Now does anyone else want to read for *Agatha*? . . . No one? I guess that makes the part

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yours, Edythe. That's all for today, girls. Rehearsal next Tuesday at three-fifteen sharp—and I want you all to study your lines hard over the weekend."

A chatter of young voices broke loose: "... They're real smoothies—said they'd meet us at the drugstore . . . Let's go to the Glenwood. Joan Crawford—and they're giving away soup dishes today. My mom . . . Come on over to my house—I've got a new Cab Calloway record." The girls streamed out of the auditorium by twos or threes, but Edythe Marrener walked alone.

"May I speak with you a moment, Edythe?" Smiling at the friendly note in Mrs. Yawger's voice, the girl paused. "Why didn't you want to try out for *Helene*? You're certainly pretty enough to be the heroine."

"Thank you, Mrs. Yawger." Edythe began to laugh. "I guess I had enough of playing princesses at P. S. 181. Miss Rappaport always made me the fairy princess—even when I was a bad fairy who didn't believe in Christmas."

"But you know you'll have to wear a homely sort of makeup as *Agatha*. And it's an unpleasant part—the audience won't like you."

"It's a good acting part," Edythe said quietly. Even then, she knew . . . vaguely . . . "I want something . . . something more than other girls." She couldn't express it, but she wanted people to recognize her and love her. Edythe Marrener was seventeen, and she could only hear the silent cry in a seventeen-year-old heart: Look at me, love me, anyone! . . .

After finishing school, she decided to become a model, and she worked hard at it. Her father was bedridden and the family had moved to an even shabbier Brooklyn apartment, but it was all she could do to keep up with the rent.

Every time the phone rang, she would rush to answer it because she hoped it would mean another modeling job—maybe an illustration for an etiquette column, in which she would superbly portray a dinner guest picking up the correct fork.

Then one day, without warning, a voice on the other end of the line said, "Miss Edythe Marrener? Kathrine Brown of Selznick International Pictures calling. One moment, please."

The name "Selznick" was enough to panic her. Everyone in the country at that time knew the producer was hunting for an actress to play Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind."

"We saw that modeling story in the Saturday Evening Post, Miss Marrener—and I must say we were very favorably im-

pressed. Girl, you're really photogenic! Have you any acting experience?"

"Several school plays, and—"

Edythe heard her voice falter, and prayed that she sounded all right—that her Flatbush accent wouldn't ruin things. She remembered her dad's advice: "Always keep your voice soft, Edie," he'd told her. "Remember, you're a little lady. You're not trying out for my old job at Coney Island!" (In his youth, before he had a family to support, Walter Marrener had been a barker at a sideshow.) Swallowing hard she went on in carefully low-pitched tones, "And I've been studying drama for five months."

"Good! Now, Miss Marrener, I suppose I don't have to tell you what we have in mind. Every time my office door opens, I hope I'll see *Scarlett O'Hara* walk through it. The picture's started shooting, you know, and what's 'Gone With the Wind' without *Scarlett*? Can you come in this afternoon?"

Of the rest of the conversation, only the essentials were fixed in Edythe's mind: three-thirty, 630 Fifth Avenue, thirty-fourth floor. As she fumbled the phone back onto its cradle, her thoughts were racing far beyond the interview.

"Edie, what's the matter?" Dish-towel in hand, her mother stood in the kitchen doorway. "You look all upset."

Edythe started to laugh. Then all of a sudden she was sobbing and throwing her arms around her mother. "Oh, Mom, I— No, wait. Come on into Dad's bedroom. I want to tell you and him both at once."

Looking gravely into his daughter's face, Walter Marrener heard her finish, "Then I'll read a scene for the talent scout, and if he thinks I'm good enough, I'll be given a screen test. Then Hollywood, and—"

"I hope you don't get it." His voice was urgent and his large hands trembled on the bedcovers.

Startled, Edythe and her mother turned toward him. "Why, Dad . . . Oh, I see. You just don't want me to be disappointed—just in case . . ."

"No. It wouldn't be good for you."

At his words Edythe felt a chill. But she chose to put a lighter interpretation on the warning. "I know I haven't much experience," she told him, "and maybe I shouldn't rush ahead so fast." She dropped to her knees beside his bed and put her hand on his shoulder. "But don't you see, Dad? Right now, I *have* to believe I'm going to be *Scarlett*! If . . . if I don't get the part, why, I'll be out there anyway, and there will be other parts. People are going to look at me and know me!" . . .

"Who's the gorgeous redhead?" said the salesman from South Bend.

"Some starlet, I guess," said the salesman from Bangor. "You know—the kind who spends all her time posing for cheesecake and never makes a movie. Hey, here comes Gary Cooper!"

While Paramount proudly introduced its top stars at the company convention in Los Angeles, the anonymous redhead sat far off on one side of the auditorium stage. Sat and seethed. Inside, the girl who used to be Edythe Marrener was boiling up. For her two months at Selznick, she had nothing to show but a flunked screen test, and for almost a year at Warners, nothing but lots of leg-art and a new name that nobody knew. Then for almost two years at Paramount, nothing but a few bits and an insipid role in "Beau Geste," a fairy princess who did a fast disappearing act.

Production chief William LeBaron had worked his way almost to the end of the Paramount contract list when he finally said, "Now I want you to meet one of our most promising new actresses. Susan Hayward!"

Red hair whipping after her like a defiant flag, Susan crossed the stage and seized the microphone. "Did anybody in the house ever hear of me before?"

Astonished silence was followed by laughter. "No!" shouted the salesman from South Bend.

"No!" shouted the salesman from Bangor, along with the men from the other Paramount exchanges, who knew that theater-owners demanded names.

"You said it!" Susan snapped, hands on hips, frankly Flatbush. "But I'm drawing my salary every week. Is that economics? Do any of you boys out there get paid if you don't deliver?"

"Nooo!" The shouts built into a lively clapping of hands.

"Anybody in the house like to see me in a picture?"

"Yes!" Applause roared up at her.

Abruptly, Susan turned to Mr. LeBaron. "Well, how about it?" she asked the boss. Then, without waiting for an answer, she threw back her head and sailed off the stage.

After that, she began to start working, to start being noticed.

"There's Susan Hayward!" The youthful GI's freckled face lit up in admiration as he nudged the sailor next to him.

"Where?" The sailor turned and gave a soft, appreciative wolf whistle. "Oh, yeah. You see her in 'Adam Had Four Sons'? Man, what a witch!"

"That was actin', ya dope! She's a nice girl. Let's go over and talk to her." Through the uniformed crowd in the Hollywood Canteen, they headed toward the poised redhead at the tea table.

For the moment, Susan's mind wasn't on her job; she held an empty cup under the spigot of the silver urn, and her fingers rested forgetfully on the handle. She was looking at a tall, blond young man who'd just come out of the kitchen with a heavily loaded tray. Suddenly their eyes met. She caught a bright blue glint of answering interest and quickly returned, in embarrassment, to her tea-pouring. But she was thinking, "Please, look at me. . . ."

"Hello, Miss Hayward." Startled, she glanced up to find one of the Canteen's GI guests beaming at her. "Me and my buddy, we're both fans of yours. You were great in that show at Fort Ord. Remember, you stepped right up and hollered, 'I'm from Brooklyn. Anybody else here from Brooklyn?' Well, I am!"

Even while Susan shook hands, her eyes watched the tall blond man who was busy unloading stacks of saucers onto the tea table. He looked back at her, grinned

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and, before she knew it, was coming toward her.

"Is this club for Brooklynites only? Or can a fella from South Carolina join up?"

Susan laughed, "I'd love introducing you, only I don't know your name."

"It's Jess Barker, ma'am." . . . he answered in a soft Southern drawl. And she had no idea that months later she would become Mrs. Jess Barker.

But as her career progressed—she began piling up Academy Award nominations—her marriage, after ten years, faded.

Susan slid the wedding ring back and forth on her finger as she forced her halting voice to go on. "Someone loves me," she had thought when she first wore the ring.

Now she had to repeat in the divorce-court words she had spoken on an ugly night that she wanted to forget: "If you don't love me, why don't you get a divorce?" . . . I told him, 'I don't understand you.' Then he slapped me—twice—and knocked me down."

She heard the judge's words: "Decree granted." That's what she'd wanted to hear; it was the only possible solution, painfully arrived at after bickering, quarreling and violence had torn their love to pieces. Yet, when it ended, it seemed to have a frightening finality. Her future looked blank and dark, full of questions that had as yet no answers. . . .

She was looking at a white ceiling. Morning sunlight poured into the room, but it was a strange room, and the narrow bed beneath her was strange. She felt lost and terrified.

Memories of the night before confused her. She hadn't been able to sleep that night. She hadn't been able to stop her mind from thinking. So she'd taken sleeping pills—too many sleeping pills. And

they had brought her to this white room.

She lay there, awake. She was alive! For a few hours, she put on a frilly, embroidered nightgown, brushed her hair and added lipstick to her pale mouth. Then she faced the reporters. "I feel wonderful!" she told them.

Four days later, in a bright print dress, she was ready to leave the hospital. When an attendant brought a wheelchair into her room, she asked, "What's that for?"

"Hospital rule, Miss Hayward."

"That's nonsense," she answered. "I can walk alone—now!"

It was true, she could walk alone, but on that night at the Pantages Theater, she knew that she didn't want to.

"Nominees . . . Susan Hayward, for 'I'll Cry Tomorrow.'"

Deliberately, Susan made her hands lie quiet in her lap. Her heart was pounding. Surely, this must be the time. She had worked so long, so hard!

"The winner is . . . Anna Magnani, for 'The Rose Tattoo.'"

Tensed for a moment, Susan's hands lifted, and the palms beat together in applause. She was smiling, and—to her own surprise—no threat of tears disturbed her smile. Glancing toward the nearest exit, she was already planning to leave as quickly as possible when the ceremonies were over, for she had planned a party at her home—win or lose. At that party she was to meet a man who would change her life.

The names on the marriage license were Floyd Eaton Chalkley and Edythe Marrener. It was February 8, 1957. The tall good-looking Georgia lawyer slid onto Edythe-Susan's finger a wedding band set with diamonds and whispered thoughtfully, "I love you . . . you are my wife."

She was wearing black satin again, but in a subtler design than the dress she'd

worn on an earlier Academy Award night. It was April 6, 1959. Her husband's big hand was folded reassuringly over hers, but she couldn't help frowning in suspense as she watched Kim Novak and Jimmy Cagney up there on the dais, watched the white envelope in their hands, and tried to steady her thoughts as they opened it. Then she heard the unbelievable—

"The winner is . . . Susan Hayward, for 'I Want to Live!'"

The applause deafened her next thought, and then, like a long-coiled spring suddenly released, she was out of her seat and walking up the aisle "with the proud, quick, graceful step," as one friend remarked, "that has been a lifelong mark of Susan's character" . . .

When "he" stood on the table in their Beverly Hills Hotel suite, slim and golden and awfully small to have created such a fuss, surrounded by a forest of red roses tagged with congratulatory cards, Susan said softly, "I've wanted an Oscar for so long. Winning him means so much to me."

"I know," Eaton said, his arm around her. "But we still have a plane to make. We're going back home tonight."

With her Oscar cradled in her hands, Susan walked across the room and, looking down at the cherished award, she thought funny, I wanted one of these so desperately when it seemed as though I had nothing else. Now I already have everything I want from life—and now is the time I win! The lid of the suitcase closed over Oscar. "He'll look wonderful over our fireplace," Susan said.

"Every home should have one," Eaton agreed. —JANET GRAVES

CURRENTLY IN 20TH'S "WOMAN OBSESSED," SUSAN NEXT FILMS U-I'S "ELEPHANT HILL."

Yesterday Jim brought me roses

I thought I was a good wife and mother . . . but I almost made a fatal mistake.

When the children were small I was often too busy to fuss over my husband when he left for work or returned . . . and too busy to take the right care of myself.

When the children started to school and began to criticize my looks, I woke up to the fact that I was doing an injustice both to myself and my family.

I talked to a friendly neighbor. How did she manage to look so fresh and attractive?

"I'll tell you my secret," she laughed. "No matter how tired or rushed I am, I always give myself a one-minute lather-massage morning and night with Cuticura Soap."

I decided to try Cuticura Soap. In just a few days my skin began to bloom. This inspired me to take better care of my hair and figure. Most importantly, I stopped taking my patient, uncomplaining husband for granted.

You know, he must have appreciated the change because yesterday Jim brought me roses.



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DICK CLARK

Continued from page 41

around her just because she made it a point to devote all her attention to the fellow she was talking to. It seemed to come naturally to her, but I found out she had been real shy when she was younger and had worked hard to overcome it."

That's a situation that often affects fellows as much as it does girls. I know that from personal experience. You may be just on pins and needles with anxiety that you will hold up your end of the banter when you are with someone you like, and want to like you. In fact you get so excited you can't think of anything to say, and you start feeling like a big drip besides. Relax! Just be yourself and don't try to imitate that girl down the road you envy so much. Remember he asked *you* out—not her!

Connie Francis backs us up on that. "It's when you're trying hardest to be at your best that you can fall flat on your face," Connie predicts. The idea terrifies you when you think of it later, but the important thing is not to let it throw you entirely. Connie told us, "You could almost compare it to going out in front of an audience. You want to put on your best show, and you want the audience to like it. If you are strained or nervous, then the audience catches some of that tension and the show comes out pretty flat. On the other hand, if you relax, tell yourself you are going out to do your best, the audience cooperates and accepts you instead of getting behind a barrier."

That seems to me as true for just talking to one fellow or girl as it does for performing before thousands. Relax, be natural, and concentrate on the person you are with and he or she will realize you consider the companionship something special. Try to find out what special interests the boy has and see if you can't learn something about them before the date so you won't feel a fool and can chat with him more easily. "But don't be a clinging vine," Travis of Travis & Bob warns. "Fellows like to feel you are interested in them as individuals," Bob added, "but they start getting nervous if you make them feel they've got your lasso around their necks and you're tightening the noose."

Amen to that. You probably know what

Travis and Bob mean. You see a fellow at a dance with his honey's fingers wrapped around his arm in a clutch that says, "He's mine and he's not getting away."

That doesn't make a fellow feel special. It makes him feel trapped.

A few hours later, back on land again, we took a break from rehearsal. Between sandwiches and sodas we drifted back to our airborne subject.

Connie put us back on the track saying, "Don't make the mistake of thinking all girls know exactly what to do to make a fellow feel she is thinking only of him."

She really got us thinking with the next part. "For most of us, it's the result of hours of worrying and planning about things like 'Will he like, or even notice, my new hairdo?' 'Am I making him take me home too early?' and hundreds of questions like that."

Well, it seemed that everybody started to answer at once, and then everybody just stopped at once. After a few minutes, while we thought over what Connie had said, the ball started rolling fast again with everyone having various ideas they wanted to express.

While each fellow, on the surface, had a different "ideal girl" it soon became apparent that there were little threads that tied most of them together.

For instance, a friendly personality rather than looks or even clothes was considered most important by the fellows. "A girl can look like a million dollars," Fabian commented, "but if she doesn't have a nice personality the looks won't be enough to carry her through on a date. I don't mean that I want her to agree with everything I say or show an interest in, say, something like auto mechanics, when I know she can't really mean it. I'd much prefer her to say what she thinks, to have her own opinions. It's more interesting."

Duane Eddy sided with Fabian and added, "The same is true for clothes. If a girl pays so much attention to her clothes that she forgets everything else, it can turn into a mighty dull date." All agreed that while girls can err in concentrating on how they look, the guys can be just as bad by not paying any attention at all when a girl is wearing something special or something new.

He feels you consider him a prize catch when you put him completely at ease. This can vary from boy to boy, and from crowd to crowd. If your crowd are conservative dressers, the boys staying with the Ivy look, you can well imagine

that if you came waltzing out in something way out of the ordinary he would think that you are just using him to show off. If, on the other hand, the fellows you are most often with, are the first into a new fad or style, then they'll consider it natural that you'll dress that way too.

In your contacts with a fellow there are many areas where you can show him that he is not just an ordinary chapter in your date book.

Bobby Darin illustrated one way. "It might be because I'm used to being on a tight schedule, but I always appreciate a girl being almost ready when I stop by for a date." Sure, girls, it's okay to have him wait for a few minutes, but no half-hour delay, please. You know in five minutes, while he's waiting below, your parents can chat with him and get an idea of the type of fellow he is. That's always good home-politics, and most boys understand and go along with it.

Another idea was advanced by Fabian. "We have a curfew in Philadelphia, so we are used to the idea of getting home at a certain time," he said, "but some girls think fellows get sore if you tell them their parents want them home at, say, eleven or eleven-thirty." The boys agreed that a girl can get off on the right foot by telling the fellow at the start that she has to be home at such-and-such a time. Most of them would prefer that, rather than to be out really enjoying themselves and have the curfew pulled unexpectedly. They don't want you to have trouble with your parents on their account, and most of them feel that they'll get the blame anyway, so let them know right off when you have to head for that front door.

When you get there don't gush all over the place about your "having a wonderful time, just grand, oh it was great" and on and on. A few words about how much fun you had, and perhaps mention one or two amusing or interesting incidents that took place, and then a polite "Thank you" is enough. Much more, and he'll believe you are either pulling his leg or haven't been on many dates before. Don't force your gratitude—or a compliment—let it come naturally. He'll appreciate it, because there's nothing worse than hearing a girl say something you know for sure she doesn't mean—because, how can he be sure when you do mean it.

While you're standing in the doorway, or maybe parked at the curb for a few minutes, the idea might dawn that there is a hint of romance in the air. If there is, don't force it. You don't make him feel special by awarding your goodnight kisses too easily or too generously. On the contrary, he's liable to get several wrong ideas again. If you, in your anxiety to please him, throw yourself at him, he'll get the idea you're that way with every boy. Can you blame him if he tries to go a little beyond what you intended? Then you lose that "something special" you wanted to impress him with, and rather than helping your cause you hurt it.

Well, at just about this time we got the call for us to continue rehearsing, and we headed back for the stage and more work. Our round-table conference had covered thousands of ideas, and maybe a few topics you've been thinking about. I think we'll get back together again real soon and give the once-over to some others that may have been giving us all a few sleepless hours during these summer nights.

THE END

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Continued from page 44

been ten minutes before I noticed the elevator was out of order, and I felt pretty silly. But Marti joked about "elevator gremlins," and by the time we'd walked down the six flights, we were giggling like a pair of idiots.

I was about to hail a taxi when I realized we had no destination. "Maybe a movie?" I thought out loud.

To my surprise, she bounced right back with "How about 'Green Mansions?' It's at Loew's—and we can get a bus at the corner that stops right there."

On the Eighty-sixth Street crosstown, she saw an old man who looked to her like "a typical family doctor on a TV soap opera," and we started guessing all the passengers' professions—like on "What's My Line?" and missed our stop by six blocks.

But luckily, when we finally got to the movie, there were still some seats in the first row of the balcony, and I got wrapped up in the story. Until that part when the sun went down over the jungle, where I reached for her hand and brought it over to my lap. Then, when it got real romantic, I leaned over and brushed her hair with my lips . . . and from then on I honestly don't remember much about the picture, except that it got awfully sad. And Marti looked so cute when the house lights suddenly went on and caught her with wet eyes.

Later, over a hamburger, I found out she has a cousin at Harvard who's been giving her a blow-by-blow description of every football game since he made the team. This fall he'll be a senior, and she's finally getting to go up and watch him help beat Princeton. (Boy, it'd be fun to see a big game with a girl who knows the score.)

We decided to walk home, the long way, around Riverside Drive. The rain had just stopped, the streets were shiny and the air smelled good. We didn't talk much, so when we got to her front door and both of us started to speak at the same time, we laughed, and I thought she seemed a little nervous. So I looked at her real hard. And then she smiled—a long, slow smile—and I got the message. She didn't want to say goodnight yet, either. So we went in and listened to records (Frankie's, mostly) and she told me about some of the plays she's always going to, and how she wants to get a job in summer stock after graduation next year.

After that, I forget what we talked about. Because the rain started up again, and we turned off the Vic, got kind of cozy in a corner and just listened to it beating on the roof.

And that's all there was to it. Maybe it doesn't sound like such a terrific date to you, but Marti's one girl I sure will call again. . . .

THE END

WHILE WAITING FOR FABIAN'S MOVIE DEBUT IN TWENTIETH'S ADAPTATION OF "THE HOUND DOG MAN," LISTEN TO "HOLD THAT TIGER!"—HIS LATEST HIT ALBUM FOR CHANCELLOR RECORDS.

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WILL SHE DIE?

Continued from page 33

didn't help. I felt responsible. The conductor's voice droned on with instructions to the musicians behind me, but all I could really hear was a terrible still voice inside of myself asking over and over again, "Will she die? Will she die because of me?"

I'd heard the news the minute I got off the plane. My manager, Ted Wicks, and I, had landed in Australia that warm Friday afternoon, and there was a great turnout of fans all shouting, "We want Tommy! We want Tommy! We want Tommy!" After flying through the calm skies of the Pacific and staring at miles and miles of peaceful blue ocean glittering in the sunlight, it was an exciting jolt to see and hear such a happy welcome.

No sooner did I step off the curved aluminum runway than a pretty brown-haired girl, just a little over five feet, wearing a pale-blue shirtwaist dress, came up to me and introduced herself. There was such a hubbub I didn't hear her name.

"... I'm the vice-president of the Australian Fan Club for you," she was saying.

"Is your president here?" I asked, smiling. I wanted to thank both of them, for this was a thrilling welcome—over three thousand fans. I spotted one group of over fifty of them. They were dressed in my favorite colors, red and white, and they had big red-and-white bows pinned on their dresses with the titles of all my songs printed on the long ribbon-ends in bright lipstick-red letters!

She didn't answer me. "Couldn't she make it?" I said.

"Oh, Tommy," she broke down, her soft brown eyes staring into mine. "Bronwyn wanted to be here more than any of us, but ..."

"Is something the matter?" I wanted to know.

But she just glanced away from me and, as we began walking through the hollering crowd, she said something I couldn't hear.

"What?" I shouted above the clamor.

"Bronwyn ..." she continued, and tears streamed down her pink cheeks, "... Bronwyn's lost!"

"What?" I said, not fully believing what I'd heard.

"She's lost ..." she said, stifling a sob. "She's been lost for two days."

"But ... how can a grown-up girl get lost?" I wanted to know. Maybe this was a joke or a trick they were playing.

"Oh, Tommy," she said sadly. "If only you knew ..."

The crowd roared like a lion, and everyone stomped his feet to the beat of "We want Tommy! We want Tommy!" I waved to them all, then asked her if she would mind waiting for me until I'd gone through customs. I just couldn't understand what she meant. How could a teenaged girl get lost in her own home town? But as I looked into my companion's sad brown eyes, I knew this wasn't a prank. She was telling me the truth, and I wanted to know what had happened.

After customs, she explained everything. Bronwyn King, the president, was terribly excited about my arrival. She was the one who'd organized the sensational turnout. But her dad, when he heard Bronwyn was coming out to the airport to lead the welcome-to-Australia gang, refused to give her permission. He told her he'd heard about all the awful things fans did to their idols. He'd read about singer Johnnie Ray's visit to Australia, when the fans pulled his hair and ripped his clothes

and just about suffocated him. And he didn't want his daughter to be a part of a wild rock 'n' roll riot.

Bronwyn tried to tell him it wasn't usually like that, but her dad wouldn't listen. He told her she wasn't allowed to visit the airport, and he was adamant about his decision. "Anyone who sings rock 'n' roll," he said, "simply couldn't be a gentleman, and I don't want my daughter associating with that sort of people."

Bronwyn called the vice-president in tears and asked her to lead the welcoming party.

Then, two days before I arrived, Bronwyn was reported missing from home. Her parents summoned the Sydney police to look for her. Friends, relatives, acquaintances were called. No one knew where she was. For two days the police had been trying to track down information on Bronwyn; they even wired New Zealand, where she had distant relatives.

"Doesn't anyone have any idea where Bronwyn is?" I asked the vice-president, after she told me the upsetting story.

Fidgeting with the long sleeve of her blue shirtwaist dress, she said, "I ... I don't know. But you're going on to Melbourne tomorrow, aren't you? Maybe ..." She paused, "If nothing's happened to her, maybe she's waiting for you there, waiting to say hello!"

Suddenly I felt cold. Goosebumps appeared on my arms. Supposing something had happened to Bronwyn, supposing she was lost in some out-of-the-way area, supposing she didn't have any food, supposing she was hurt ... I choked on my thoughts. All on account of me, her life was in danger!

Scary images throbbed in my head. I looked into the vice-president's red-rimmed eyes, took her hand and tried to comfort her.

"I'm going to make a plea," I said, my voice fuzzy from fear. "Right now!" And we all drove to the main section of Sydney, with its friendly inns and modern drug stores, old-fashioned dry goods shops and slick beauty parlors, and I asked permission from the city officials to set up a microphone on top of a roof to speak to the townspeople. If anyone knew anything of Bronwyn's whereabouts, I wanted him

to come and tell us ... and I'd go to her personally, wherever she was.

But nobody knew a thing. That afternoon and evening we waited hopefully for some word, but all everyone kept saying was "Poor Bronwyn!" or "Gee, maybe she's all right" or "I hope nothing's happened to her!"

And that night, when I was on stage singing, I kept hoping Bronwyn might be out there, hidden in the audience, listening. Maybe she'd come backstage and tell me she was all right. But, still, a shuddering fear rifled my heart. "Supposing she isn't here," I told myself. "Supposing she's lost somewhere and it's dark and she doesn't know where she is. Supposing she's hurt and needs help!" I kept praying to God to look after her, to keep His eye on her, to protect her. Because, deep down somewhere in the cave of my heart was the awful, awful thought, the scariest one—"Supposing Bronwyn is dead ...!"

As I packed to leave for Melbourne the next morning after the show, I kept wishing the telephone in my hotel room would ring, that someone would tell me Bronwyn was found and that she was all right. But the phone never rang.

I tossed all night long.

The next morning, I was up at dawn to call the police station.

"Have you had any word from Bronwyn?" I asked.

There was a long pause from the desk sergeant before he answered, "No, Tommy. I'm sorry. Not a word!"

Melbourne's a couple of hundred miles from Sydney, and it took about an hour for Ted and me to fly there in a shiny grey, four-engine airplane. When I got off the plane, one of the disc jockeys for the top rock 'n' roll radio program in Melbourne greeted me and told me all the fans in Melbourne were worried about Bronwyn. The newspapers were carrying stories about her. Bronwyn's mother, Mrs. King, had flown in yesterday to check with Melbourne relatives.

I asked to meet Mrs. King. We drove to the large Chevron Hotel where Ted and I had reservations, and Bronwyn's mother came to see us.

She was a young-looking woman—



Tommy smiled and waved as he greeted his Australian fans, joking with them and signing a thousand autographs, but inside he kept asking himself, "Where is she?"

slender, tall, brown-haired. Her dark eyes looked kind; and although she appeared calm I knew she must be nervous because she was at a loss for words.

"I just can't understand it," she said in a soft voice. "Bronwyn's such a good girl. Why, she's one of the honor students in her class."

"Why don't I make another appeal?" I suggested. "On the rock 'n' roll program this afternoon." I'd been scheduled for an interview with the disc jockey who'd been playing more and more of my songs (because of Bronwyn's strong fan-club campaign in my behalf). Everyone, by the way, told me how influential Bronwyn's club had become with the disc jockeys.

Shaking her head, Mrs. King said something under her breath.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't hear you." "I wish," she said, "my husband had met you. I think he'd change his mind about all you rock 'n' roll singers if he did!"

I felt a little funny for a minute. Then we left for the radio station where I was to make my appeal.

"Hi," I said over the table mike. I sat next to the red-haired disc jockey who had met me at the airport. "This is Tommy Sands. I want to say hello to Bronwyn King, the president of my fan club here in Australia. If you're out there, Bronwyn, listening to me, I want to meet you, and I hope you'll call me up after the broadcast. I'm at the Hotel Chevron. Just ask the telephone operator to connect you with my room."

"Bronwyn," I continued, "we're all anxious about you. Please get in touch with us. We're all praying that you're well!"

I returned to stare out the big bay-window in my hotel room. Newspaper reporters and photographers kept coming into the room, asking me if I'd had any news from Bronwyn after my appeal.

I told them we were waiting.

One of the reporters asked me how I'd feel if Bronwyn were never heard from again, and I just couldn't answer him.

I paced my room at least a hundred times, and waited for Bronwyn's call, but the telephone didn't ring. I stared at the hard black instrument over and over again. You just don't realize how important the ring of a telephone can be until you're desperate for news or information.

I paced my room again. "It's all because of me," I thought, my hands sunk deep in my pockets, "all because of me." Ted, my manager, tried to get me to take a nap, but I couldn't. I was too jumpy to think of sleeping.

For a moment I thought I was imagining it. But one of the reporters in the room said, "Hey, didn't that sound like a knock?"

The reporter and the photographer and Ted and I listened. There it was again. A feeble knock-knock-knock. Timid. Like a frightened child's knocking.

I looked into Ted's eyes, then I ran to the doorway.

I unhooked the latch, opened the door, and there, in front of me, stood two teenaged girls. One of them was bawling, tears rolling down her rosy cheeks. She was tall and pretty with dark blond hair fluffed softly around her heart-shaped face. I could barely see her warm brown eyes for the tears.

Her girlfriend was shorter. She had long black hair and a dimple.

"Are . . . are you Bronwyn?" I heard my voice asking. My heart skipped a beat.

She didn't answer. She couldn't speak through her tears. But she nodded her head to say yes, and I took her in my arms and hugged her. "Thank God," I said, "thank God."

The photographer started to snap pictures with his flash camera, but I asked

him for the film. I didn't want any of these pictures published. Bronwyn had come back . . . that was what was important, and I didn't think it was fair for the photographer to "take pictures of her in tears."

I asked her if I could call her mother, who was waiting anxiously for news of her at her aunt's in Melbourne, and Bronwyn nodded yes. Ted offered to call Mrs. King, and I ordered hot tea and toast for Bronwyn, and her girlfriend.

"Oh, Tommy," she cried, her eyes brimming with tears. "I never, never thought I'd meet you." She swallowed hard, then sat down in a chintz-covered armchair and she sobbed loudly. "But what have I done, Tommy? I . . . I ran away, and I've made my parents look so awful in front of everybody." She sobbed so loudly it was hard to understand everything she was saying.

"This is my girlfriend," she said. "I've . . . I've been staying with her. I didn't tell her folks I'd run away. I . . . I just told them I came for a visit."

Ted was on the telephone now talking to Bronwyn's mother.

"Bronwyn," I said, "would you mind if we asked your mother to come over? She's so worried, and she wants to see you."

"I don't mind," Bronwyn sobbed, dabbing her eyes with a wrinkled ball of a handkerchief. "I . . . I miss her so much. But she'll never forgive me! And my father . . ." Bronwyn never finished the sentence.

"She's afraid her father will hate her," her girlfriend explained.

"No, he won't," I said quickly. "He probably feels just like all of us. We're so glad to know you're alive and well!"

"But he'll hate me for running away," Bronwyn cried.

"He'll forgive you," I said.

"He won't," she told me through her tears. "You just wait and see!"

Mrs. King arrived, and both Bronwyn and her mother cried as they embraced each other. "Oh, Mom," Bronwyn sobbed. "I'm sorry, but I . . . I just couldn't help it. I couldn't stand Dad saying all those terrible things about Tommy and rock 'n' roll."

"Bronwyn," her mother said quietly, "don't let's talk about that now. What matters is that you're safe."

"Mom," Bronwyn said, her dark eyes glimmering from crying, "what's Dad going to say?"

Her mother patted Bronwyn's arm. "Don't worry about that now."

I interrupted—I couldn't help myself. "Mrs. King," I said, "when I get back to Sydney next week, can I sit down and talk to Mr. King?"

"Oh, Tommy," she said softly. "I don't know if that'll do any good. Mr. King's a man with a strong mind and will."

And suddenly Bronwyn started to cry all over again.

The first thing I did when we got to Sydney that next week was to pick up the telephone. Mrs. King was at home.

"Last night," I told her, "I had an idea. I was wondering if you and Mr. King and Bronwyn would be my guests tonight at the Sydney Stadium where I'm singing."

"Tommy, that's so thoughtful of you," Mrs. King said. "But I'm afraid you don't know my husband. I doubt if he'll want to come."

"But will you tell him I called and extended a personal invitation? And if he likes the show, I hope he'll come backstage afterward for a visit."

She promised she'd ask him, and I crossed my fingers for good luck.

That night, dressed in my white dinner jacket and midnight-blue pants I waited in my dressing room at the Sydney Stadium for news from Ted about Bronwyn



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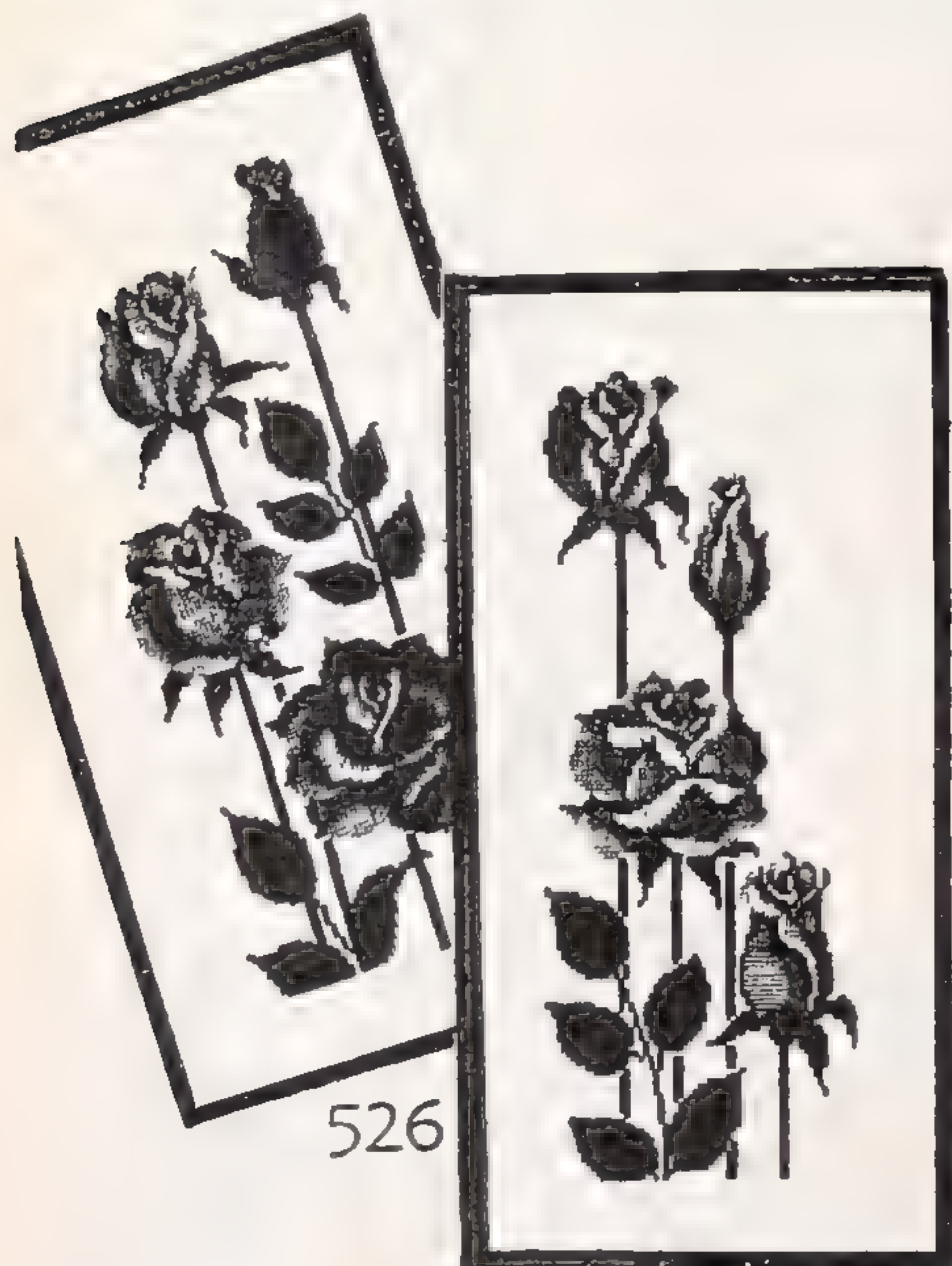
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and her folks. Had they come . . . or hadn't they come? I wanted to know.

Ted finally came backstage and told me they hadn't arrived. The tickets were in their name in the ticket cage, and the ushers would show them their seats if they arrived late. But the show couldn't be held up any longer. The crowd had arrived, and it was time to start.

Sydney Stadium's a huge arena, bigger than Madison Square Garden, and when I went out there to sing in the bright blue-white pool of light while The Sharks accompanied me (Hal on drums, Scotty on electric guitar, Leon on bass fiddle and Eddie on rhythm guitar), I couldn't help thinking . . . "I'll never know if they're out there, so I'll just pretend they've come, and I'll sing all these songs for Mr. King."

I sang "Sing Boy Sing" and "Teenage Crush" and "Going Steady" and "Unchained Melody"—all the songs from my albums. I also sang a special song I'd written for my Australian fans called "Sydney Blues." I wrote it in Hawaii before we left for Australia, and I didn't realize what an eerie, fateful meaning the lyrics had until I sang them in front of that hushed audience. . . .

"There's an old back road leading down our way;

Yes, there's an old back road leading down our way—

Where you can find and lose a woman All in one day. . . ."

Everyone in the audience loved the blues beat, and the applause was wonderful. After the show I went backstage. I was moody and blue. I'd hoped Bronwyn and her mom and dad would come. I'd wanted them to see the show. I guess, deep in my heart, I'd wanted Bronwyn's dad to know what rock 'n' roll really is.

All smiles, Ted burst into the dressing room. "Tommy, Tommy," he said. "the show was great! And they're here! Bronwyn and her folks, and they're coming backstage to meet you!"

"You kidding?" I couldn't believe it.

But there they were—Bronwyn in a lovely sky-blue dress, her mother in a smart lilac-colored silk suit and her dad—a nice-looking man of medium build with grey hair at the temples. He seemed very quiet, and I noticed he wore a hearing aid behind his ear.

"Gee," I said, my voice a little too loud from the sudden surprise of it all, "I'm so glad you came."

I shook hands with them all.

"Tommy," Bronwyn's dad said in a low voice. "I . . . I guess I have an apology to make. I just didn't have any idea that you rock 'n' roll fellows were decent young men. But this show . . . why, it was wonderful!"

Bronwyn beamed.

"Rock 'n' roll," he continued, "isn't so bad, after all. I just didn't know any better."

There was a tight lump in my throat. I didn't know what to say. Finally, Mrs. King spoke out. "I hope you're going to let Bronwyn see Tommy off at the airport when he leaves for the United States."

Mr. King grinned. "Why not?" he said. "And if she needs a lift, I'll drive her out there myself."

Suddenly I was speechless. I tried to smile, but that lump in my throat wouldn't budge.

"Gee, thanks, Mr. King," I said.

We talked for a while longer, and as they said goodbye the lump in my throat kept getting bigger and bigger. Like a fool, right out of the blue, I started to cry. I don't know why. But I did. I was so happy, I guess, knowing everything had turned out all right.

THE END

DIG TOMMY SANDS ON THE CAPITOL LABEL.

LAST INTERVIEW

Continued from page 56

mental cruelty, and that's exactly what I mean," she said. "We have been married sixteen years, and my marriage wouldn't have lasted this long except for my religion and my feeling that I should keep the marriage together.

"I am sure that Glenn will be much happier alone," she continued. "He isn't happy now. . . . I have asked for complete custody of our fourteen-year-old son, Peter."

Immediately, columnists and reporters began asking questions, turning up at her home and calling constantly over the telephone. "Didn't you separate a few years ago?" one asked.

"No," said Eleanor, trying to slip past him into the house. "We didn't actually separate because I still wanted to save my marriage. We did have trouble, but I was determined to keep my marriage intact. I have tried hard—but now I know it just isn't any use. We cannot go on."

"When did this all start?" said another. "It is nothing new," she answered a little wearily. "I have been unhappy for a long time."

"And are you going to begin dancing again?" the reporter asked.

"Yes—I intend to resume my dancing career."

"What about your mother-in-law?" But this question went unanswered as Eleanor closed the front door of her home.

He had been referring to the charge about Glenn's mother Eleanor had made in the suit. She had said that over the past two years Glenn had been putting property into his mother's name to conceal his assets from her. "He just bought her a \$100,000 house," Eleanor stated, "among many other things."

The reporters were anxious to speak to Glenn, too. He had left his home five days before, busy working on plans for a new picture. "Are you surprised?" asked one who managed to get to him.

"A thing like this is always a surprise," he answered quietly.

But a few hours later a close friend admitted, "This has been the shock of Glenn's life."

It had been only a short while before this day that I'd gone to the Fords' Beverly Hills home to interview Eleanor and Glenn—the last interview they were to give before the breakup. And, oddly enough, one of the first things they said to me was that they had always had to defend their marriage against divorce rumors.

"In all our sixteen years of marriage," Eleanor had said, relaxing back in the deep couch of their English country-style living room, "I don't think a year has gone by without someone starting a rumor. The first time it happened, I remember Glenn arriving home with a very strange look on his face. I hadn't seen the papers that day and couldn't understand what could be wrong because, as far as I could tell, everything else was all right.

"But he kept walking around and around the house all evening, asking what seemed to be the oddest questions. Finally, I worried him so to tell me what was wrong that he did. He put a hand in his pocket and without a single word, handed me a crumpled newspaper clipping.

"If that's what you really want . . . he began.

"I just looked at him. 'Glenn,' I said, 'you don't really believe this.' And a few minutes later we'd straightened the whole thing out. Now, when we read rumors

about our divorce, neither of us worries, because we know it's not true—just a hardy annual that seems to be printed around the time of our wedding anniversary—in October. In fact, it has been going on since Pat O'Brien first introduced us, in the late 1930's, at a large party at his house.

"I've always thought you kids should meet each other," Pat said, in what he obviously thought was a whisper, but actually could be heard half-way down the next block, "and now you have." He stood back while the two of us eyed each other a little cautiously. "Glenn, why are you standing there with your mouth open? Do something!" Pat added, slapping him on the back.

"So I did," Glenn broke in, continuing the story. "I took Ellie's arm and guided her out onto the porch. She was helpless with laughter. But from then on, not even Pat could complain of our progress. I'd seen Ellie in 'At Home Abroad,' with Bea Lillie and Bert Lahr. She was beautiful, and she could dance like a leaf in the wind, but she was as remote from me as the farthest star. I was hitting a new low in my acting career at the time, and was broke as the Ten Commandments.

"Yet somehow this didn't seem to hinder our romance. 'I believe in you,' Eleanor told me that evening at the party, and she seemed so sincere. She gave me confidence. Soon afterward, I found a part in 'Martin Eden,' then 'Destroyer,' and by the time the war started, I was well on my way up.

"But war is war, and I enlisted in the Marines, seeing Eleanor as often as I could get leave. After just a few months we were sure we wanted to marry, and did so—on October 23, 1943, in Beverly Hills.

"By the time our first baby, Peter, was born sixteen months later, the war was almost over—and soon I was able to come home again to the family—and my career."

As I sat in their home, listening to the stories about their romance and about how they had begun their married life, I couldn't help wondering if Eleanor had ever regretted giving up such a promising career. But from the way she looked at Glenn, who was sitting on the couch next to her, and from the way she talked about her home and her marriage, I felt sure this could not be so.

Eleanor never won an Academy Award—at the time when she was dancing the Academy did not recognize dancers. But she did win five Emmys, three for the "Best Television Show" and two for "Personality Woman of the Year." Yet, she had told me, "a career fades to nothing beside the pleasures of having a home and children. And Glenn himself gives me no time for a dull moment!" she added, laughing. . . .

"Like that day Glenn took me to Montana on a hunting and fishing trip. A studio publicity man came up with an idea of getting a good shot of us both coming in for an apparent landing in our plane. It was a lumpy little runway, but since I was quite certain Glenn didn't know how to fly the machine, and it was all just a publicity stunt, I went along, assured the plane would never get off the ground.

"I climbed into the co-pilot's seat, heard the motor being revved up, and we started down the runway, traveling, it seemed, very fast. Then my heart almost stopped beating. We were suddenly a hundred or more feet off the earth, and getting higher every second.

"Glenn!" I yelled. "You turn this thing around and let me out!"

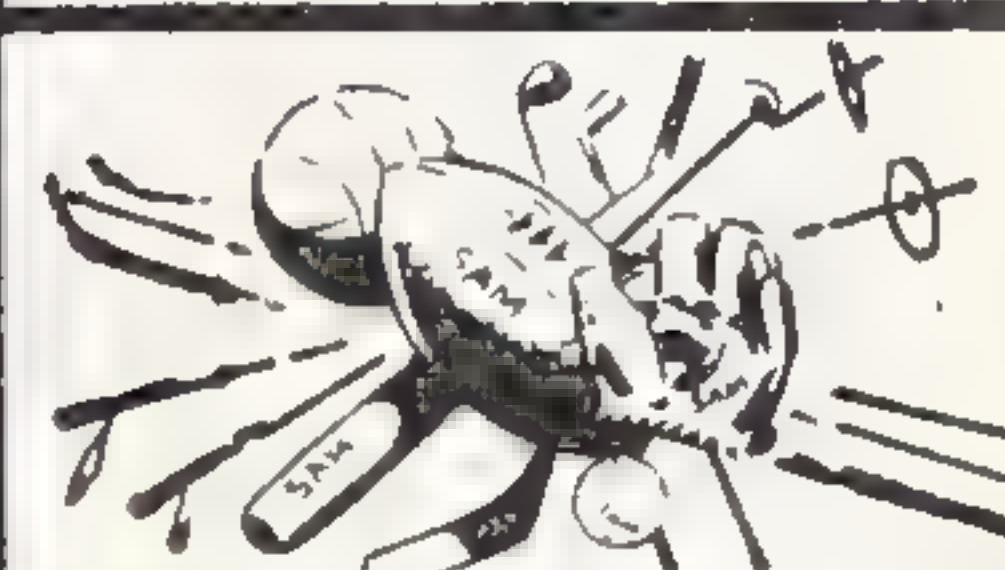
"But he only shook his head helplessly. I think I must have gone paralyzed with fear, because I don't remember anything

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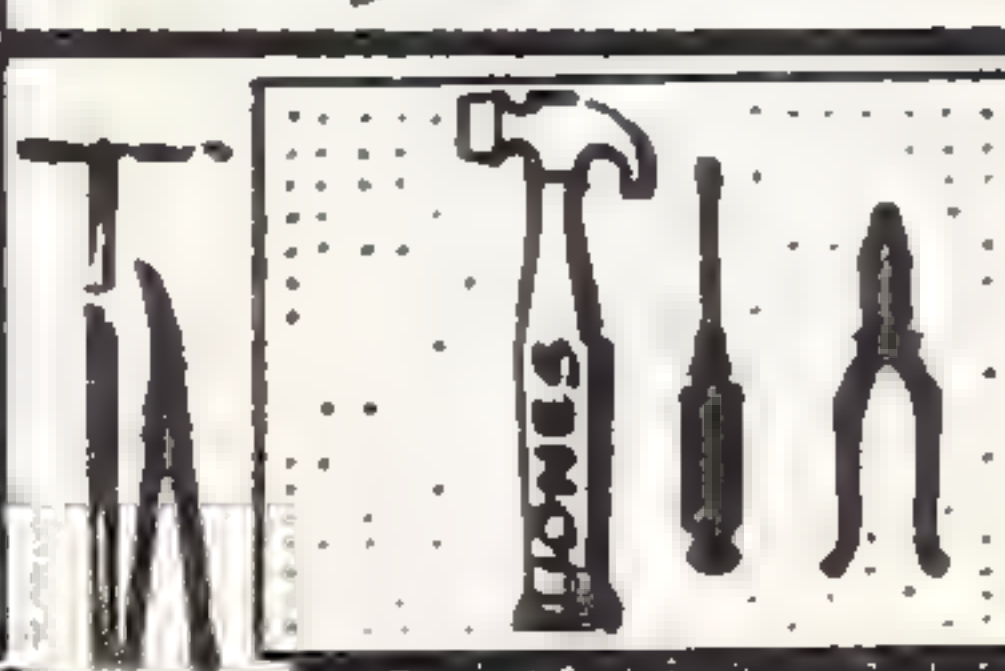
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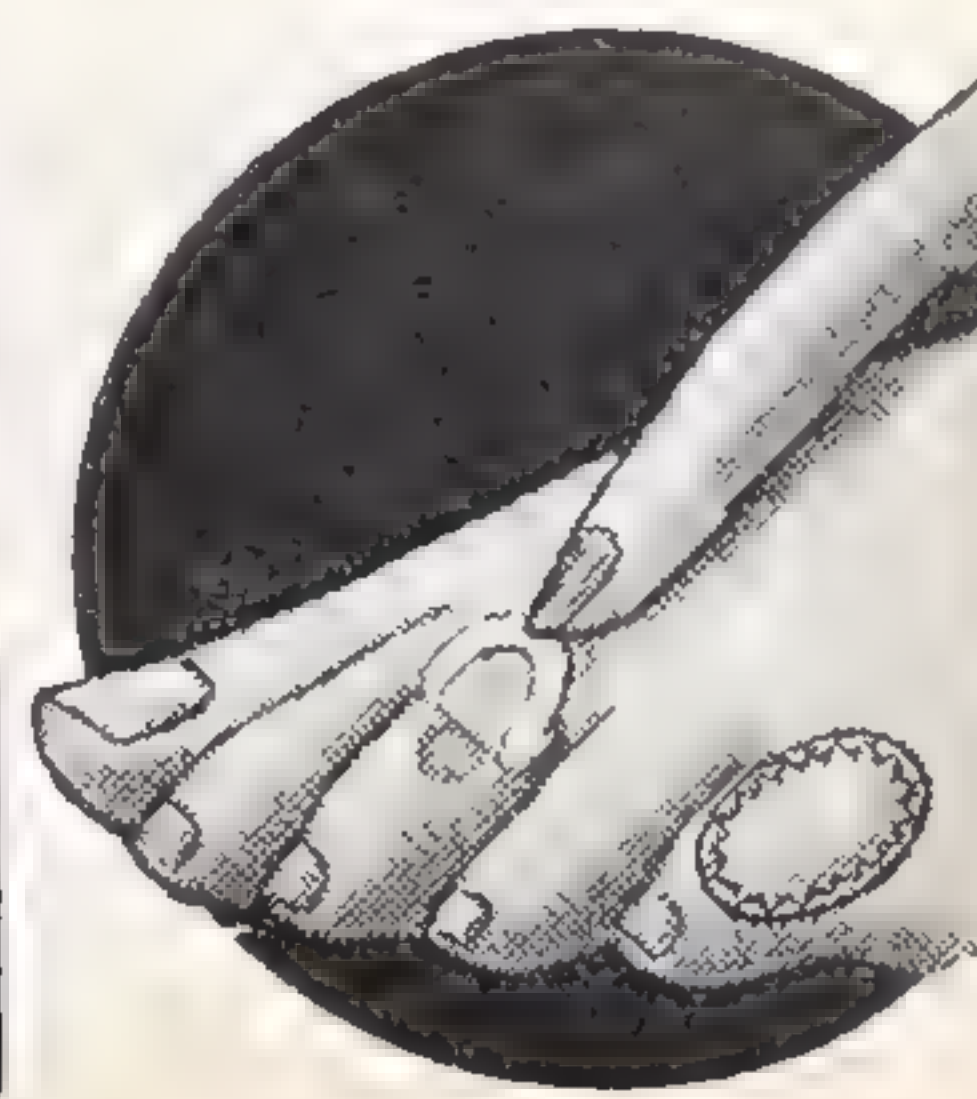
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Glenn did or said until I heard him telling me to pull on a certain knob sticking out from the instrument panel. I grabbed the thing and yanked at it. And, to my utter disbelief, the plane started to circle, and we headed back toward the strip. Glenn kept talking continuously, telling me I was doing fine, to pull the knob out a little further or push it in a trifle, till we landed.

"There was something in his eye that should have warned me. But the truth never dawned on me until we were in the car, headed back toward camp. Then I asked, 'When did you learn to fly?'"

"He didn't burst into laughter. He just said gently, 'Quite a while ago, Ellie; I should have told you.'"

"What was that thing you told me to push in and pull out?" I asked.

"It controls the air conditioning."

"We looked at each other and the corners of his mouth began to twitch, and we both exploded at the same moment."

They smiled warmly at each other as she finished the story.

Actually, their marriage had seemed particularly happy and peaceful that day when I visited their home. "We go out very little because we can have better evenings at home," had been Eleanor's words. "Glenn built our hi-fi set himself, and it's so beautiful. We have a library of over 7,000 records, and from that we can have wonderful entertainment. But, like all women, I do like to go out occasionally—just to see and mingle with people, although Glenn would rather stay at home."

One thing Glenn enjoys at home, I learned, is carpentry, and a few years ago he built a small clubhouse in the garden for his son, Peter—"a place where he and his friends could make all the noise they wanted," Glenn told me. "I taught them a little about carpentry, too, and

they were crazy about the house. Then, little by little, they grew out of it, so I took over and turned it into a workshop for myself.

"But when Pete saw this happening, and watched what fun I was getting out of it, he asked if I'd build him another. But I'd have nothing to do with the job this time. Instead, I told Pete I'd buy timber and tools and he could build it himself. Well, he got a few friends together and they had a wonderful time. And now they love it, because it's something they've created themselves."

"I do get very worried about Peter, though," Eleanor continued. "Because of the way the kids at school taunt him about his father being a famous actor. 'So you're Glenn Ford's son,' I heard one of them say one day. 'Maybe you think you're better than the rest of us. We're probably a little too common for you!' That day, I came home and told Glenn about it, and we decided we'd have to take Pete out of that school, because he had become very moody and I knew this was the reason. It forced us to put him into a private school, reluctantly, because we had always wanted Peter to grow up without that 'apartness' so many actors' children have."

She paused, looking over toward the door as it began to open. I turned, too, and saw a small, white-haired, lavender-and-old-lace lady come into the room. I got up.

"Hello—I'm Glenn's mother," she said, shaking my hand and then going over to an armchair by the couch. And soon I began to ask her a few questions about Glenn's childhood and she spoke quite freely—with Glenn interrupting every now and then.

She talked about the early days in Santa Monica, and about how her son was very determined, right from the time he

was quite small, to become an actor. Delivering newspapers, she told me, Glenn would dream of the day he'd be a star.

Only, however, when a telephone call called Glenn away from the room a few minutes later, would she be at all critical.

"Glenn would always be too likely to do things on the spur of the moment," she said, "without thinking things clearly through. Also, he's too trustful. Glenn gets hurt now and then by those he has tried to help. Sometimes, I think, he attaches too much importance to things that are part of the past. Do you know he's got every one of his report cards from the first grade on? It's well enough to be sentimental, but sentiment can be harmful, too. So many people in this fast moving world don't understand it and interpret it as a weakness."

"But I hope I don't seem too fussy, or too possessive," she said, looking straight at me. "I hate 'Momism.' And I'm certainly not one of those mothers who takes the credit for her son's success. My husband and I would have been just as content if Glenn had settled for some good trade—like carpentry (he would have been a top-notch artisan, too, you know)."

Yet it was this charming old lady whom Eleanor complained about in her divorce announcement, saying she'd been the cause of much of the trouble.

"I did try to keep our marriage intact," had been Eleanor's words. "But it was just no use—we cannot go on. I have been unhappy for a long time, and this is no sudden thing."

It seemed so different from the Eleanor who, with Glenn, had talked to me that afternoon and showed me around their home. I saw the hi-fi set, and the study on the second floor where they both keep their trophies (Glenn was awarded a "Golden Apple" in 1957 for being Hollywood's Most Cooperative Actor, and a year earlier he won the Man of the Year trophy from Optimists International; the same year, he and Eleanor were chosen as Man and Woman of the Year by B'nai B'rith).

Eleanor had been anxious and pleased to tell me about her jaunt as a Sunday School teacher on television, a program which had sprung out of a class she had just happened to take over one week, and which had become so successful, they had put it on TV. And Glenn had explained how he was official Scout Master for his son's Boy Scout Troop.

And the only faults Eleanor could find to tell me about Glenn had been in complete jest.

She had been silent a few moments, then she'd said, "Sure he has faults."

"If I send him to the store to get a few things and don't give him a written list," she had said, "he can't remember two articles that I need. If I give him a written list, he loses it. He can commit an entire script to memory in an unbelievably short time, not only his own but the other roles, too, but he can't remember when dinner is served at home. If he waits to see the day's rushes, he'll probably wander in around eight or eight-thirty, starved as a wolf, and maybe with a guest along. If I intrude on any matter that is indisputably his business, like a personal telegram, he sulks until I explain that the only reason I opened the envelope was that I thought it might be something he'd want to know at once. Then everything's all fine and finished."

And their only difference seemed to be that she liked westerns on TV, while Glenn preferred serious dramas.

It had seemed such a happy marriage. THE END

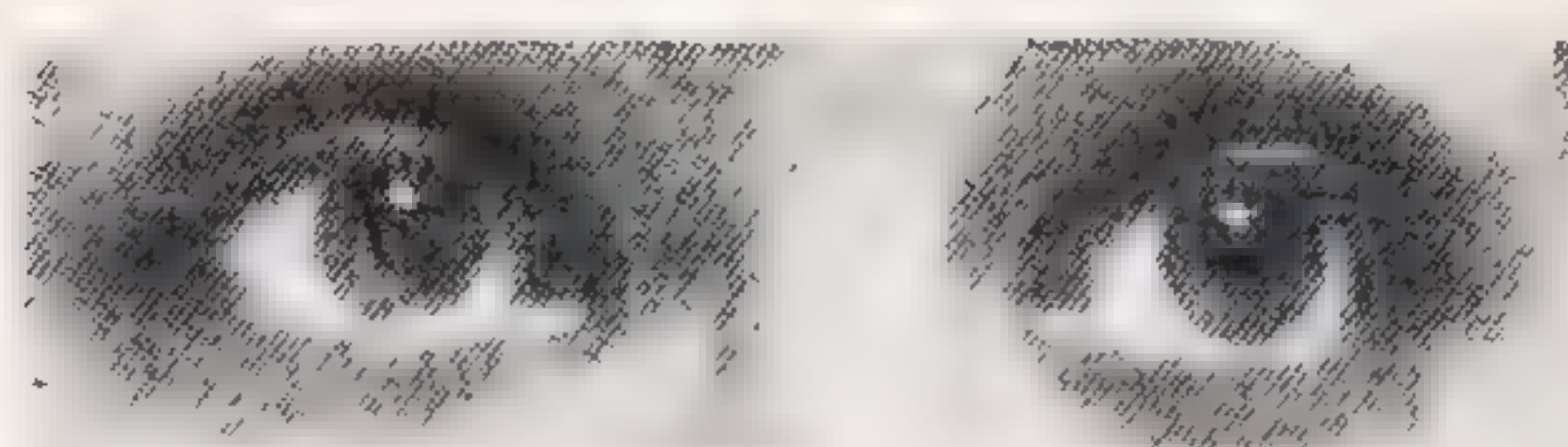
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Whose eyes are these?

What is an Annette?

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EDD BYRNES

Continued from page 46

a girl and had asked her out for the following Wednesday night. She was cute; in fact, she was downright beautiful, he thought, as he started up the motor of his white T-bird and headed for her house. Funny, how sometimes when you weren't even looking, a girl could walk into your life, just like that.

He'd been down at the beach, stretched out in the sand, soaking up the sun. Suddenly he'd felt a splash of cold water on his face and arms. He'd looked up just in time to see a trim redhead dashing by, soaking wet. He'd sat up and smiled. She'd turned around to apologize and, in doing so, had accidentally kicked up a mound of sand, which, mixed with the water she'd already shed, made tiny rivulets of mud on his arm. For a moment, they'd just looked at each other; then both had burst out laughing. After she'd apologized, they'd struck up a conversation, discovered they had mutual friends and wound up splitting a couple of hamburgers. Then he'd asked her out and she'd accepted.

He'd liked her from the moment he saw her. She had reddish-gold hair, caught back in what must have started out as a ponytail, but ended up a hank of hair, dripping wet and clinging limply to her neck and shoulders. Her skin was the milk-white kind that probably got burned even on a foggy day. Already there was a pink glow on the tip of her nose. She was natural looking, attractive in a simple sort of way. Yes, Edd had to admit it, he was really looking forward to this evening with Janie (for obvious reasons that's not her real name). He cruised up and down the block until he found the street address she'd given him, parked his car, walked up the front steps and rang the bell. A tall blond girl answered the door, a boy by her side.

"Hi," she said. "Come on in. Jane's expecting you. I'm Sally, her roommate. This is Bud. We were just leaving. Make yourself comfortable, Jane'll be ready in a few minutes."

After Jane's roommate and her date had left, Edd sank down in an armchair and relaxed. The apartment was small, cozy and livable looking—there was nothing gaudy or overdone about it—just like the girl he was about to spend the evening with. Minutes passed. Five. Ten. Twenty. What was keeping her? Did girls *always* have to make an entrance! Ah, relax, he told himself, picking up a magazine from the coffee table. He tried reading, but couldn't get sufficiently involved in the story not to be aware that thirty minutes had elapsed since he'd walked through the front door. Finally, he heard the click of high heels on a wooden floor, and she came walking into the room. He looked, then discreetly looked again. It took several glances before he was sure this was the same girl he'd met a few days ago. As he stood up to meet her, he noticed that her hair was pulled back tight in an overly ornate knot that was perched on top of her head, and she had on a dress that was, well, just a little tight!

Then she smiled and said hello, and as he walked over to help her with her coat, he couldn't avoid observing that, even under all that makeup, the peeling on the tip of her nose was plainly visible. For a moment he saw her again as she had been, standing on the beach, wringing wet and laughing. She had certainly made a drastic transformation!

In the car, on the way to the party, they

took turns talking about a lot of things, trying to hit upon a topic that would be mutually interesting. Sometimes you could go out with someone who was practically a stranger, and yet it seemed you'd known each other all your lives. Then sometimes, well, sometimes it didn't work out that way. At that point in the evening, Edd wasn't quite sure how things would work out. Now and then she would smile across at him, but almost every attempt at conversation seemed to fall flat.

They arrived at the party. Jane knew only one other couple there, so Edd introduced her around; then they went and sat down on the couch. The room began filling up. People drifted by and exchanged hellos. Sounds of laughter, mixed with snatches of dialogue, tinkling glasses and loud music blaring from the record player, made talking to one another almost impossible. Edd glanced around; at the opposite end of the room he saw a girl who looked familiar. He couldn't place her at first, then—no wonder she looked familiar! He'd taken her out a few times! He tried to recall forgotten details, such as when he'd last seen her and why he hadn't called her again. Then he remembered he'd taken her out just before he'd gone to Arizona on location for "Yellowstone Kelly." He'd promised to call her when he got back, but that was at least two months ago! This must have been the first time he'd ever been so busy working that he hadn't remembered to call back a girl he'd enjoyed dating. He looked across the room to see whom she was with, but she'd disappeared. Then he heard someone call his name and realized he'd been so preoccupied he hadn't noticed that she'd come over and was standing by the side of the couch.

"Hi, Edd," she said. "How are you?" "I'm fine, Carol. And you?" he asked, standing up. "Carol, I'd like you to meet Jane," he added.

There was a strained silence; then Carol sat down on the couch. Jane just sat quietly, making only the barest attempt to be friendly. Suddenly Edd had a sinking feeling that something embarrassing was about to happen. Carol had obviously come over because she'd been hurt that he hadn't called, and at any moment now he was expecting her to be typically "female." There was nothing he could do. He'd have to politely divide his time between them. But, as Carol started chattering away, he realized, with a sigh of relief, that he'd misjudged her. She was being very friendly and had probably come over just to show she had no hard feelings.

The party had become unbearable—too much noise, too little to talk about—so finally Edd suggested he and Janie leave. They got into his car and headed for the Sunset Strip. Earlier in the evening, Edd had suggested they stop for a late supper after the party; now he was sorry he'd mentioned it.

Finally, he shrugged his shoulders. "Jane," he mumbled, "would you mind very much if we didn't stop for something to eat. I have an early call in the morning and it's getting late."

"No, Edd, that's all right," she said quietly. But as he glanced at her, he noticed she looked sad.

When they got back to her house, he stopped the car, got out, opened the door for her and walked her quickly up to the front porch.

"Goodnight, Jane."

"Goodnight, Edd," she said softly. And then, "Edd . . ."

"Yes?"

"Oh . . . nothing . . . never mind . . ."

He waited until she'd opened the door and was safely inside. Then he said good-night again and walked to his car. That



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second goodnight had meant goodbye! But he hated saying goodbyes. Besides, he was sure Jane realized he wouldn't call her again. Girls could sense things like that—couldn't they?

He got home and went right to bed. The evening had been a real drag. He'd looked forward to having such a good time and had been disappointed. Maybe if he stayed up for a while he could figure out why the evening had been such a failure. It worried him—had it worried Jane too, he wondered? Had he misjudged her maybe? Had he done something wrong to contribute to the evening's unpleasantness? But it was his usual pattern to sleep away depressions, not to sit and dwell on them. Well, tomorrow was time enough. He'd think about it then. He'd try to discover how it had happened that a girl he'd forgotten to call back suddenly seemed so appealing, while the girl he'd looked forward to seeing had been such a terrific disappointment.

All the next day Edd was preoccupied with his work. It wasn't until he had stopped off for dinner and then come home alone that the previous evening came back into his mind. He turned on the hi-fi and walked outside. He pulled up the canvas chair and sat down on his back porch. He was tired. His mind was full of fragments of ideas. He sat back and relaxed, looking out at the valley below; at the ribbon of colored lights strung across the streets like a necklace of gems; at the steady stream of cars threading their way along the avenues. Every once in a while he found himself straining to catch the lyrics as they drifted out to where he was sitting. He'd put on a Sinatra album—"Only the Lonely"—how appropriate! he decided.

Most of his needs and depressions had been expressed musically. A long time ago a Vic Damone record, "You're Breaking My Heart," had been his "theme." Did other people sometimes feel as though certain songs had been written especially for them? He did.

Now, for instance, there was one about the tide rushing in to shore, the waves rolling out to sea again, and it reminded him of Jane. What had happened to make last night go so wrong? Why had she turned out to be the complete opposite of all he admired in a girl? Why had she found it necessary to be cold to Carol? He thought back to the beginning of the evening, going over the hours, incident by incident. Had he expected too much? Was he in any way at fault? Had he been a little too cordial when Carol had come over? Had he unintentionally created the strained situation?

The more he thought about it, the more sure he became that Jane had been in the wrong. After all, it had only been their first date and she'd had no right to act so possessive. She could have been polite to Carol. As a matter of fact, if he owed anyone an apology, he decided, it was Carol. There'd been an expression in her eyes when she'd come over to him last night, one he hadn't been able to grasp at the moment; now, suddenly, it had meaning. Unintentionally, by getting wrapped up in work and neglecting to call her, he must have hurt her feelings. That was what he'd seen in her eyes last night—hurt. He knew the expression well. Once he'd been hurt, too. He'd worn his heart on his sleeve—only once—but it should have made him more aware of the feelings of others.

Feeling moody and restless, he began pacing up and down the porch.

Years ago he'd gotten the wind knocked out of his sails because he'd been too open and sincere about his feelings. Since then, he'd never given his heart completely to

anyone. He'd held a part of himself in check, anticipated being hurt, kept up his guard. He'd been a little wary of people's feelings for him; a little suspicious when someone expressed genuine affection. Were his defenses so exaggerated that even if the right girl came along he wouldn't recognize her? No. He'd know her . . . of course he would . . . well, wouldn't he?

Lonely lyrics, something about desire and ambition, reached out to him across the night, and again he thought they spoke for him alone.

Yet it wasn't that he had no ambition or desire, just that right now it was all being channeled toward his career. He was caught up in the wonderful world of *Kookie* and "77 Sunset Strip." But wasn't that only natural? For the first time in his life a dream was coming true. He was getting the breaks. Fantastic though it seemed, he could see his own face staring up at him from the covers of a dozen magazines at the corner newsstand. He was being interviewed and constantly asked to talk about his theories on life, women, his ideal girl and everything else under the sun. The dream he'd dreamed was coming true; yet despite all the excitement, it was still a long way from completion. Ironically, it occurred to him that because of what had happened just the other night, he was perhaps further away from finding someone to share his dream than he'd ever been before. Reporters asked him to talk about his ideal girl—about the kind of person he wanted to marry. Over and over he'd repeated the same generalities: a girl who likes the outdoors; who has a good sense of humor; a girl who's attractive, sweet, understanding; someone who could love him completely, be aware of his problems and his needs. It sounded so simple, looked so easy in print. He'd said it so many times that he'd begun to sound like an authority on the very thing that—except for once, a long time ago—had always eluded him.

He sat down again in the chair. Maybe last night hadn't been all Jane's fault, he thought, trying to understand why she'd acted the way she had. Maybe she'd kept him waiting those thirty minutes out of a lack of confidence in herself. Maybe she'd looked forward to the evening as much as he had, and wasn't quite sure how to handle the situation. Maybe she'd been frightened when Carol had come over, and so unsure of herself that all she could think of was to act mad. Maybe her getting all dressed up was as much of a cover-up, as much of a defense, as his "stone wall," his swiftness to condemn. She'd probably tried to solve things by hiding her down-to-earth self under a "new" personality—the one in a tight dress and heavy makeup. Was that any worse than his method of putting things out of his mind, sleeping away his depressions, refusing to argue, even when the situation warranted it? No . . . the more he thought about it, the more he seemed to understand. Maybe she'd just been trying too hard to have him like her. . . . Hadn't she tried to tell him something just as they'd said goodnight? Maybe . . . maybe . . .

He walked inside, picked up the receiver and dialed her number. It'd be nice to see her again. No answer. So he went back outside and sat down again. And his thoughts began to run together like watercolors on a damp tablet.

What about his attitude toward marriage? Why did he have the feeling that when he got married he would have to give up his freedom? Freedom. He looked about him at the deserted, lonely porch. Why did settling down seem synonymous with losing individuality? Hadn't he read somewhere that this was the strangely

wonderful paradox about marriage: that two people could be "one" and still remain "two"—each conserving his own integrity and identity. Why had those words seemed so meaningless to him when he'd read them? Was it that he hadn't been ready to accept them, to apply their meaning to himself, personally?

What was it he'd read in that book? Something about love being an act of faith . . . that to love means to commit yourself completely without guarantee; to give yourself up completely in the hope that your feelings are returned. Maybe he didn't have enough faith in himself. Or perhaps, somewhere along the way, he'd lost the ability to have faith in others.

He took a cigarette from the pack in his pocket, lit it, and drew in deeply.

For as far back as he could remember, his dreams of fame had included a "someone" with whom he could share it all. And hadn't part of his dream always been to be able to give his wife a nice home and buy her all the luxuries a woman wanted; hadn't he always thought about sending his kids to college and seeing to it that his family never lacked the security he knew was so important? Now that he was on his way toward being able to provide these things, why did he continue to keep up such a guard?

Sitting there alone, outside, listening to the music and allowing years of stored-up feelings to spill over like a waterfall, Edd began to realize there was nothing wrong in facing the need to be needed. In fact, by being so guarded, maybe he'd been the loser. Before he'd become *Kookie*, he'd been able to keep these problems to himself. Nobody'd asked him, nobody had cared whether his ideal girl had one head or two! Now all of a sudden he had to express himself . . . had to find out what he really wanted out of life.

He tossed away his cigarette and let his hands drop into his lap. Then he looked down at them and realized he felt calmer than he had felt for years. Maybe he should give love a chance?

Tomorrow he'd call Jane. He might see her again, he might not; he'd have to let things take their course. Then there was Carol—he wanted to see her again, too. Maybe he'd already met the right girl, or she might come along tomorrow, or next week, or next year. He wasn't going to rush things; marriage meant too much. But at least now he could be on the lookout for love—real, lasting love. It didn't really matter where he'd meet her, or when. The important thing was that he could—and would—find her . . . some day.

Edd walked inside, slipped on a pair of striped pajamas and went to bed. No need to bother about the phonograph; it would click off automatically after the last record. He settled down under the covers. Slowly it dawned on him that tonight, for the first time since he'd come to Hollywood, he hadn't had to sleep away his problems. He'd stayed awake and faced them. But he knew also that nothing changes overnight; that tomorrow he might still be looking, groping, making mistakes, getting hurt. It had taken years to develop the attitudes he'd crystallized tonight; it would take time to change. But at least he'd made a beginning.

The Ira Gershwin lines of the last song on the turntable reached him just before he dozed off:

"Won't you tell her please to put on some speed, follow my lead, oh how I need—someone to watch over me. . . ." THE END

SEE EDD IN "UP PERISCOPE," WATCH FOR HIM IN "YELLOWSTONE KELLY" (BOTH FOR WARNERS) AND FOLLOW HIM ON ABC-TV'S "77 SUNSET STRIP," 9:30-10:30 P.M. EDT ON FRIDAYS. AND DON'T MISS HIS RECORDS FOR WARNER BROS.

HUGH O'BRIAN

Continued from page 48

there was something about the way she smiled, about the way her long blond hair glistened in the sunlight, and the comfortable feeling her easy, natural laugh gave him, that made him want so much to meet her. All he knew about her was that she was an apprentice, like himself, at the theater; he didn't even know her name.

Hugh had always been reserved when it came to girls, afraid he couldn't please them because he had so little money in his pockets. He'd saved only fifty dollars to see him through the whole of this summer, budgeted from busboy work in the noisy cafeteria at Los Angeles City College, where he'd been studying. And then, as he stood admiring her, he saw her turn and walk toward him.

"Hi, I'm Linda," she said, holding out her hand. "We've never met."

Hugh was startled for a moment. Then he grinned back. "Hello, I'm Hugh."

"Oh." There was a trace of disappointment in her voice. "Hugh's such a formal name. I'm not going to call you Hugh all summer long. I'll call you . . . let's see . . . ?" Her voice trailed, then she clapped her hands. "I have it," she said triumphantly, "Hughie! Hughie's such a nice name!"

Hugh swallowed hard. He hadn't heard anyone call him Hughie since the day back home in Winnetka, Illinois, when he'd kissed his childhood sweetheart, Mary, goodbye, and gone off with twenty other guys for Marine boot camp where nobody even considered a fellow's first name. In the Marines you were either a serial number or "Hey you!" Later, while he'd been out on a field trip, Mary had gotten spinal meningitis, and before he could return she had died suddenly. Somehow, after that, life had never seemed quite so meaningful. There'd never been any other girl.

Linda, he noticed, suddenly smiling down at her, was shorter than Mary. She was just eighteen, straight out of an Iowa town something like his own home town in Illinois. She seemed so friendly that he asked her to have coffee with him and found himself talking easily to her, telling her about his ambitions in the theater and how much he wanted to learn this summer. Suddenly he noticed that the coffee shop was almost deserted and that it was getting late. But by then they'd already become friends.

All through those first weeks they built and painted scenery together, repaired broken furniture for the prop man and sold soft drinks in the lobby during intermission. They never formally dated, but Hugh would often walk Linda home to the old-fashioned frame boardinghouse where the girl apprentices lived; and then amble on in the blue-white summer moonlight to the cellar of the Hotel Loberio where the boys shared a squad-room and slept on secondhand army cots.

And each time, all Hugh could think about on his way home was Linda. He would think of the things they had done together that day, of their yearning to play more important parts in the summer theater's productions. They'd both played extras in a couple of quick crowd scenes; but that was all. And as he washed his socks, he thought, she has talent, Linda has. And he wondered if she were thinking of him as often as he was thinking of her.

Then, one night in early July, as Hugh was walking home to the Hotel Loberio, he passed a jeweler's window, and a

gleaming silver wristwatch caught his eye. He stopped to look and, in a corner of the window, noticed a delicate gold charm bracelet. A card in front of it read "Special Sale," but no price was listed.

All through the next day he couldn't get the bracelet out of his mind. Maybe if he watched his money very strictly, he could buy it for Linda. He wanted to give her something. She had been so thoughtful, often bringing him homemade peanut-butter sandwiches from the girls' residence for a snack between their chores. "Out in Iowa," she would say, laughing that wonderful easy laugh of hers, "we don't let men starve!" Other times she would make a thermos jug of ice-cold lemonade for their afternoon break.

Hugh liked the way Linda didn't try to make a "thing" of their relationship. She just let it happen.

Finally, toward the end of the week, he decided to price the bracelet. The bald-headed jeweler, his silver-rimmed eyeglasses halfway down his nose, told Hugh it was a ten-dollar bracelet, now selling for \$4.98. But even the cut-rate price seemed too costly for poor Hugh, so he thanked the jeweler and left.

All that night Hugh dreamed of the bracelet, and when he got up the next morning he decided to buy it. Something about it haunted him. It seemed somehow that Mary was telling him to be thoughtful and to think of Linda. He went to the jewelry store at noon, plunked down a hard-earned five-dollar bill and asked the jeweler to wrap the narrow cardboard box in some pretty gift paper.

When he returned to the theater that day, Linda rushed up to him, her eyes wild with excitement.

"Hughie! Hughie!" she bubbled. "You've been cast! You're in the next play. A speaking role! You're going to play the rancher in 'Of Mice and Men!' Oh, Hughie, I'm so happy for you!"

Hugh was stunned. He didn't know what to say. Finally he asked, "Did you get a part?"

"No," she said softly, adding, "but that doesn't matter. You did! Come, look, they've just posted the casting notice on the backstage bulletin board."

Unable to hold back, Hugh suddenly let out a "Yippee!" and the two of them, holding hands, ran over across the lawn toward the theater barn. After looking at the notice, they sat down outside near a patch of wild flowers. "If you're good in this part, Hughie, every talent scout in California will hear about you," she said.

It was then that Hugh lifted the thin silver-wrapped box from his khaki shirt-pocket and handed it to Linda.

"What's this?" she asked, bursting with curiosity.

"Something . . . something I want you to have."

"Oh Hughie," she said, throwing her head back in surprise. She knew he had little money for gifts. In fact, whenever they went out for an ice-cream soda or a hamburger after the show, she'd insist on going Dutch treat. She'd told Hugh her father sent her a nice allowance every week, because she hadn't wanted Hugh to scrimp and spend money because of her.

She started to unwrap the box and suddenly, without reason, she stopped. The two of them looked into each other's eyes for a minute. Then she began to speak. "Hughie . . . oh, Hughie," she said softly as she started taking out the bracelet, "you're . . . you're just wonderful." They were silent for a moment, then she said, "I'm . . . I'm going to miss you when I go back to Iowa."

"Do . . . do you have to go?" Hugh kept his voice low so she would not sense his

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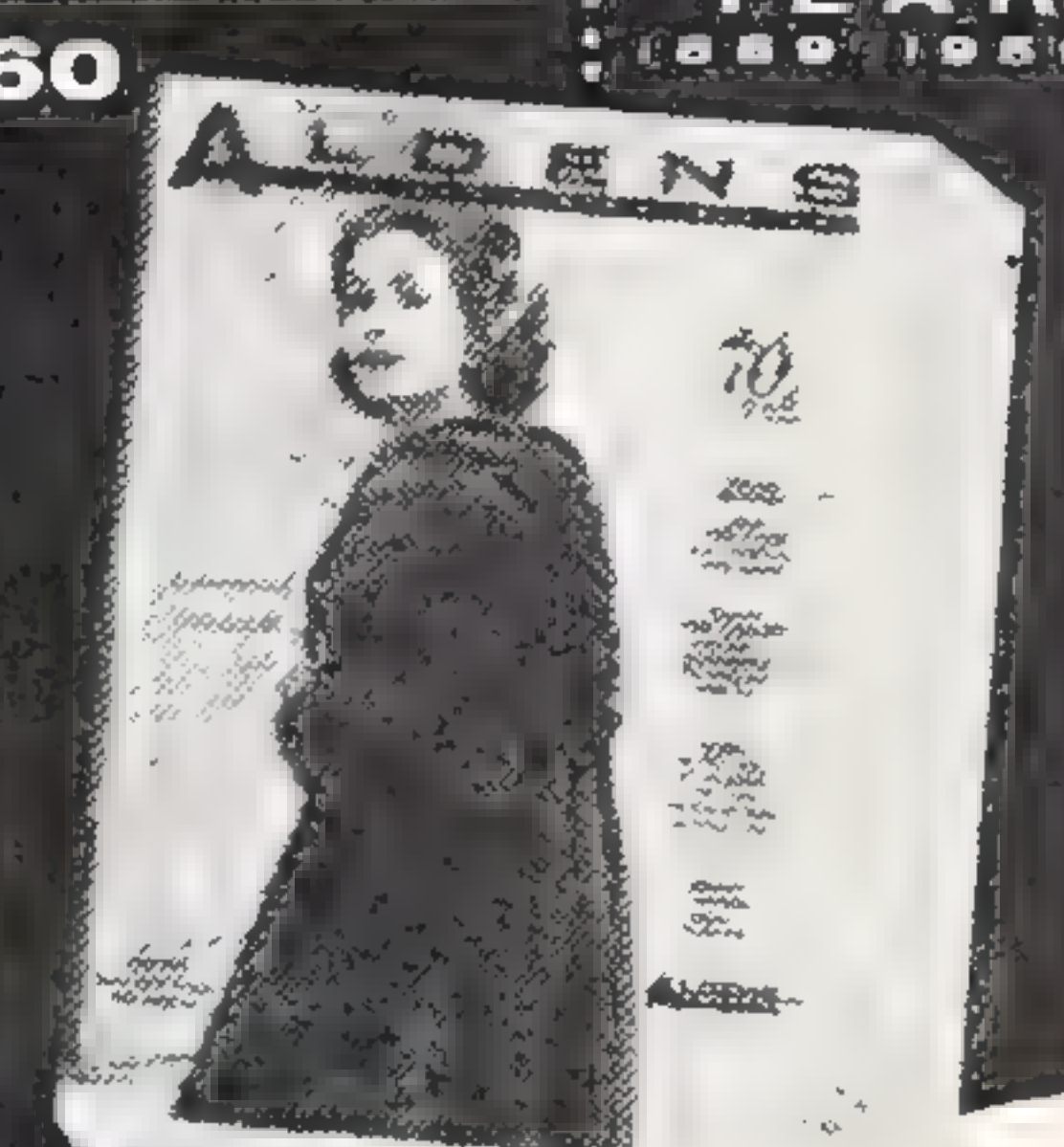
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unhappiness at the thought of her going.

"I . . . I think so."

"Oh, Linda . . . I don't know why you can't . . ." but he didn't finish the sentence because, suddenly and uncontrollably, in the middle of that lazy summer afternoon, with the warm, honey-colored sunlight haloing her silky blond hair, Hugh leaned over and kissed her lightly, tenderly, on her small pale lips.

"I'm sorry," he said afterward, turning his face away in embarrassment, "but . . . you looked so beautiful in the sunlight."

Instead of speaking, she leaned over and kissed him. And he smiled.

Then he helped her fasten the bracelet on her slim, sun-tanned wrist. "I knew . . . I knew from that first day we met that you were going to be somebody special," she whispered.

Hugh tried to answer but he couldn't. He couldn't imagine anyone so sweet, so pretty, caring so much for him—a hard-bitten leatherneck sergeant with a chip on his shoulder, who felt life had cheated him when it took away his childhood sweetheart.

Then, as he sat thinking, he felt Linda lean over and rest her head against his shoulder. "Hughie . . . Hughie . . .," she was whispering, "I can't help it. I think I'm falling in love with you!"

From then on, they spent every free moment together. They found they had much in common. She loved Broadway-musical record-albums, and they listened to them backstage at the theater before curtain-time. Their favorite album was "South Pacific" with Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza. They talked about careers in movies or on the stage and exchanged news from their home towns. They showed one another snapshots of friends and relatives and family.

And the summer passed like a day.

On Labor Day night, after the final performance of the season, the theater managers arranged a farewell wiener-roast and clambake for the cast, crew and the apprentices at the nearby beach. The night was cool and a full moon cast a diamond-bright glow in the sky. One of the cast members brought a portable Vic, and everybody danced barefoot in the white sand. Hugh and Linda danced for a while, then ate charred frankfurters and toasted a few marshmallows.

"Want to walk a little?" he asked her. It was shortly after midnight.

"Sure," she said, her eyes glimmering in the white moonlight.

Hand in hand, they walked by the shore, Hugh carrying an old Army blanket with him. And when they came to a secluded spot surrounded by craggy rock formations, Hugh spread the blanket on the sand, and the two of them sat down and listened to the waves crashing against the shore.

Then Hugh turned to Linda and took her hands in his. "I . . . I never knew I could ever be so happy . . . again," he said tenderly. And it was then he told her of Mary, of their hopes and their young love, and of how she had died. They both cried a little together and then, from exhaustion, they both fell off to sleep.

They awoke to the mournful sound of the sea. The night seemed unusually black around them, and then they noticed that the moon had disappeared behind the steep rocks. Hugh looked at his luminous, military wristwatch. It was two o'clock.

"Linda," he said in a groggy voice. "We fell asleep. . . . Are you chilly?"

She nodded.

The two of them arose, and Hugh picked up the wrinkled wool blanket. Shaking it thoroughly in the ocean breeze, he

wrapped it tightly around Linda. "I don't want you catching cold," he told her.

For the first time in his life since his Mary had died, Hugh was comforted by an intense nearness, a oneness with another person. Hugh told Linda this as they walked along the edge of the beach with the waves tossing behind them. Slowly the moon began to reappear. "I . . . I wish I could reach out," he said, thrusting an arm upward, "and give you a piece of it. You've brought me out of myself, out of my sadness."

Hugh stopped and put his arms around her blanket-covered shoulders. And he kissed her gently.

"Will . . . will you marry me, Linda?" he asked.

Her eyes, seeming so large and hopeful in the moonlight, looked directly up into his. "Yes, Hughie! Yes," she said softly. "I will."

That next day Linda left for Iowa on the afternoon train. She had called her folks long-distance that morning and begged her mom to allow her to stay a few days longer. But her mother was adamant. Linda had been away long enough, and she was ordered to be home as planned.

That morning Hugh bought her a bouquet of white carnations, a pair of Japanese "kokeshi" dolls with wooden heads that bobbed if you tilted them, and a secondhand copy of Lord Byron's love letters printed on an elegant ivory vellum. He carried her suitcases to the beat-up Plymouth he'd borrowed from one of the other apprentices, and he took her for a ride around Santa Barbara before train time. He promised her he would come out to Iowa over Thanksgiving and visit her and meet her folks. Meanwhile, they agreed to write letters every day. And when the time came for Hugh to take her to board the train, he said, "Remember, Linda, we're just saying so long. This isn't goodbye."

She nodded, and he carried her suitcases to the coach-car of the train, where they kissed for the last time. The conductor's "all aboard" echoed through the station, and Hugh and Linda parted. As



A happier Hugh grins at fans, knows to find love you must be open for it.

he watched the train shrill down the track, Hugh dreaded the coming months without her.

He enrolled for his sophomore year at Los Angeles City College, and he worked many long hours after school at odd jobs to save all his earnings for the day he and Linda would be together. They wrote to each other regularly, and, early in November, she suggested he wait until Christmas before he visited Iowa. He wondered why she wanted him to prolong his dreamed-of trip, but he listened to her request and waited until the week before Christmas. He had lined up a ride with a classmate to Chicago, and from there he planned to hitchhike alone to Iowa.

He bought Linda a rose-beige cashmere sweater and an expensive vial of Chanel perfume. He had a gold heart inscribed for her charm bracelet: *For Linda*, it said, *With All My Love This Christmas and Always, Hughie*.

Then, three nights before Hugh and his buddy planned to drive to Chicago, the call came. She phoned his dormitory to tell him the shattering news. He mustn't come to visit her, she explained, because things had changed. Her parents wanted her to marry someone else. She had gone with the boy before she met Hugh, but she hadn't thought much about him. Now, under family pressure, she felt helpless. She didn't really know how she felt.

"I'll come and get you out of it," Hugh said firmly. "I'll tell them all you're marrying me!"

"No." Her voice over the telephone sounded almost unfamiliar. "It's too late, Hughie. I've given my consent. I'm . . . I'm just a small town girl . . . and you . . . you're going to be somebody. You're going to be a big actor. I don't want to be in the way."

"But, Linda," he said brokenly. "I . . . I love you."

"And I love you, Hughie," she said. "But I . . . I can't marry you." Then she admitted, "I've gone with Timmy since we were kids, and I can't back out of it now. There's nothing I can do. I'm afraid . . . this seems . . . best."

He didn't know if he were wide awake or in a dream as she spoke to him. "Hughie," she added before saying goodbye, "thank you for a wonderful, wonderful summer. . . ."

When he clicked the black receiver onto the cradle of the wall telephone in the dormitory hallway, Hugh decided to make the trip to Iowa nonetheless. Perhaps he could still persuade her to marry him.

But making the trip was a mistake. When he got to Iowa he visited her and gave her the gifts he'd bought her, but Linda wasn't the same. She seemed almost a stranger—cool and distant. She told him, yes, she loved him; but she felt closer to Timmy. She'd known him all her life.

Hugh left the snow-covered fields of Iowa and hitchhiked to Chicago. He spent Christmas Day itself in a lonely YMCA; then he hitchhiked, depressed and downhearted, to Los Angeles.

He simply couldn't figure it out. I guess love is that way, he decided. There are no mapped-out formulas for anyone.

Today, Hugh says, "It still isn't easy for me to receive a Christmas card from Linda or a get-well note when she reads in a gossip column that I've had the flu or some eye trouble. I can't help but remember those sweet summer days we spent together, but I've made up my mind about one thing: To find love, you have to be open for love. You have to accept the past for what it was. *You can't live in it.* I'm a man who needs love—and I've been lonesome long enough." THE END

FOLLOW HUGH'S ADVENTURES AS "WYATT EARP" ON ABC-TV, 8:30-9 P.M. EDT TUESDAYS.

NICK ADAMS

Continued from page 64

couldn't take it any more. I wanted to leave. But try as I might I just couldn't find friends John and Bob—they'd been completely swallowed up by the crowd. I began pacing up and down, looking here and there. Then finally I decided to give up the search for a while and get something to drink.

I headed for the punch bowl, and it was then that I saw Carol. Something real cute, I thought, and I did a double take. A wisp of a girl with sparkling blue eyes, dressed all in white and looking just like a doll. I couldn't imagine how anything so lovely could have escaped my notice all evening.

She had her chin high in the air and seemed to be looking for someone over the heads of all the people. I wanted very much to speak to her, so I decided to use an old standby I always try when I see a girl I want to get to know. I just stare at the girl for a while, and this invariably acts as a cue for her to turn and smile—in surprise, if nothing else. Then we talk.

But with Carol it didn't work. She was obviously not typical, because she didn't even glance my way—not once. Something's got to be done, old Nick, I told myself, and it's gonna require thought. I reached into my pocket and took out a pack of cigarettes; but it was empty. Before I knew what I was doing, I'd crumpled the paper and cellophane in my hand and aimed it at her head.

A few seconds later she reached up, and without so much as a look in my direction, gracefully removed the wrinkled package and placed it in an ash tray. She didn't seem angry—just startled, so I moved nearer to her and was about to strike up a conversation when, for what I believed to be the first time in my life, I just couldn't think of anything to say. Minutes, embarrassing minutes, passed while she smiled at me, expecting me to start speaking. Finally I blurted out, "I'm Nick Adams. Can I get you something to eat?"

She shook her head. "Thank you—but I'm not hungry." Then she smiled and said, "I'm Carol Nugent."

"You . . . you looking for someone?" I said, remembering how she'd been looking around on her tip-toes.

"Yes. My sister. I wanted to leave but I don't see her anywhere. We came together."

Well, I'm sure the expression of relief at her mentioning her sister must have shown all over my face. I'd have been disappointed if she'd come with a date.

"Don't you like the party?" I asked her.

"It's not that," she began, speaking quite softly, tilting her head a little to one side. "It's just that . . . that I guess I'm not used to huge parties. I don't usually go to them." Then she gave me a wonderful smile and added, almost in a whisper, "I didn't really even want to come at all."

"I didn't either," I confided, feeling immediately a bond of friendship.

"Really?" She looked at me wide-eyed.

"No," I added. "I'd planned to stay in, but some guys dragged me out . . . I don't usually go to these parties either." Then, the wonderful way she was looking at me, out of her saucer-like bright blue eyes, made me add, "But I guess I'm glad I didn't miss this one." And I think she knew what I meant because she looked down for a moment, and I think she blushed a little.

"Like to sit down?" I offered. She shook her head, yes.

Carol and I talked on and on and on. We seemed to have so much to say to each

other about our likes, our ambitions, the way we both felt about a lot of things . . . Then a girl walked up to Carol.

"Oh, there you are," she said. "Where in the world have you been? I haven't seen you for hours." She was slim and attractive, and looked a little like Carol.

Carol smiled, introduced me to her sister, Judy, then answered, "I've been sitting right here in this one spot for hours . . . I . . ."

We chatted for a while, Judy left and it was then that Carol said—to no one in particular, "I'd like to go home."

Although she hadn't been speaking directly to me, I found myself saying, "Gee, Carol, I don't have my car with me. I came with a couple of friends. But . . ." Then before I could finish, John and Bob had strolled over.

John looked surprised. "Nick where have you been for the past two hours?" "I've been sitting right on this spot . . ."

They both smiled at Carol, and I introduced her.

"John," I said finally. "I want to drive Carol home, but you'll have to take me to my car first."

"Sure thing, Nick." John agreed.

The four of us piled into the car, and when we arrived at my place, Bob and John came in, stayed a polite few minutes, then said goodnight. It was nearly one o'clock and, picking up my car keys, Carol and I went straight out after them.

Fifteen minutes later, we had stopped in front of Carol's home. As before, we began talking and talking . . . as though we'd known each other for years.

I discovered that Carol and her sister had been in the movies since they were kids . . . that their family was in the industry too. Her father's an M-G-M prop man. I realized I'd even seen Carol on the screen—in "Green Dolphin Street." She'd been a child then, and had played Lana Turner's daughter. We laughed when I told her about going to the show near my home in New Jersey and seeing the movie over a couple of times because I'd liked it so much.

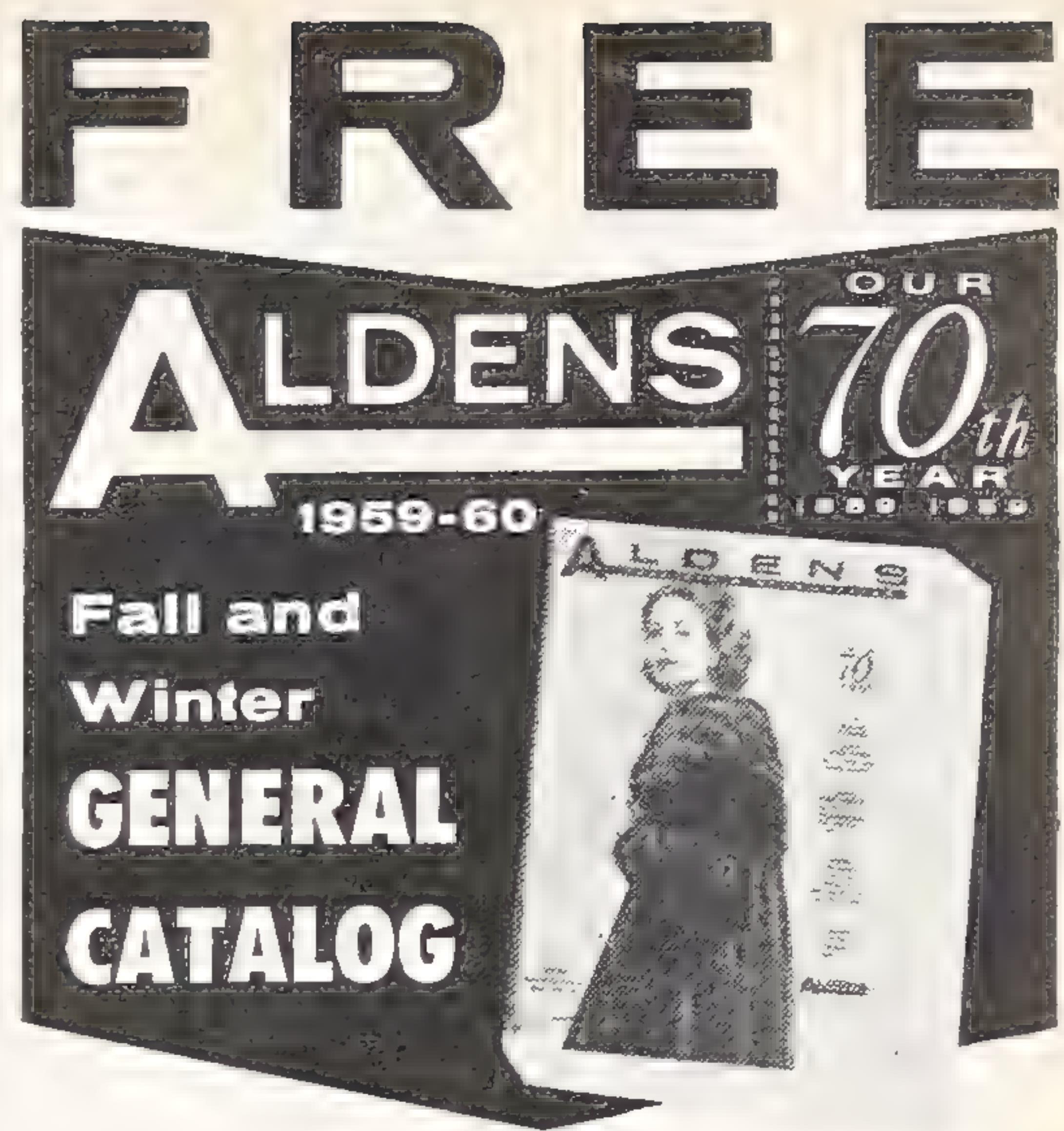
Then we stopped talking, and I turned to Carol, put my arm around her gently, and drew her close to me. We sat quietly, not speaking, just listening to music coming from the car radio, just sitting together. I don't think either of us wanted the evening to ever end. Finally, I took my arm from around her, put my hand under her chin, tilted her face up towards me and said softly, and very seriously, "Carol, I have something to say to you. But I want you to promise me first that when I get through you won't say anything. I want you to just sit and listen and take my words for what they're worth and remember them. Carol, I love you. I know it may be hard to believe; we've only known each other a few hours; but I swear to you that I love you. I want you to believe in me and to trust me. I want you to give me a chance to prove my love. I . . ."

Carol started to speak but I silenced her playfully with a kiss. Then, getting out of the car, I went around and helped her out. We walked up to the porch, holding hands, still clinging to each other.

When we got there, we kissed goodnight, but before she went in, I said, "I'll pick you up tomorrow and we'll spend the day at the beach. Okay?"

She nodded a yes and then said, "Nick . . . this, this has been a wonderful evening for me too." And she leaned forward, placing a tiny wisp of a kiss on my forehead.

At noon, the following day, John Ashley and I came by for Carol. For the past few years, I've always gone places with friends; double dates, triple dates, always part of a group. I guess I invited John out



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of force of habit, but I knew that for the first time I didn't have the same need to be surrounded by a lot of people.

Then, that night, after John had left us, we came back for dinner at Carol's house. We walked into the living room, hand in hand, grinning like a couple of lovesick calves. Carol introduced me and we all sat down and started talking. I could see Carol was watching for some reaction from her folks—particularly her dad. He was always courteous and polite, but never over-friendly.

Suddenly Carol noticed her father getting up from the couch and leaving the room. She seemed upset. Then before she had a chance to think further, her dad came back, a stack of records under his arm. Try as she might she couldn't conceal a feeling of delight as her father put the records on the turntable and said to me, "Nick, you look like the type that appreciates good music. Well, here are a few of my favorites." And for the next hour, we all sat listening to a succession of Irish folk songs. Carol told me later that her father only takes out the Irish records when he really likes someone.

From that day on, we were together constantly. Every time we saw each other it became harder to say goodnight, and every time, there seemed to be more and more to talk about.

On Saturday, May 2nd, I picked up Carol as usual. We weren't planning to go anywhere special—except that when we were together anywhere, it was always someplace special.

It was a magnificent day, not too hot, with the sky a deep, clear blue and bright sunshine. We cruised along by the shore, relaxing, both of us rather quiet. I don't think I've ever seen Carol look more beautiful. She had on a simple cotton dress of pale pink-and-white candy stripes and the sun was shimmering over her blond hair, making it sparkle.

Suddenly I pulled over to the curb and stopped the car. Then, I said simply, "Carol, let's get married."

She turned to me, looking startled for a moment. Then she just said "yes." I kissed her and then put my hand into my jacket pocket and pulled out a ring. I took Carol's left hand in mine and put the ring on her third finger. It was a little too large and kept slipping around on her finger.

"Oh, darling . . . it's beautiful," she said, holding up her hand. "It's a lovely ring . . . I always wanted one just like this . . . how did you know?" The questions came pouring out.

"It's my mother's . . . my mother's engagement ring," I said, a little nervously. "She gave it to me a few years ago and told me to keep it until I found the right person." Tears started streaming down her face. "Oh . . . Nick . . . I'm so happy," she whispered.

It was a moment we'll never forget.

A few minutes later I started the engine. "Let's go straight home and tell your folks . . . and I'll put a call through to New Jersey to mine," I said.

She moved across the front seat and sat close up next to me.

"When would you like a wedding?" I asked her softly. "Today?" I joked. But I knew that if she had said yes I would have married her right there and then.

"July's a nice month—and let's have a church wedding, Nick. I've always dreamed of one . . . of walking up the aisle in white."

"We'll have my family fly out for it too."

"And I'll devote all the rest of my life to making you a wonderful wife. No more acting for me."

"Really?"

"Nick," she said, gently pushing back a stray lock of hair that had fallen over my forehead. "All my life I've had opportunities to really move ahead in pictures but it's never meant much to me. I've always wanted a home and a family. And I want to make the day we get married the last day of my career. I want to spend my time making a home for you, being there when you need me, raising our children . . ."

"I'd never . . . never thought about children before . . . but I'd like some . . . I'd like a little son."

"What would we call him?"

"Algernon Adams," I laughed.

"Montmoncery Adams," joked back Carol.

"Honey, I've got it!" I said suddenly.

"We'll call our first son Reb . . . Reb Adams after the title of my new series, 'The Rebel,' that's going to give us all the money we need to raise an enormous family."

"Reb Adams," she repeated quietly.

If it hadn't been for a phone call I got four days later from my agent, telling me that filming for my new TV series had been scheduled to start at the beginning of July, I don't think we would have ever eloped. But when I heard this, and I told Carol that evening, we both knew we didn't want to put off the wedding.

"Honey," I suggested, "let's get married right away instead—this week."

She looked thoughtfully at me for a minute, just a minute, before she said, "Yes, Nick. Yes . . . I'd like that."

And we were both so happy because her family was pleased about it all, too. They came with us to Las Vegas that weekend. There were her mother and father, Judy, and Bob Conrad, an old friend of mine who was going to act as best man; and my partner, Andrew Fenaday, who also produces my TV series, "The Rebel," and his wife, Mary Frances.

And the first thing we did when we got to Vegas airport was to ask about a license bureau. "What time does it close?"

The clerk must have been used to this question because he grunted, "They never close, buddy, they're open twenty-four hours a day."

The family all went off to a hotel while Carol and I walked downtown to get the license. But when we got to the bureau we found a "Be Back in Fifteen Minutes" sign, tacked on to the door.

"Let's look around for a church while we're waiting," Carol said, "And see if we can order some flowers . . . I'd like to have flowers, Nick."

"We could stop for rings on the way, too," I suggested.

And we found a little jewelry shop where we bought matching gold wedding bands, then we went back for the license. Next, we searched for a chapel, but even though there seemed to be dozens—everywhere, we couldn't find anything we liked.

Suddenly Carol screamed, "Nick! Look! Over there." And following the direction in which she was pointing, I saw a picturesque, old-fashioned church with a neatly printed sign set on the lawn which read: Little Church in the West.

We crossed the street and went inside, looking around for someone who would make arrangements for us. We found a fellow, but he told us, "I'm sorry—you'll have to come back in two days."

Well, we couldn't do that—I had to get back to town because I was right in the middle of a TV series, and the Nugents couldn't stay that long either. So finally I persuaded him to let us marry the following day at one in the afternoon.

Saturday evening flew by, but . . . well, Carol would like to tell you this part.

That night I couldn't sleep. I was so excited. In the middle of the night I sat up in bed and said, "Mother." She grunted sleepily and then opened one eye. "Mmm?" she said.

"Mother, I just can't get married in that dress I packed." Everything had happened so fast that I hadn't had a chance to buy a new one and suddenly the dress I had brought with me seemed so inadequate for a wedding.

"Well, Carol," she was saying, "there's nothing much we can do about it. Tomorrow the shops are all closed. Besides, Nick hasn't anything special with him either. He's only got his blue jacket and gray slacks. It doesn't matter, Carol . . . as long as you're both together and happy. . . ."

I leaned over the adjoining bed and kissed my mother goodnight but somehow I just couldn't stop thinking about that dress. Everything else was in keeping with tradition: a borrowed slip from my sister; an old handkerchief from my grandmother; a blue half petticoat . . . but nothing new.

So the next morning I got up before everyone and slipped downtown. I knew the name of a friend of an old girlfriend of mine who had a dress shop in Las Vegas and I looked him up. When I told him my story he promised to get straight down to his store—and about half an hour later I walked out with a heavenly white organdy dress with a full pink underslip.

By the time I had arrived back at the hotel everyone was up and scared a little as to where I'd gone. We only had an hour left before the ceremony . . . but at exactly one o'clock everything was just as planned: I was walking down the aisle, hugging onto my father's arm, with the organ music playing. Then soon followed those words, "I now pronounce you man and wife . . ." But let Nick finish . . .

We had a champagne lunch back at the hotel and there was one thing left to do before we all went home: I wanted to call and tell my mother. It was Mother's Day and I knew she was expecting a call from me anyway.

"Mom—Happy Mother's Day!" I shouted, when she came onto the line. "I've got a special present for you this year!"

"Never mind about that, Nick," she said, before I could continue. "How's Carol—when's the wedding?"

"Well—that's the surprise. That's the present. We just got married . . . I'll let you speak to my wife now . . ." It sounded strange saying "wife" for the first time. But it felt good.

My mother seemed to be crying at the other end and Carol had tears in her eyes too. "He'd better be good to you . . ." she was telling Carol.

We managed to slip away for a few days' honeymoon to a wonderful spot called Lake Arrowhead. It was still early in the season and we had the entire lake front to ourselves. We rented a tiny cottage overlooking it—a small, rustic cabin with a huge fireplace for a log fire.

And we talked about the future . . . about how we'd met . . . about how it had all been so quick, and so perfect, almost as though it had been a movie we'd both been in . . . and about how happy we were. . . .

We've found a wonderful apartment, in the San Fernando Valley. It's got one bedroom . . . and a pink kitchen just the color of Carol's dress that day I asked her to marry me . . . and it has a balcony overlooking a turquoise pool . . .

That's where I'm writing this letter . . . we both want you to know we think marriage is just swell!

THE END

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LIZ AND EDDIE

Continued from page 26

close game, Eddie winning this one. You and I are sitting at the adjacent table, facing Liz. We couldn't be closer to her without being her escort.

Two minutes later—12:33 a.m.—Eddie comes onstage, singing. Eddie is standing in the dark. The spotlight is on the other side of the stage. Eddie is baffled. He doesn't know whether to walk toward the spotlight or wait for the spotlight to find him. He continues singing, waiting. The spotlight doesn't move. Eddie, continuing to sing, walks toward the spotlight. The spotlight quickly moves to the place Eddie has vacated. Eddie gets a little wise.

"Oh . . . you're starting with the gags," he mutters.

Liz giggles. The audience is amused. They are watching Liz as intently as they are Eddie. She has become an important part of his act as well as his life. She should receive billing.

Eddie never sang better. He feels and looks comfortable on the stage. He is easy, unbending for the first time. He is in command and projects authority. He is no longer the boy singer. He acts like a man.

Practically every song he sings has a double meaning. Early in his routine Eddie sings "Makin' Whoopee!"

*"Another bride, another June,
Another sunny honeymoon . . ."*

All eyes in the rather large Tropicana club room travel from the singer over to ringside Liz, who is smiling, her right arm resting on the railing of the orchestra pit. Liz Taylor is almost as much a part of the act as Eddie. She divides the attention of the audience, composed of friends and tourists.

Often during the performance, Liz mouths the words with Eddie. She has a crabmeat cocktail and some wine. The real food and the champagne (Liz' favorite beverage) she is waiting to have later with Eddie. Sometimes she beats out the tempo of the song with her fingers on the table; it looks as if she were typing. I don't have the slightest doubt that Eddie is playing mainly to his future bride and she is loving it.

During the performance, the gags continue. For example, when Eddie sings his hit "Oh My Pappa," every musician in the orchestra takes out his handkerchief and pretends to wipe his eyes. Papa Fisher wears a slight smile.

A little later, Eddie sings "Hava Nagila," announcing that it is Liz' and his favorite song. I guess we could call it their "our song." Liz stops eating, drinking and tapping the table for this one. She looks at Eddie with big, love-filled eyes.

Eddie concludes with "Somewhere," from Leonard Bernstein's "West Side Story."

"There's a place for us, somewhere a place for us.

Peace and quiet and open air

Wait for us somewhere. . . .

We'll find a new way of living,

We'll find a way of forgiving,

Somewhere—there's a place for us."

The audience applauds fast and loud and long. So does Liz.

While Eddie is taking still another bow, a waiter can be heard bawling out a customer. All attention goes to the waiter.

He is Don Rickles, the professional insulter. He happens to be in Vegas, playing the Sahara Lounge. Fisher announces him, and in less time than it takes to get a marriage license, even in Vegas, Rickles is on the stage. He gives Eddie a few rapid insults—"Why should tomorrow night be different from all other nights?"

It's the night before the wedding. That's why Eddie, Liz, the relatives, the friends are in Las Vegas. The scene shifts to Eddie's dressing room. He is now taking off his makeup. The room is crowded with friends, relatives, newspapermen and, of course, Liz. The traffic is continuous, coming and going. With the exception of Liz. She is permanent.

Eddie says to no one in particular: "That's it. That's it. That was the end!"

Liz answers him, "No! It's only the beginning. You're only starting, Mr. Fisher."

"It was your last night as a single," Joey Forman wisecracks, "and you were great. Get it—as a single!"

Eddie laughs, gets up from the chair and kisses Liz. "Elisheba, you're wonderful . . . and beautiful." Elisheba is Liz' name in Hebrew, and his pet name for her.

"What about tomorrow?" Milton Blackstone, Eddie's manager, wants to know. "The judge. Don't you think we ought to discuss it?"

"Discuss . . . discuss," Eddie says, "I'm disgusted with discussing."

"That's pretty good," Joey says. Then, having caught the note of irritation in Eddie's voice, Liz suggests, "Why don't we get something to eat, say, in the room? We can arrange everything there. Eddie must be starved. He hasn't eaten anything all night."

Mike Todd Jr. nods and says, "Good idea, Liz."

"I feel fine," Eddie says. Then, looking around the room, he asks, "Good show tonight, wasn't it? A great audience. I could feel they were with us."

"Only time I got nervous," Liz answers, "was when you introduced me and that fellow in the audience hollered, 'Get her up on the stage.' You quieted him nicely."

Most of the people begin to leave the dressing room. Shortly afterward, Eddie, Liz, and a few relatives exit. They are met in the corridor by a newspaperman who asks a typical question about the situation and pending marriage. Eddie has grown

accustomed to this type of question—in fact, all types—and answers smiling.

He says, "I've come to believe that if you're heart says it's right, do it." Liz nods her approval. "I say goodnight until tomorrow."

The next day Eddie Fisher leaves the Tropicana Hotel at 1:30 p.m. for the courthouse, where two officials were to shatter the atmosphere of love in bloom with fiery blasts. At the courthouse, District Attorney George Foley declared: "The whole thing is a spectacle . . . a circus . . . a travesty of justice in Nevada courts."

District Judge George Marshall was even sharper. He said it would make a "sham" of Nevada divorce laws to grant Fisher an immediate divorce "if the publicity in this man's life is only one-tenth truthful." Judge Marshall said he was referring to the state law listing requirements for applicants for divorce. Nevada law requires a six-week residency with indication of intent to live in the state.

Someone murmurs, "At least Fisher displayed more evidence of intent to live in Las Vegas than the vast majority of people who are granted divorces according to the Nevada law. They shouldn't try to change the people; they should change the law."

While this is going on, I drive out with photographer Larry Barbier to the modern house with a butterfly-shaped roof that Eddie bought from the builder, Irwin Mulasky. The house is so new that the foilage hasn't been placed in front and the house doesn't even have a number yet. It will be 310 Twain Road, and it is opposite the third hole on the Desert Inn golf course. In fact it's merely a short putt from the master bedroom.

A tree grows right in the living room of the new Fisher house, and provision has been made for full-growth, so it will be able to protrude through the ceiling and lift its leafy arms toward the sky.

There's a fireplace and a laundry and a refrigerator. These objects will remain no



After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Fisher came from the Temple looking radiant. "Never been happier," murmured Liz; then I got a chance to kiss the bride.

matter what new furniture Liz brings in and how they arrange the rooms. I don't know if Liz can cook or likes to; I know that both of them love to eat. The master bedroom will have a king-sized bed. It now has twin beds, which Liz, although realizing she and Eddie wouldn't occupy them, managed to push together during their inspection of the house.

Supposedly, Eddie bought this house. The truth is that he only made a down-payment on it, with an option to buy. Also, Eddie didn't buy this house in his name or as a gift for Liz. The option-to-buy was taken by Ramrod, a production firm owned by Fisher and Blackstone.

Meanwhile, back at the Las Vegas courthouse, Eddie Fisher, wearing a gray coat and slacks, enters the courtroom amid spectators, newspapermen and photographers. It is 1:50 p.m. District Judge David Zenoff presides.

Eddie asks for and receives authorization for a closed hearing on the divorce action, declaring: "If the public only knew the truth, the real reasons for our split-up."

Is there still something about this over-publicized romance and split-up that the public doesn't know? It's difficult to believe, but District Judge Zenoff grants Eddie's petition for a sealed transcript of the court action.

Eddie's only witness is Nat Brandwynne, the orchestra leader. The divorce hearing lasts only twelve minutes. Eddie then waits in Judge Zenoff's chambers for Liz. She arrives about fifteen minutes after the divorce has been granted. He is informed of her approach and goes to join her at the entrance to the chambers.

"You got it, honey?" Liz whispers.

Eddie smiles, "Yes . . . Mrs. Fisher."

Then Eddie and Liz walk on through blazing newsreel and TV camera lights and flashbulbs to Clerk Reed's office, and more movie lights and flashbulbs pop as they fill out marriage license number 394535.

The scene now shifts to the Temple Beth Sholom, a modernistic red-brick building, not yet a year old. It is the Jewish community center of Las Vegas as well as the town's synagogue. The carved Hebrew letters on the entrance to the Temple read: "House of Worship" and "House of Gathering." The Hebrew letters over the door of the synagogue itself, where the ceremony is to take place, read: "House of Study." These are the three purposes of a Temple—Gathering, Study and Worship.

The marriage ceremony is to be private, with only members of the family and close friends permitted to attend. Eddie has invited about 12 people; Liz about 14. The press and the photographers are ushered into the Temple social hall—a gymnasium-type structure adjacent to the synagogue where the ceremony takes place. In fact, only a thin sliding door, more like a full-length screen, separates the synagogue from the social hall. When there is a large crowd, the sliding door is opened and the social hall is used as part of the synagogue. Almost every word spoken in the synagogue can be heard through the sliding door, if one is attentive. As a member of the press, I will stay in this social hall during the wedding ceremony.

"This wedding's going to go off the way Liz wants it," Eddie has said. "It's her wedding. She doesn't want to cheapen it or make a circus out of it. I want to make her happy."

Eddie arrives smiling at the Temple well in advance of the ceremony. He is dressed in a dark blue suit and a black tie. He immediately goes into a room for a closed conference with Jack Entratter of the Sands Hotel (he is the newly-installed President of the Temple), Rabbi Bernard Cohen and Rabbi Max Nussbaum of Temple Beth Israel, Los Angeles, who has re-

cently converted Miss Taylor to Judaism. Both Rabbis are to officiate at the wedding because, according to the state law, the marriage wouldn't be legal if performed by a visiting Rabbi. In fact, Eddie Fisher has to be a member of the Temple Beth Sholom congregation, and he had joined the day before.

Liz Taylor arrives eighteen minutes late for her fourth wedding. The only mild excitement breaks out as she drives up to the Temple in a black Cadillac limousine, as not quite one hundred spectators, including some teenagers, press against the car and try to to tear at her dress for souvenirs.

The crowd is comparatively small because Eddie and Liz, despite the front-page publicity, don't want to turn their wedding into the Hollywood-premiere category.

Two policemen keep the crowd in order. They seem to enjoy their work.

"This is easy," one of them says. "Nothin'. You should have been around when Rita Hayworth married that other singer, Dick Haymes."

"That was a real clambake," the other policeman agrees. "I'd say it was Vegas' biggest wedding."

Liz and Eddie aren't out to break any attendance records. Liz is strikingly beautiful in her specially created wedding gown over a moss green taffeta underslip with matching satin shoes. The gown was designed for her by Jean Louis of Columbia Pictures, who is making her wardrobe for her next picture, "Suddenly Last Summer." Liz may wear the dress in the movie.

The wedding starts at sundown, at exactly 5:37 p.m. Eddie and all the male guests wear the traditional Yamulkas or skullcaps. Liz carries white lilies-of-the-valley and green orchids. She also wears a green veil.

Standing in the social hall next to the thin sliding door, I can hear the customary Temple music. Rabbi Cohen reads the orthodox chants. Rabbi Nussbaum, actually performing the double-ring ceremony and then delivering a sermon on the responsibilities of marriage, turns to the Old Testament, to the "Song of Solomon" and reads: "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. . . ."

Following is the traditional Jewish ceremony of exchanging rings and sipping the wine, with Eddie then breaking a goblet under his foot to remind everyone, even on this happy occasion, of life's sorrows. Then Eddie kisses Liz, briefly but warmly. It is not a clinging kiss.

It is now 5:57 p.m., and at long last Eddie Fisher and Elizabeth Taylor are man and wife.

Immediately following the completion of the marriage rites, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher enter the Temple's social hall to face the cameras of the photographers and the questions of the newspapermen. Eddie and Liz stand next to each other, smiling big.

"What do you want us to do?" Eddie asks.

"Kiss her," a photographer shouts. "It's legal now."

Liz giggles and Eddie leans over to kiss her gently. Then Eddie takes out his handkerchief and wipes the lipstick from his lips.

Another photographer calls out, "You don't have to get rid of the lipstick, Eddie."

"He's neat," Liz explains, laughing. "Eddie is neat."

While this scene is taking place, I see Judge David Zenoff, who granted Eddie his divorce. The Judge also attended the wedding ceremony and has been invited to the small wedding party later at the Hid-



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den Well ranch, where Liz has been staying.

And I learn that the marriage certificate is signed by Rabbi Bernard Cohen, Temple Beth Sholom, and Jack Entratter, who is the President of the Temple.

After the photographers and most of the press have finished with Eddie and Liz, I kiss the bride and congratulate the groom.

"Liz, you look beautiful," I say.

"I don't know how I look," Liz tells me, "but I know that I feel beautiful."

"And what about you, Eddie?" I ask.

"I've never been happier."

"Then it was worth everything you went through?"

"I've come to believe," Eddie repeats, "if your heart says it's right, do it."

"The something old, something new, something borrowed tradition," I ask Liz, "what was it with you?"

"Something old is this handkerchief," Liz says, "an heirloom . . . in the family

for years. Something new? This dress. Something borrowed? A green garter I borrowed from my mother. Something blue?" Liz pauses and then smiles up at Eddie. "Nothing. I broke with tradition. There's nothing blue about this marriage."

There is a small wedding party reception at the Hidden Well Ranch. A big wedding cake and champagne. It doesn't take long because Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fisher have to be on the 8:45 p.m. plane to L.A. From there to N.Y. and then to Europe. It'll be a combination honeymoon and work. Liz will make the movie, "Suddenly Last Summer." Eddie will sing at several theaters, including the Palladium. While in London, Eddie and Liz already have rented a house about half an hour's drive from the city. It is the same house Marilyn Monroe and Arthur Miller occupied.

Later, Eddie and Liz will visit Israel. Eddie will not play a part in "Suddenly

Last Summer," but they do have plans to appear in a movie together.

There is one thing definite, very definite, about Eddie and Liz Fisher: They are in love.

I can hear you asking me: "Do you think the marriage has a chance? Will it last?"

How should I know! Friends of mine got married last month. They're not in the movies. He sells insurance and she's strictly a housewife. I couldn't tell you if their marriage is going to last. So how can I tell you about a singer and a glamor queen? However, I do know this: I knew the engagement would last, because it turned into a wedding. And I'm sure Eddie and Liz are married, because I was there.

THE END

NEXT FOR LIZ: COLUMBIA'S "SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER," THEN "TWO FOR THE SEESAW" TO BE RELEASED BY UNITED ARTISTS.

DEBBIE

Continued from page 31

came over and, smiling, said hello to us.

And then we were introduced to Carrie, a pixie of a little girl with fine, pale honey-colored hair combed into bangs across her forehead. She looks sturdy and yet doll-like. When one hears her speak so distinctly it is almost a shock to realize that the words are coming from a little bit of a girl, not quite three years old. She resembles her mother very much. "Excepting the eyes," Mrs. Reynolds said. "Debbie's are green, but Carrie's eyes are dark brown."

When we asked Carrie to give us a dish of the sand she had been energetically filling and spilling, she threw us a smile and immediately filled a tin, fish-shaped dish and presented it to us. She never stopped talking. Bits of words, some very clear, half talking to us, and half to herself, but as happy as a bird. When we asked her to show us her dolls, she cocked her head for a moment, smiling enchantingly as she pondered whether or not to leave the sandpile to get them. Finally agreeing, she said, "Okay . . . okay . . ." as she ran off to get the dolls. Her movements reminded me so much of Debbie's.

"She's just like her mother," Mrs. Reynolds remarked, with a twinkle, as though reading my thoughts, "Carrie and Debbie—both alike, and both of them busy all the time."

When Debbie joined us in the garden, Carrie's face lit up immediately. She rushed into her mother's arms. Debbie kissed her fondly and said, "You stay out here, Carrie. I'm going into the living room for a little chat. Later, after you've had your lunch, we'll go out for our walk. Okay?"

Inside, Debbie sat up straight against the couch. The brilliant gold of her dress toned well with the muted shades of the chintz covering. She had a piquant look about her, and she wore her hair piled high on top of her head and coiled in a soft swirl, a row of bangs on her forehead. It didn't seem to make her look older or more staid, or old-fashioned. It was really very pretty and soft. When we admired it, she said, "I never liked myself in short hair . . . my hair is very long now . . . I like it this way best." We agreed with her. She looked like a movie star.

She seemed to sense how charming and comfortable we thought the house seemed, because she said softly, "I love it, too. And it has so many advantages. . . . It's near a

park where Carrie can play . . . there are other children on the street . . . and it's quiet here, and not too far from Westwood Village for shopping . . ."

She curled her legs under her. "I think," she said, casting her eyes around the room, "that this house looks like it has been lived in, and that's how a house should look."

Then we both looked at each other. She was waiting for the questions, but, at that moment, the phone rang, and Carrie kept wandering in and out, staying just long enough to lay her head on her mother's lap and then ran outside again.

Finally, we said, "They say you do not wish to give any more interviews. Is that true?"

She admitted it was. "I have been stunned," she said. "Stunned and hurt by so many of the things that have been printed . . . things the press did not even bother to check. I can't and I don't expect every member of the press to adore me. But I do feel I have the right to expect him to check a story before printing it." She continued rather nervously. "I have always been grateful to reporters. I know how much they have done for my career. I have always tried to cooperate. . . . I always enjoyed giving interviews—it was sort of fun. But now I can't feel the same way about it."

She got up suddenly and stared out into the garden. When she turned toward the room again, she said very quietly, "I'm not going to let it hurt me any more. I've got so much to be grateful for: my two children, my family. Every day I spend with Carrie and Todd is such a wonderfully happy day. We're together a great deal of the time. But now, I'm so busy with my career, I won't be able to be with them as much as I would like."

"I have a nurse for Todd and I love taking care of Carrie myself. I don't find it difficult at all. And I think it's very important to spend as much time as possible with children and not turn them over completely to the care of a nurse."

Can you describe an average day with Carrie?" we asked. "When does it begin, and what do you usually do together?"

"Both of us are very early risers," she laughed. "About 7:30 in the morning I hear her calling me, 'Mummy . . . come . . . come, Mummy.' So I get up, dress Carrie. She has her milk. I have my orange juice. We always have breakfast and lunch together and sometimes with Todd, too, now that he's growing up. Carrie's favorite dish is meat and potato chips. But Todd loves milk and graham crackers best. We have a regular routine. After breakfast I

read my newspaper, and Carrie sits beside me looking through her picture book—she loves the ones with animals. Then we decide where we will take our morning walk. We go out for one hour. Sometimes she wants to go to the park or just down the street to pick some berries from her favorite bush. She's crazy about that berry bush. We generally take Rocky with us . . . he's our little four-pound poodle, you know. When Rocky gets tired of Carrie he just hides under a piece of furniture, where she can't get at him, and stays there until he's rested. Then he goes back for more rough and tumble.

"We love to walk early in the morning. It seems the world has all kinds of adventures for Carrie. Those fascinating berries, for one thing, which she can't resist picking, but then offers generously to me. Once she brought me a snail . . . and I had to take it, too," Debbie said with a wry face. "She is very curious about everything . . . an interesting pebble, a tiny flower, some leaves. It's wonderful to watch her earnestly turn them over in her hand and study them."

As she spoke of her daughter she would cast a glance from time to time to the garden, where she could see Carrie playing.

"She's really such an amusing little girl, and very musical. She loves to listen to all kinds of music. But she has a temper! Like me," Debbie grinned. "She knows exactly what she wants, and if you try to stop her . . . wow! I used to let her walk down to her favorite bush by herself. It wasn't too far away, and while I'd sit on our front steps reading the paper, one eye on her all the time, she'd keep running back and forth to me. Suddenly, one time, I looked up and she was way down the block crossing over to the other side of the street. I rushed after her, and when I caught up with her she was furious with me and howled at the top of her lungs. I don't know what the neighbors thought of us making such a racket so early in the morning! You know how quiet most of these streets are. Every once in a while I catch Carrie trying to outwit me. She's made up her mind that someday she's really going to get to the other side of the street . . . and she's quick as lightning."

"When we get home," she continued, "Todd's generally up and we visit with him for a while."

"Does he resemble Carrie?" we asked.

"No, I don't think so . . . he just looks like himself. He's a very lovely baby, amiable all the time . . . calmer than Carrie . . . and she adores him. She calls him 'Toddy' . . . on the nurse's day off Carrie helps me take care of him."

Debbie had, we discovered, very definite ideas as to how she wanted to raise her

children, and was carrying them through. "I believe," she said, "even though I have a very busy career, I must spend as much time as I can with my children."

The neighborhood is charming. Carrie has her pals—her sewing circle, I call them. We all live close by. There's Kelly Curtis, who's the same age as Carrie, and curiously enough they resemble each other, although I think Kelly is taller. Then there's Cindy Calhoun. She's a real charmer, with dark, dark eyes and hair. When she and Carrie are together they laugh all the time. Sometimes she meets Greg Champion in the park. He's such a handsome little boy. . . ."

The doorbell suddenly rang. We were sure Debbie's other guests had arrived and the interview had come to an end. But she asked that we remain for a moment. When she returned she informed us that only one guest had arrived. The other would be late, so if we wished, she would be glad to answer any more questions.

"What about dating again?" I asked. "I'm going out again, but I'm not dating anyone steady," she answered. "I don't want any serious romance right now. I'm not ready for it. But," Debbie smiled, "I hope I marry again. I'm not soured on marriage. There isn't a woman alive who someday, someday, doesn't hope to find happiness in marriage and I'm certainly one of them. I had great happiness with Eddie, but I don't want to go back over all that. It's all been said. I want to face the future. It's suddenly so bright again."

"Do you feel it's possible to make really lasting and true friendships in Hollywood, where there usually are so many jealousies and pressures, and careers are so competitive?"

Debbie considered the question very seriously before answering. "All my life," she said, "my friends have meant a great deal to me. Our house was always filled with my friends . . . close friends. As you know, Jeanette Johnson, who accompanied me to Europe two years ago, is one of my closest friends. And Camille Williams went with me to Spain only a few months ago, when I was making 'It Started With a Kiss' over there. We all went through school together. Jeanette is a teacher, and even though our careers take up much of our time, we see each other as often as we can. We will always be close friends. I have other school friends, too. We keep in touch with each other on the phone, meet at showers. Pier Angeli is a close friend. We talk on the phone—but I don't see her as much as I'd like. We never seem to be free

at the same time. It's the same with Jane Powell. She's so busy with her nightclub engagements, and she has three children—it's always a question of having free time.

"I think it is as possible to make friends in Hollywood as anywhere else. However, I do expect the same kind of loyalty from others that I give myself.

"People have helped me," Debbie said. "I can't forget that. I am grateful for all this . . ." she said, indicating the house. "I suppose I have changed, too. I know one thing. I have learned there is something more important than ambition. It's being happy. It's being with Carrie and Todd. It's fine to have a career, too, but they will always come first in my life." She turned to look at Carrie playing in the garden. "Funny little Carrie," she said musingly, "so busy all the time. She'll have a long nap after her lunch today, I'm sure," Debbie winked at us.

"Are you happy about the new picture?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I am, but I will have to rearrange things at home. We have a butler, but no cook. I haven't had much luck . . . I don't know why . . . it must be our new electronic stove . . . it frightens them . . . !"

"An electronic stove?" "It's wonderful," she answered enthusiastically. "Of course, you have to learn how to use it. It has all kinds of dials, like an airplane, but it cooks a steak in about six minutes . . . bakes potatoes in four . . . it's fabulous! It isn't difficult to learn how to cook in it . . . but it just seems formidable to anyone not accustomed to using it."

The doorbell rang again. "It must be the other guest I'm expecting," she said.

"I guess I will have to go now. Would you like Carrie and my mother to walk you to the car?"

She called out to Carrie who came running in—with Mrs. Reynolds right behind her.

"Carrie, will you take our guests' hands and walk with them to the car?" she asked.

Carrie threw us a quick look. She hesitated a moment, then, with a bright pixie smile, put her little hand in ours and walked us slowly to the car. She said goodbye and ran back down the walk, up the stairs and into the house. As we watched her, we thought, "Debbie's working everything out. She's changed, but somehow, you know, her feet are always on the ground."

THE END

SEE DEBBIE IN M-G-M'S "THE MATING GAME" AND TWENTIETH'S "SAY ONE FOR ME." WATCH FOR M-G-M'S "IT STARTED WITH A KISS." DEBBIE IS ALSO A DOT RECORDING ARTIST.



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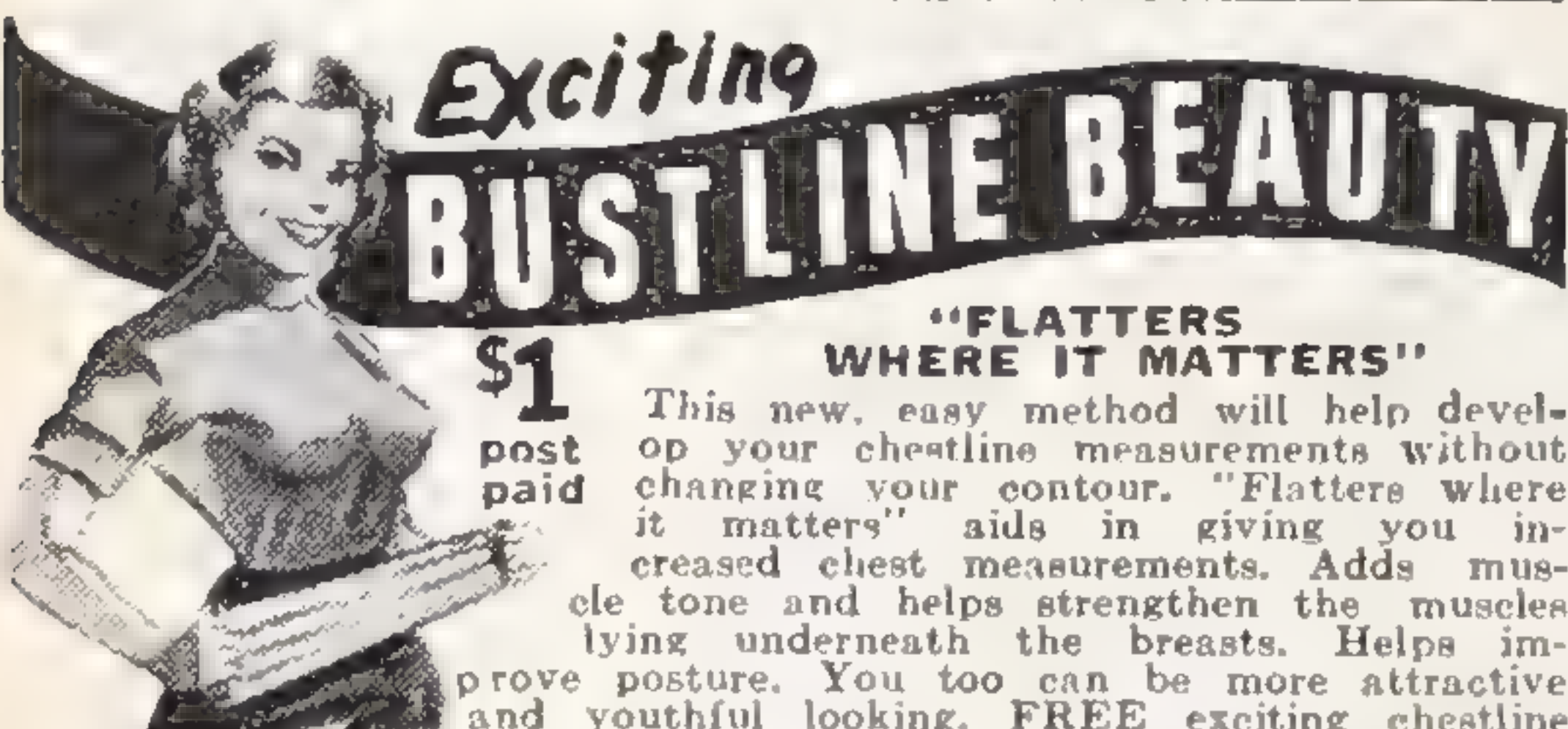
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MARILYN MONROE

Continued from page 36

blond hair. And she had on hardly any makeup. I stared. I couldn't help myself. Then my first impulse was to run and ask for her autograph.

But something stopped me. "No," a voice inside of me whispered. "Follow her!"

Now that's not very nice, I know, but I just couldn't help it. I had a wild curiosity about what she was going to do.

So I waited for her to get a headstart and I shadow-trailed Marilyn all over her East Side neighborhood. In New York each block is like a community, with a supermarket, drug store, bakery. If you really wanted to, you could live on one block forever—never leave the vicinity, that is—because you'd be able to do everything from having old shoes resoled to buying ham-and-cheese sandwiches at the delicatessen.

Marilyn walked with her bouncy Monroe walk, but, strangely enough, not very many people recognized her, everybody evidently taking her to be a part of the New York crowd. I followed her through her rounds of the neighborhood stops, unobtrusively and at a distance.

My first stop was the day-doorman of her building on East 57th Street (I noticed on the mail rack that Marilyn and Arthur lived in Apartment 13E). The building is very elegant, with a marble floor in the lobby, a domed ceiling and delicate murals on the wall. There are reclining Empire couches in a mottled silk upholstery.

Joe Yulstra, the tall Dutch day-doorman, blue-eyed and jowly, told me in a European dialect, "The first time I saw her, she was coming from the grocer's with a big bag. And some little boy said, 'Marilyn, Marilyn, give me your autograph.' And do you know, she put her big package down and smiled and signed the little boy's notebook. Now, isn't that something nice for her to do?"

He added, "She and Mr. Miller, they like to go bicycle riding in Central Park when the weather's good. She wears white pants and he wears old Army clothes, and both of them whistle and sing. They're very happy.

"No, she never wears much makeup in the daytime when she goes out. But I don't know what she does in the evenings. You ought to ask the night-man, Jimmy McQuade."

I asked Jimmy McQuade, of course, when he came on duty later that day, and Jimmy, a youngish, handsome man, told me in a thick Irish brogue, "Oh Marilyn? She's the most sociable of anybody. She just loves kids. She wants a baby more than anything. Everybody says so. She'll always say hello to a little kid on the street or in the elevator. And you should see the way she treats Mr. Miller's two children. Just like she was their mother. She's always buttoning up Robert's coat if it's a cold day, and she goes out shopping with Jane for pretty dresses and things.

"Marilyn has a maid, but she isn't afraid of hard work. Sometimes, when the maid's sick, Marilyn scrubs the floors. She told one of the neighbors once that hard work never hurt anybody—and I agree with her."

I asked if Marilyn and Arthur had fabulous parties.

"No," Jimmy told me. "They don't entertain too much. They love to go to their country house in Connecticut for quiet weekends, and she always takes her

dog, Hugo. He's a black-and-white basset hound.

"At night, they go for a walk or to the movies. She dresses up just a little bit, puts on some lipstick—but that's all."

One of Marilyn's first stops that afternoon when I followed her was "The 400 Cake Shop" around the corner on First Avenue. It's a small shop with glass cases full of tempting, sugar-smelling goodies.

When I talked with Alma, one of the white-uniformed waitresses, she told me Marilyn had a passion for poppy-seed rolls and rye bread. "Oh, she likes deserts, too," Alma added, "but she doesn't like anything chocolate. I heard her say once she finally got over her craving for chocolate. And was she glad! Now, she likes cheesecake and macaroons, strawberry tarts and layer cakes. She doesn't ask for us to deliver—most times she'll carry the cake-boxes home herself.

"She's a sweetheart of a customer. Both she and Mr. Miller seem to have a sweet tooth—like mine!"

Alma offered me a butter cookie and helped herself to one.

For groceries, Marilyn goes to "The Gristede Brothers Superior Market" near the bake shop. When I asked the curly-haired clerk at the counter about Marilyn, he said she likes to take her time in the store and browse through the self-service shelves. She's always very excited when she discovers a new product, like an instant soup or an unusual cheese. She orders her meat personally, to make sure she gets a good cut.

"Half the time," the clerk said, smiling, "she takes the groceries with her. The other half she lets me deliver them."

My next stop was the Sutton Place Stationers at 1040 First Avenue, where Marilyn borrows books from the rental library.

"She doesn't come in here too often by herself," the proprietor, Jack Newman said. "Usually she's with Mr. Miller, and she's holding on to his arm. I don't know why, but to me she's never seemed like Marilyn Monroe, the sexy girl in the movies. She's just like an everyday housewife who's crazy about her husband. Mr. Miller stops in for Half-and-Half pipe tobacco or an evening newspaper.

"We carry his book, 'The Collected Plays of Arthur Miller,' and she likes to point to it when they're together, and both of them smile. She's never dressed up, and he likes open shirts without neckties and old pants. My wife calls the way he dresses 'in the rough.'

"She always says hello to me. She does read a lot. She's always exchanging books, but I don't have time to pay attention to the titles."

I'd heard that Marilyn loves antique shops, and that afternoon, when I trailed her like a space-age Sherlock Holmes, I noticed her stop a number of times to look in the Third Avenue shop windows.

Between windowshopping, she visited

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Schrafft's Restaurant at 57th Street, sat at the counter and ordered a Broadway ice cream soda (made with coffee and chocolate syrup). Then she continued her tour of the antique stores.

Finally, she did go into one. The French Antiques Store at 957 Third Avenue. It has everything from huge white china dogs to inlaid Oriental chests. I couldn't take my eyes off the rows and rows of sooty crystal chandeliers on the ceiling, and there was a pleasant scent of lemon oil in the air.

"We never bother Miss Monroe," a clip-voiced, smartly dressed young man with a soft pudgy face told me later. "Usually one of the salesmen'll ask if he can help her in any way, but she just shakes her head and looks around. She likes to touch the tops of old chests and feel the smooth finish. She has a genuine love for antiques," he said. "You can tell from the way she looks at them. No, she doesn't buy very much, but she does a great deal of looking."

A few doors down, at 969 Third Avenue, Marilyn paused by a delicatessen and feasted her eyes on the tiers and tiers of gourmet foods in the window: red caviar in flat glass jars, fried Swedish meatballs in cans, champagne-flavored sauerkraut. Across the street is the huge white-stone edifice of Bloomingdale's big department store, and, when the red light changed, she crossed over.

In the store she wended her way through the crowd of Saturday shoppers to the self-service elevators. I barely made it to the elevator in time—just getting there as the door closed. I stood in the back. Marilyn pressed the button for the sixth floor.

When the elevator stopped, she got off and walked towards the housewares department, and, from the sparkle in her eyes and the grin on her face, I could tell she was going to have a field day. She walked from counter to counter, handling bright yellow and green enamelled pots and pans from Europe, studying the apothecary jars of herbs, tinkering with the copper tea kettles.

Finally, she went over to the Au Gourmet Corner, with its chintzy early American atmosphere, and listened to a man in a white apron explain to wandering shoppers the secrets of making the fancy French pastry, "Flutes Enchantées." She watched him stuff the flutes with a specially prepared sweet cream; then, picking up a recipe sheet from a little table nearby, she folded it into her coat pocket.

There was a pause in the lesson as the cook checked the oven, and two middle-aged ladies near Marilyn, both of them wearing eyeglasses and feathered hats, began talking about what they planned to do for the rest of the day.

"Oh, I was thinking," one of them said, "about going down Third Avenue for some good Polish sausage. I don't get to the city too often, and there's a little place I used to go to where the butcher imported this wonderful kielbasse..."

"Where is it?" Her friend was interested.

"Well," the first one said, "I haven't been there in a while, maybe a year or two. But I have the address written down somewhere." She opened her purse and leafed through a bulging address book. "I think I've listed it under Polish sausage," she said, her voice trailing as she flipped the wrinkled pages. "Oh, here it is! '685 Third Avenue.' I guess I never bothered to get the name of the store."

Marilyn was all ears. As soon as the lesson ended, she went down to the first floor and hailed a yellow cab at the corner. I hailed another cabbie and told him to follow Marilyn. I really felt as if I were in a movie—for a change. We rode down

Third Avenue in the thick New York traffic, and suddenly her cab stopped and deposited her in front of a parking lot on 43rd Street.

I got out and watched her. Maybe she was going to pick up her car? But no, she seemed confused. She kept looking all around her.

Then, of all things, she came over to me. I was standing near the streetcorner, pretending I was waiting to cross the street. I suddenly got scared. Maybe she had noticed me following her—and was going to tell me to get lost?

"Hey, mister," she said, in a soft, whispery voice. "Is this 685 Third Avenue?" pointing to the parking lot.

I could barely get my voice out. "Gee," I said. "I don't know. I'll... I'll ask somebody."

I asked a passerby who shrugged his shoulders. Then I went across the street to the Gold Coast Cafe and asked the bartender. He said, "Yeah, that's 685 Third Avenue. Why?"

I told him Marilyn Monroe wanted to know. He looked at me as if I were crazy. I went back to Marilyn and said, "Yes, that's 685 Third Avenue..."

Her expectant expression fell. She looked so disappointed. "But somebody said this is where they sold Polish sausage, and I wanted to get some. My husband's crazy about it."

"Maybe..." I ventured, "maybe they've torn the building down."

Reflectively, she shook her head from side to side. "Maybe," she said. "Oh, they're tearing down this whole city, and it makes me mad. Isn't it a shame to see everything go?"

Then she flashed her wide, doll-baby smile, stepped into the street and hailed a taxi. I never got up enough nerve to ask for her autograph. I just stood there like a jerk, not knowing what to say; and that's when I decided to go back to all the places she had visited that afternoon to find out all about Marilyn.

That following week I heard there was going to be a preem of "Some Like It Hot," and I was out front, waiting with the fans for Marilyn to appear. There were roving spotlights and TV announcers, and brass bands playing jumpy songs from the twenties.

Marilyn finally stepped out of the shiny black limousine, smiling a wonderful "star" smile to everyone. She wore heavy make-up and a gorgeous skin-tight white gown covered with hundreds and hundreds of glittering bugle beads. And she kept smiling that fabulous smile all over the place.

When she went into the theater with Arthur—who wore a tux and black tie—she sat in the front section reserved for them.

Then, as I watched her, I felt that wonderful feeling you get when you know something nobody else knows. I knew, from "our" Saturday together, another Marilyn, an everyday Marilyn—the housewife who wanted to find Polish sausage for her husband.

THE END

BEFORE THE LAUGHTER COOLS OVER U.A.'S "SOME LIKE IT HOT," MARILYN WILL BE SEEN IN TWENTIETH'S "TIME AND TIDE."

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Eddie and Elizabeth Fisher color by Jack Algin; Tony Curtis color courtesy of United Artists (Some Like It Hot); Debbie Reynolds and daughter Carrie color by Peter Basch; Susan Hayward and Eaton Chalkley color by Barbier (Globe); Debbie Reynolds and children by Lou Jacobs Jr.; Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell by Sid Avery; Hugh O'Brian by Curt Gunther (Topix); Nick Adams by Leon Beauchemin (Topix); Dick Clark and rock 'n' rollers in Florida by Allan Gould (Globe); Fabian by Henri Dauman.

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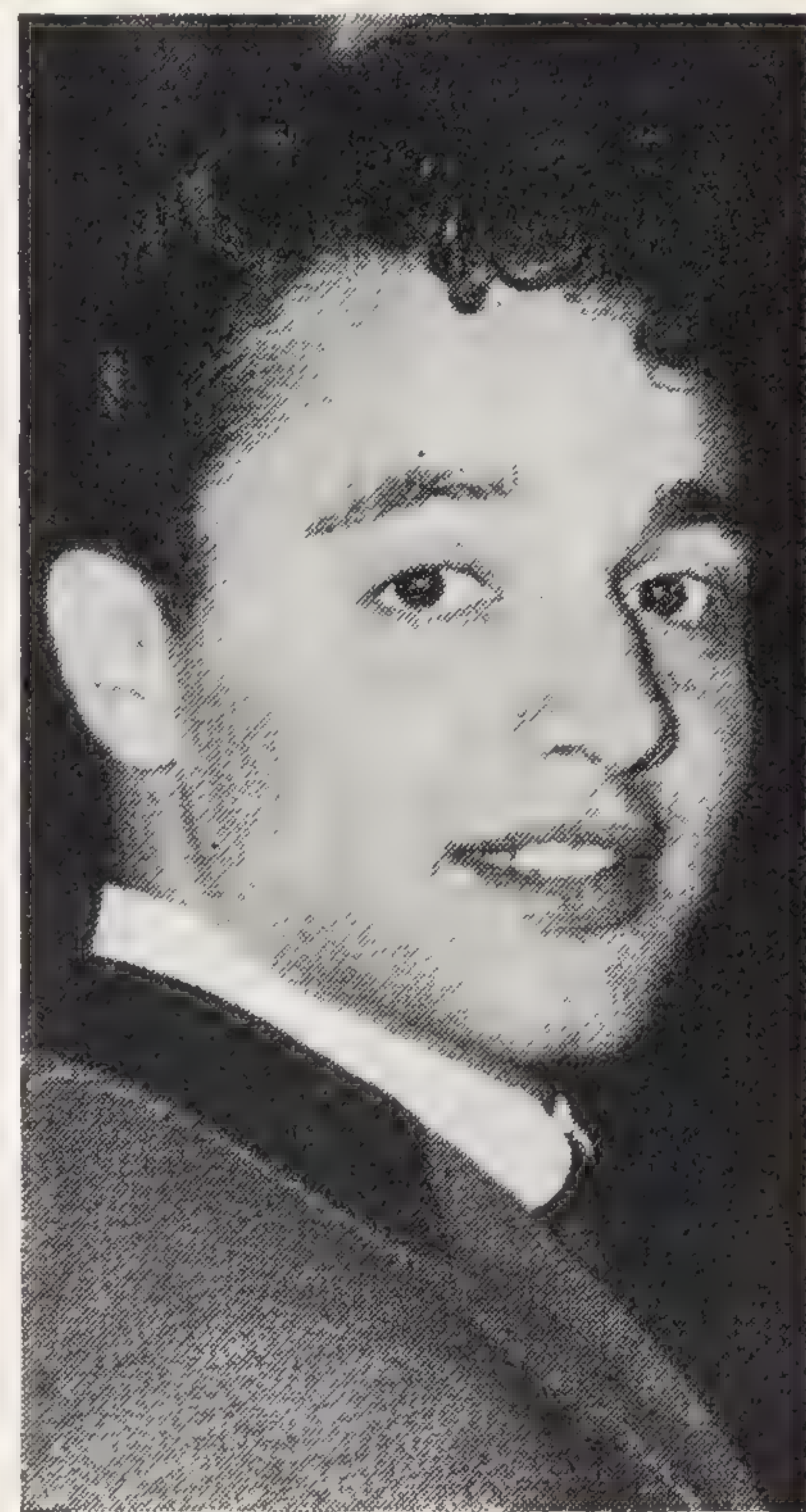
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INSIDE STUFF



Lunch at Warner Brothers: "I thought I saw you come in," Edd "Kookie" Byrnes said, drawing up a chair to our table in the Warner Brothers dining room. Edd, who had been lunching with his "77 Sunset Strip" pal, Efrem Zimbalist, and the lovely Kathleen Crowley, was all done up in western garb for his movie "Yellowstone Kelly." "Come out to the set and see me," he urged. I accepted the invitation—who could refuse one from Kookie?—but first I wanted to know the latest news about his romances and heart interests. "I haven't time to pitch a grain of woo," he sighed. . . . Efrem then pulled his chair over to my table to tell me how thrilled he is over his new house in the Valley. "The minute Stephanie saw

the stables, the house just had to be ours," he confided. "She's a great horsewoman, you know." . . . Pretty Joanna Moore, busy on a TV sequence for "Bourbon Street Beat," joined us for a chat when suddenly, whamie, a publicist upset coffee all over her studio frock. Bedlam followed, with "Kookie" Byrnes running for water, Efrem grabbing up a napkin and all of us rubbing. Sighed Joanna, "I'll keep my back to the camera." From across the room James Garner called, "Sara, see you on the 'Cash McCall' set." And out of the corner of my eye, I noticed the kindness of Barbara Rush, her hair in pin curls, gathering up a solitary luncher, Jacques Bergerac, and taking him to her crowded table. Brides like to make everybody happy, I thought.



Is Sal sure he likes 'em older?

Bus Stop! If you were one of the lucky ones who met that bus load of Warners' cross-countryping "Young Philadelphians," you'll get a kick out of their take-off troubles. To begin with, Peter Brown and Diane Jergens, who were late with their packing, held up the bus while the kids outside hooted and honked. At the next stop—to pick up Connie Stevens, Diane was suddenly struck with an awful thought. "Go back, go back," she cried, "I forgot to pack my fluffy petticoats." Peter had to promise to replace them. Then Ty Hardin accidentally sat on a box containing the birthday cake Will Hutchins' mother had baked for the trip, squashing it flat. Next, Victoria Shaw missed her connections from a location jaunt and husband Roger Smith had to go on without a word of farewell. P.S.: All of these bad starts still turned into a good trip.

"Where's Dot Malone?" I whispered to Efrem and Jim. Bergerac was all alone.

Signs of Summer: It's the latest, the newest, the livingest end! The younger crowd at all the beaches are wearing white lipstick with nail polish to match. And the effect against those dark-tanned faces is so startling that one Malibuite vows that creatures from Mars have landed in his midst. . . . Frank Sinatra's once-in-a-while date, starlet Sandra Giles, ripped off the fur that completely covered her car, replacing it with sequins. Cooler, you know. . . . Sal Mineo, who's been squiring Jill Corey around town, spends every spare moment at the beach with "older" girls, those in the 21 to 23 category. It's my guess that Sal's dating more "mature" girls to impress his producer that he's old enough to take a wife in "The Gene Krupa Story." Once the movie's finished, Sal will come back to his real teenage loves. Just wait and see. . . . Frankie Avalon took his first movie location-jaunt when the Alan Ladd picture, "Guns of the Timberland," moved to a small Nevada town for outdoor scenes. Raring to go, Frankie hardly listened to Mom as she filled his bag. "I'm putting a small package in your suitcase," his mom announced between warnings to dress warmly and take care of himself. "So that night as I'm unpacking my clothes, I find the package," Frankie told me later. "And guess what was in it? An Italian sausage, a huge salami and a knife! I guess Mom was afraid the company wouldn't give me enough to eat." Incidentally, Frankie tells me he gets to kiss teenage Alana Ladd in the movie and is quite happy about it all. And—just in case you haven't already guessed—so is Alana.



Frankie really enjoyed that first kiss—and so did she!



I watched her grow from a wistful child to a lovely woman, so when Margaret O'Brien told me of her plans to marry Robert Allen this summer, I had two wishes.

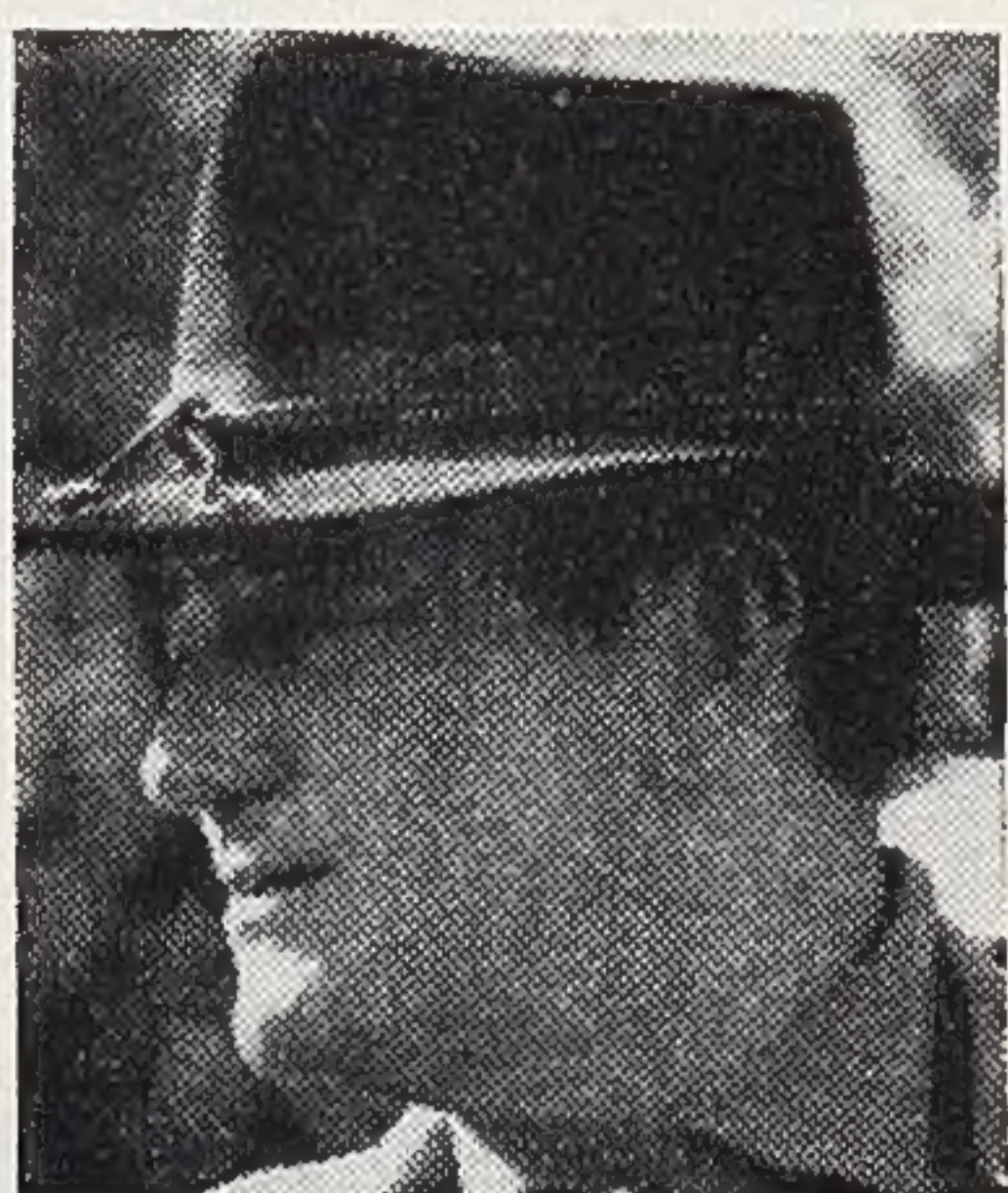
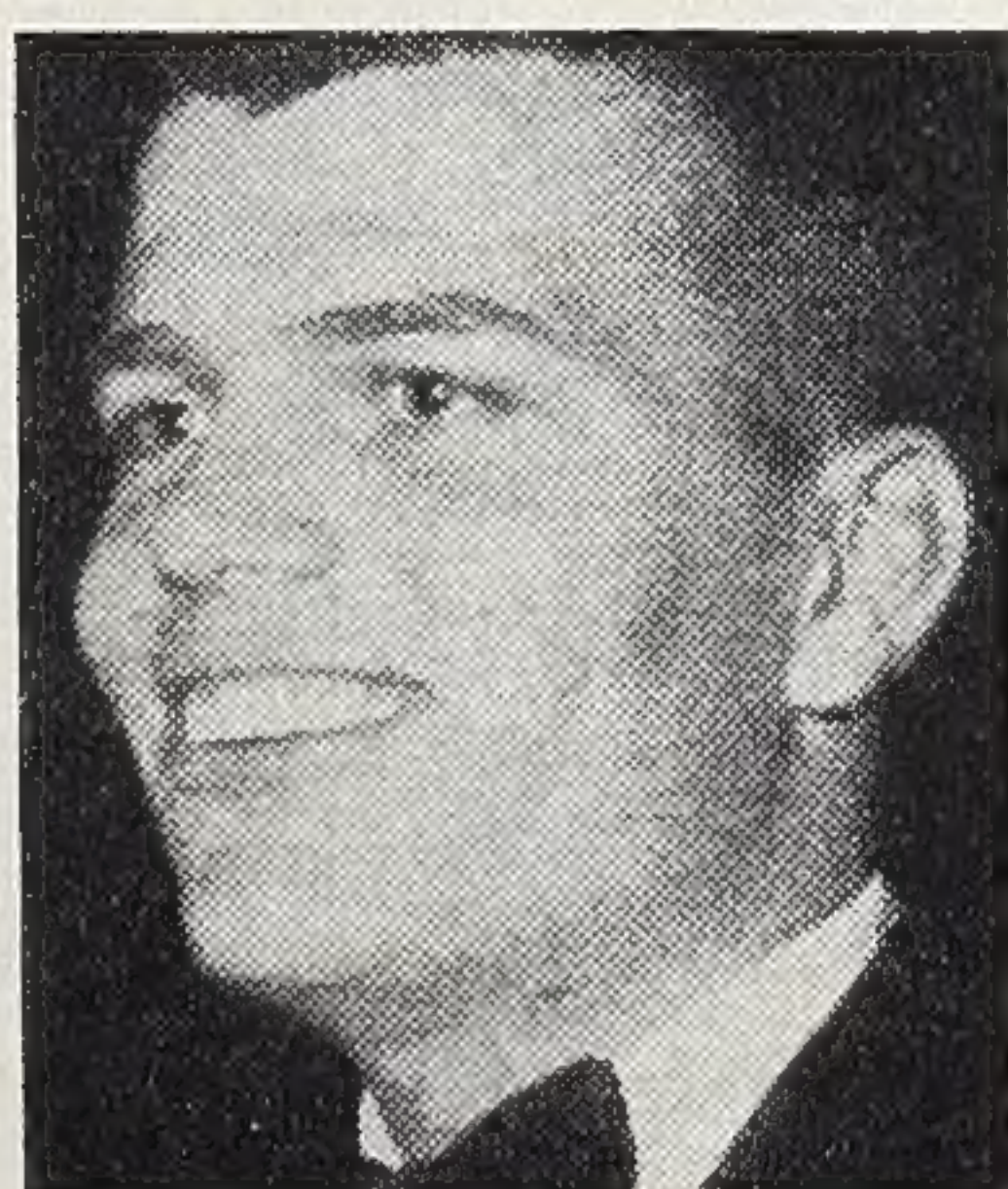
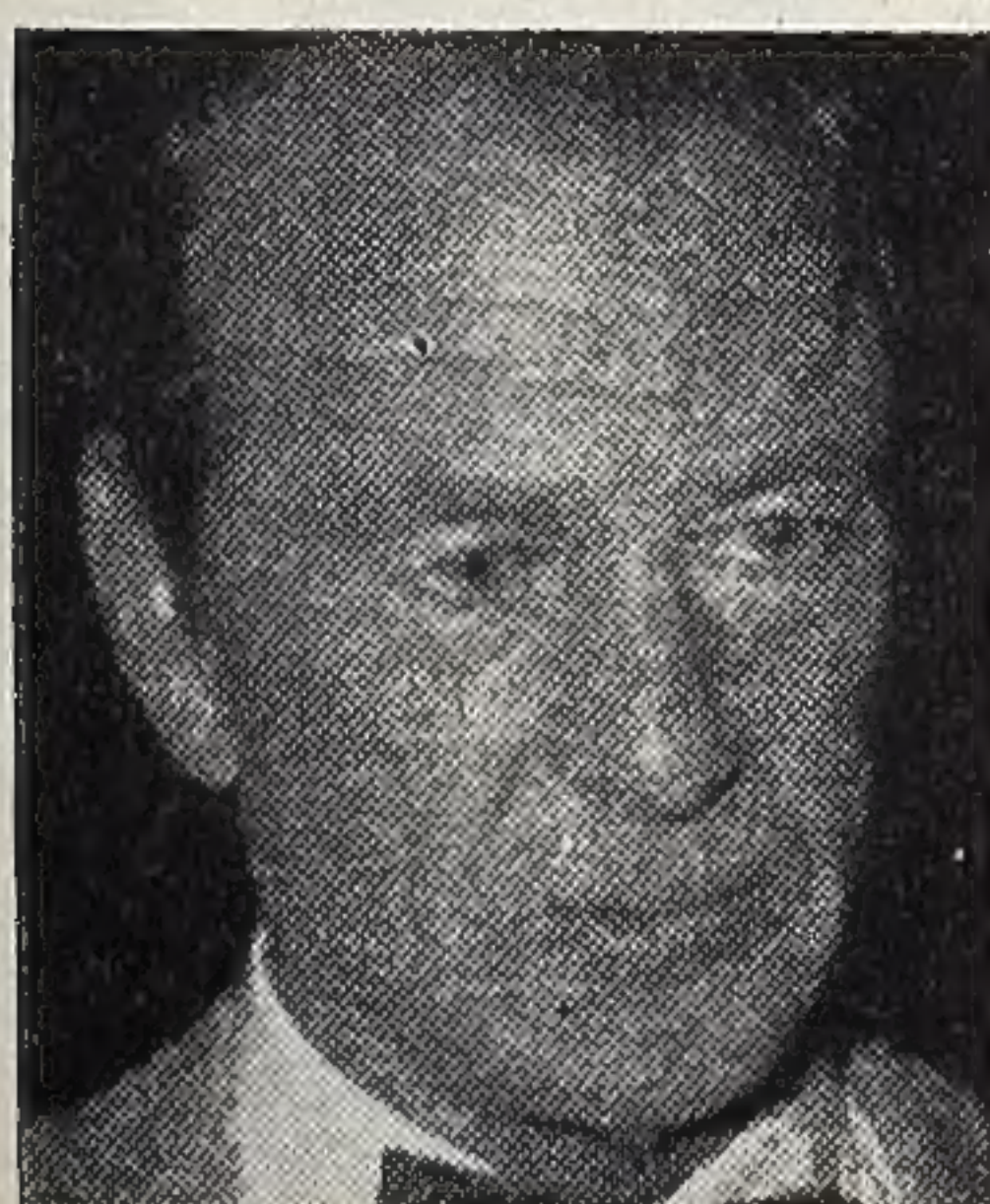


Inside Notes: "Sara!" The voice on the telephone was breathless. "We're going to be married in August." I wished **Margaret O'Brien** all the happiness, and, to myself, I also wished that Margaret changes her mind about giving up her career when she becomes Mrs. Robert Allen. . . . Hollywood almost lost **Rock Hudson** for a spell. At least Rock was working hard to lower his singing voice and, if he'd made it, he'd have accepted director **Martin De Costa's** offer to star in the musical version of "Saratoga Trunk" on Broadway. Then U-I said no, so Rock's staying home in Hollywood where we all love and understand him. . . . Even if a reconciliation with **Glenn Ford** comes about, I have a feeling **Eleanor Powell** will still go back to her dancing career and maintain her independence. After all, enough is enough. . . . **John Wayne** is determined his son, Pat, will make few mistakes in his movie career. He passes on all Pat's scripts! Pat doesn't mind. . . . Maybe I shouldn't reveal this, but some varmint sneaked into **Hugh O'Brian's** house and made off with his guns. "Can you imagine stealing *Wyatt Earp's* guns?" Hugh asks. "It's embarrassing!" . . . And **Gary Cooper** is keeping mum about it, but the truth is Gary's been plain seasick all through the shooting of "The Wreck of the Mary Deare." One look at that old craft swingin' and swayin' on the waters of M-G-M's back lot and I was calling for the seasick pills myself.

Party News: "Save Wednesday night," **Rock Hudson's** telegram read, "I'm having a party at Romanoffs." Rock and **Jean Simmons** were celebrating after the preview of their movie, "This Earth Is Mine," and the turnout was starry bright. Handsome **Cary Grant** came by himself, but lovely **Lana Turner**, looking very happy, brought her steady beau, **Fred May**. Rock escorted Jean, whose husband **Stewart Granger** was absent, and with **Louis Jourdan** and his wife they made about as handsome a foursome as the world can produce. **Robert Horton** and blonde **Cindy Robbins**, who scored in the movie with Rock, sat at our table. "Bob, your hair is red!" I said in surprise. Bob roared. "I get the same reaction from everyone," he laughed. "For some reason no one thinks of me as a red-head." A note came over from Lana Turner to me. "Please bring that fine young actress over to my table," it read. "I want to congratulate her." Cindy was flabbergasted. "It'll always be the highlight in my career," she confided. . . . With hand outstretched, **Frank Sinatra** came over to our table at the Grammy Awards, a few nights later, aglow with enthusiasm. "This is the very first Award meeting of the Recording Arts and Sciences," he said, "and look at the turnout." Many of us felt Frank should have won more than one Grammy—and that one just for an album cover—for after all his records and albums sell like crazy. As **Milton Berle** announced, it took the **Chipmunks** to beat him. In fact, "The Chipmunk Song" grabbed off three Awards, one for each of them. And **Perry Como**, **Ella Fitzgerald** and composer **Henry Mancini** also won well-deserved Grammys—a tiny gold miniature gramophone replete with horn and winding crank.



People are wondering about Frank Sinatra and how easy they're finding it to like him these days . . . about Rock Hudson and how he almost left Hollywood . . . about Lana Turner and the sparkle Fred May's put in her eyes . . . about the way Robert Horton surprises everyone, me included, when they meet him.



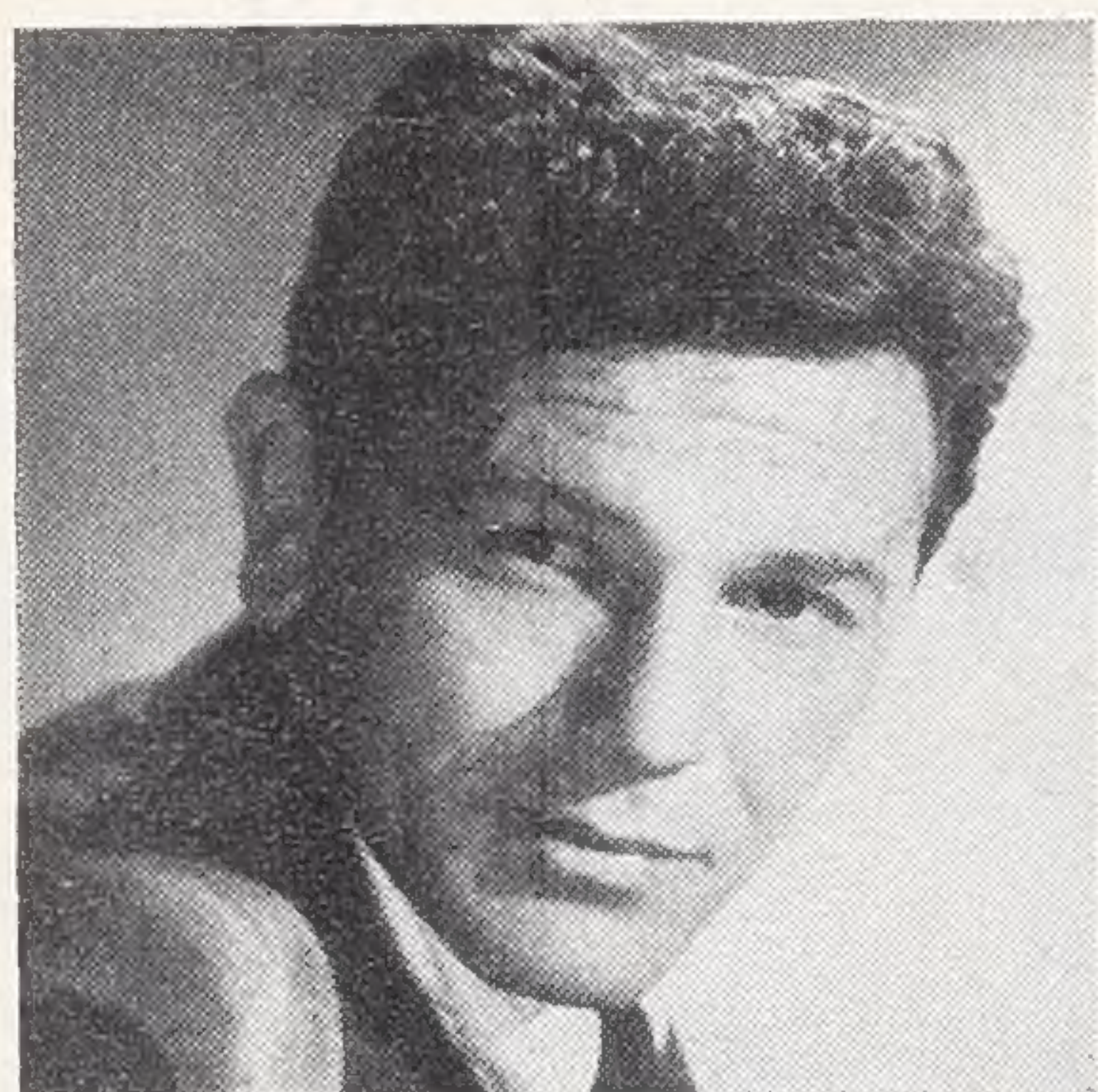
Coop's at sea; Pat and Duke Wayne are standing firm.

It Started With a Kiss: All of a sudden **Brandon de Wilde**, 17, and **Carol Lynley** 16, knew they were in love. "It happened on the set of 'Blue Denim,'" Brandon told me. "I'd been steady-dating **Bonnie Trompeter**, a model, back in New York, and I never thought of anyone else. Then in one scene for 'Denim' I had to kiss Carol and, well, it happened. I suddenly knew I was in love with Carol." . . . "And how does Carol feel about it?" I asked. "The same," he said, with charming frankness. "We both knew it the minute we kissed. So far we've had over thirty dates and we still feel the same. Of course, I've got to tell Bonnie," he said, looking around rather bewildered. "It wouldn't be right not to."

INSIDE STUFF

continued

I Look Back: The first time I saw **John Garfield** was in the dining room of Warners' studio in the year 1939. Dark, vital, intense, I remember him saying, "They changed my name from Jules Garfinkle but it won't do any good." John was wrong. The change of name had nothing to do with it, of course, but after the release of his first motion picture, "Four Daughters," John was a star. A right-from-the-start star. Born in New York's teeming East Side, John seemed destined for mughood, till he became a pupil in **Angelo Patri's** famed Public School 45, a school devoted to problem children. Patri, a wise educator, turned John's penchant for argument into the channel of school debater, a talent that led to his enrollment at the Hecksher Foundation, on to Broadway and



Garfield couldn't slow down

finally to Hollywood. But constant tension, ill health and bad luck sent him back to New York, where one night he spun me about with a "Hey, forgotten me?" A few months later he was dead, and whenever I see him on TV, I want to repeat my answer: "I'll never forget you, John."—CAL YORK

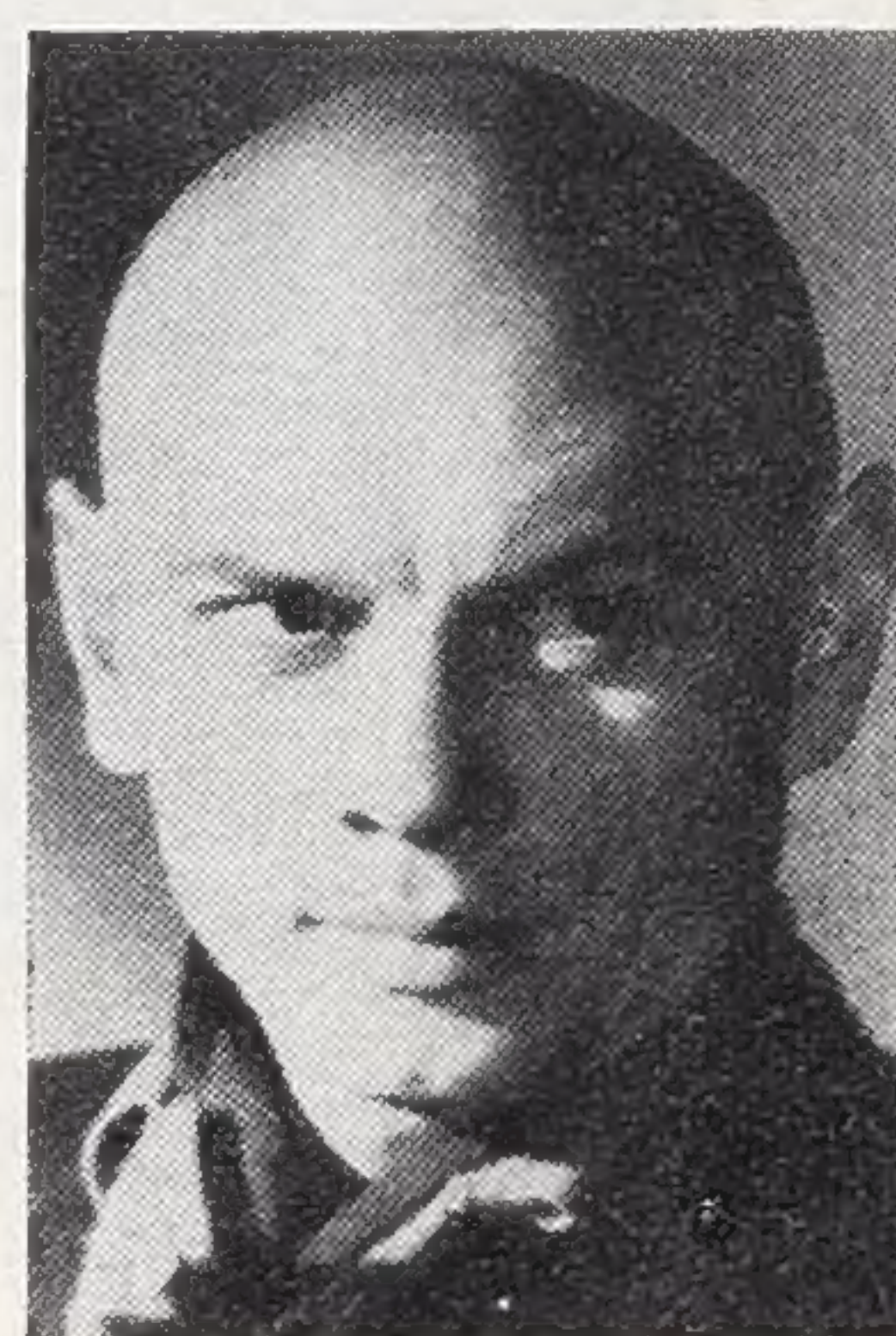
TV Jottings: Prepare yourself for **Roger Moore**. Done up in parka and fur-lined boots, I met him toiling away on Warners' Stage 12 on the first of "The Alaskan" series. You probably remember Roger opposite **Carroll Baker** in "The Miracle." If I read my own sighs right, he should be the new dreamboat of the airways. . . . Equally handsome, but in a darkly brooding way, is **Van Williams** of the new "Bourbon Street Beat" series. Van has **Richard Long** and **Arleen Howell** to keep him company. And **Clint Walker**, on his "Yellowstone Kelly" set, told me how happy he is to be making only 13 "Cheyenne" episodes next season, with **Ty Hardin**, in his new "Bronco" series, alternating each week with **Will Hutchins'** "Sugarfoot." Incidentally, Clint is mighty happy to have **Edd Byrnes** in his "Yellowstone" movie, as well as Ty Hardin's wife, **Andra Martin**, who's expecting a baby in the fall. "The first in our own series," Andra told me. . . . Twentieth, of course, is in a complete dither over their handsome new giant, **Gardner McKay**, who steps from "The Best of Everything" movie into the "Adventure in Paradise" series. And no wonder they're excited. The day I lunched at Twentieth, every feminine eye in the dining room followed McKay to his table. And some kept right on looking. . . . **Phyllis Kirk**—Mrs. Thin Man—who was so set up by her Emmy nomination, was a bit let down when her romance with the caustic-tongued comic, **Mort**

Sahl, blew a fuse. The romance got turned on again soon after, but with these two you never know what will happen next. . . . **Fred Astaire**, still aglow over those 9 Emmys for his one TV appearance, "An Evening with Fred Astaire," is already mapping out another such TV evening. With **Barrie Chase**, of course.

Cal York's Jottings:

When **Sandra Dee** isn't spending her holiday hours at the beach, she's home playing records. Her favorite, at the moment, is **Edd Byrnes'** fast-selling "Kookie, Lend Me Your Comb." . . . **George Hamilton**, the handsome young star of "Home From The Hills," drives a very old Rolls Royce that once belonged to the Royal Family of England. George, who has dated **Cheryl Crane** a few times, finds her a charming teenager, sometimes quite grown up and other times very young and sweet in the things she says and the way she thinks. . . . It isn't true that **Lassie** was present at the wedding of **June Lockhart** to architect **John Lindsey** but June's two small daughters by a former marriage were there. Little **Jon Provost** of the Lassie series sent flowers to "My TV mother." . . . **Yul Brynner**, having hair problems in Paris, telephoned Hollywood for a new hairpiece. . . . Since **Fabian** signed that Twentieth contract, every young starlet in town is nagging her agent for a job, any job, at the same studio. The handsome young crooner would be surprised if he ever discovered the gals' plans for him. . . . And if half the things they say about fifteen-year-old **Tuesday Weld** are true—like **Danny Kaye's** remark that "Tuesday is 15 going on 27"—my goodness, it seems our teenagers are already becoming "old timers"! . . . As if it wasn't enough to be thrown from a horse and almost break her back, **Audrey Hepburn** has now lost her baby, and all Hollywood hopes the future will be brighter for Mr. and Mrs. **Mel Ferrer**. . . . Glad to reassure you that **Doris Day's** illness is not as serious as reported in the papers. They said mononucleosis, but it's nothing worse than a virus. . . . **Sophia Loren** cried an outraged "absurd!" over rumors she'd divorce husband Carlo Ponti to get back to Italy. "Everything'll be fine," she added. We'll see next month.—CAL YORK

Have you heard about Yul's hair trouble . . . about the way Sandra's feeling over Edd Byrnes . . . what they're saying about Tuesday (below with Dennis Hopper, Mark Damon)?





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